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Milbourne calls himself a "satirist at heart" of the Church of England. He was one of the authors satirized in Pope's "Dunciad." He was Rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, and Lecturer of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. Died in 1720.

Pope said of his verses, "Dulness is sacred in a sound divine;" and adds that "when Milbourne wrote against Mr. Dryden's 'Virgil,' he did him justice in printing at the same time his own intolerable translations."

Milbourne's preface is of historical value from the references to other versions. Mr. W. L. Taylor, who has in his possession a copy formerly in the collection of the late Dr. Bliss, says that it contains a manuscript note: "In Milbourne's Preface he mentions Burnaby and May's version—the first is published." May's version must have been seen by Milbourne in manuscript only.





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THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID,
IN

English Metre ;
Translated from the ORIGINAL,
And Suited to all the TUNES
now Sung in CHURCHES :
With the Additions of several NEW.

By LUKE MILBOURNE,
A Presbyter of the Church of England.

عند الرهبان يعرف السوايع

Adag. Arab.

*Thus by the Streams, the Spring is clearly shown ;
And the Translation makes the Author known.*

Lord Falkland.

*None can condemn the Wish or Labour spent,
Good Matter in good Words to represent.*

Bishop King, to Mr. Sandys.

London, Printed for W. Rogers at the Sun, R. Clavill at the Peacock, and B. Tooke at the Middle Temple Gate, all in Fleetstreet. J. Lawrence at the Angel in the Poultry, and J. Tayler at the Ship in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1698.

His Highness

Duke

Gloster

This little book contains
a collection of - and which
could be found in a book
and in our new edition of our
Highness has been the
and the best of them to
A 2

T O
His Highness
THE
DUKE
OF
GLOUCESTER.

May it please Your Highness,

THis little Book wants a
Protector ; And where
could it find a Better,
than in *Our other Hope* ? Your
Highness has here the greatest
King, and the best of Poets, to
A 2 excite

The Epistle Dedicatory.

excite Your Courage, and enliven Your Devotion. You have the *Wit* and *Spirit* of a Court, without the *Follies* of the present Age; *Fineness* of Thought, without *Loosness* of Fancy; *Rapture*, without *Extravagance*; and *Piety*, without the *Ex-creams* of *Superstition* or *Idol-latry*. These Hymns contain nothing but what may adorn the *Innocence* of *Youth* and the *Vigour* of a *Manly Age*. The *Masters* of *Musick* may try their *Skill* here, and sing *God's Praises* in as charming *Notes* as *common* and *despicable Amours*; and advance the *Love* of their *Redeemer*, above all the *Atchievements* of a *fancied Hera*.

From

The Epistle Dedicatory.

From Your Highness's Hand
this Work may be acceptable
to His most Excellent Majesty,
and find Admission into the
Closet of Your Royal Mother:
If read by Your Self, it will
be a Divine Monitor in Your
Diversions, a Companion in Your
Privacy, a Support under Un-
easiness, and a Security to Your
Religion: Those Holy Truths,
convey'd through the Channels of
smooth and easie Verse, will, with
God's Blessing, make You wiser
than Your Enemies, more knowing
than any Earthly Teachers, and
more apprehensive than those of El-
der Years. May the God of
Heaven bless Your Highness's
Pregnant Youth, with advancing
A 3 Ver-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Vertues, and unfading Years :
May He crown You with
Love and Honour here, and with
Love and Happiness hereafter :
Which is the most earnest
Prayer of

Your Highness's

Most Humble, and

Most Obedient, Servant,

Luke Milbourne.

*To the Most Reverend Fa-
thers in God the Archbi-
shops, the Right Reverend
the Bishops, and the Reve-
rend Clergy of Great Bri-
tain and Ireland; especially
such as now do, or hereafter
may represent that whole
Body, in Convocation :*

*The Preface of Luke Milbourne, Pres-
byter, and Author of this Trans-
lation of the Psalms of David.*

*Most Reverend, Right Reverend, and Re-
verend Fathers and Brethren !*

T*hat Psalmody was, amongst the
Jews, a considerable Part of
Divine Worship, that Book, of
which this calls it self a Trans-
lation, is a sufficient Evidence ; That it*

The Preface.

was used among Christians of old, is unquestionable. And perhaps it is no Disparagement either to the Jewish or the Christian Church, that a great part of the old Heathen Worship consisted in Singing Hymns and Praises to their Gods. There is somewhat so truly Divine and Charming in Well-set Notes, and Vocal and Instrumental Harmony ; they are so apt to cheer and revive languid and drooping Spirits, so likely to make strong Impressions on the Memory, and so extreamly affecting to the devout Soul, that as the Agreeableness of their Numbers made Poets of old the fittest Treasurers of Divine Knowledge, so the Softness and Sweetness of their Notes may make the Masters of Sacred Musick among our selves (were but their Lives as Heavenly as their Art) the fittest Companions for happy Souls, and Blissful Angels : With respect to whom, our excellent Waller says ;

All that we know of those above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

What

The Preface.

What Thoughts our first-Reformers of this Nation had of this part of Divine Worship is not easie to conjecture: But whether they judged Singing of Psalms by the whole Congregation no necessary part of a Publick Liturgy, or supposed that the Reading Psalms, chaunted in Recitative, or sung as at present in Cathedrals, (which seems favour'd by that Title they carry in our Common-Prayer-Book, The Psalter or Psalms of David, Pointed as they are to be Said or Sung in Churches,) was enough to answer that part of Worship, 'tis certain they took no Care for any Metrical Translation of those sacred Hymns, for publick Use. And though some pious and learned Men had taken pains to put them into Verse, the settled Liturgy took no notice of the Matter. Nor could I ever find any Authentick Allowance for singing them in publick, whatsoever the Company of Stationers pretend to, whose plausible Title had a Regard to their own Profit, more than the Church's Edification.

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tion. However, the Practice of Singing prevail'd here every Day, in Imitation of the Reformed abroad, and certainly tended very much towards the advancing of the Reformation it self; but, after all, was only connived at, or tolerated: And after the Restauration of our Religion, and our Government, never Authorised, or so much as mentioned, as a Part of our Publick Service: And the present and constant Practice of our Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches, and our Colleges, not to mention the Chapel Royal, and other Places where Choirs are fixed, intimates, that such Psalms were never design'd to be setled by Authority; Prose-Anthems being there generally sung, taken out of the Reading Psalms; some short Parts of other Scriptural Hymns; some of private Composition; and, by chance, sometimes a Verse or two out of Sternhold and Hopkins; as, particularly, out of the 68th Psalm, Let God arise, &c. Set, I think, by Mr. Laws. Now the Cathedrals be-
ing

The Preface.

ing Patterns to our Parochial Assemblies, at least in the main parts of solemn Worship, they having no Example of such a Nature from them, could pretend to no Right of Singing Psalms in Verse by the entire Congregation.

Hence, though the great Sir Philip Sidney translated the whole Book of Psalms into Rhyme; and the pious Bishop Hall, and the renowned Lord Bacon, and it may be some others, turn'd several particular Psalms into Verse, more correct, doubtless, than the former, yet there never was any Motion towards introducing them into Churches. And since our Convocations, to whom that Work properly belongs, never took any such Cognizance of these, or of the Ancient Version, as to recommend them, with the Liturgy, to the Parliament, our Common Psalmody remains a Matter of Liberty: And it never yet was made an Article of Enquiry at any Episcopal Visitation, Whether any Psalms were sung, or what Versions of them were used in Parochial Churches.

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On this Account it was, that whereas no Man better understood his own Supremacy in Ecclesiastical Affairs than Charles the First, of blessed Memory, yet, though he designed the utmost Honour to the Memory of his Father, when the new Translation of King James the First was made publick, he only allow'd and recommended it to common Use; which, as Experience shew'd, was not enough to break in upon Inveterate Custom, or to exclude that which had for so many Years gotten Possession of our Bibles and Common-Prayer-Books of all Volumes, and of our Worshipping Assemblies.

The Standart of our English Language having been so much alter'd of late; and Poetry especially having reach'd its utmost Height, by that noble Genius appearing in the Writings of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley, and some later Authors, the Roughness and Uncorrectness of the Ancient Version has appear'd the more evident and notorious:

The

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the Observation of which made Mr. Sandys, Mr. May, Mr. Burnaby, Bishop King, Mr. Barton, Sir John Denham himself, Mr. Smith, Mr. Goodridge. Dr. Patrick, Dr. Woodford, and Dr. Ford, and now very lately Mr. Brady and Mr. Tate, make their several Translations with different Success. Mr. Burnaby's Book, and Mr. May's Essay, I have seen: Mr. Sandys's and the Reverend Dr. Woodward's are above our ordinary Musick, the last especially, whose Author seems to breathe with David's Spirit, and to aspire to Raptures almost equal with that Divine Psalmist; and whose Steps are as nobly follow'd by that Masculine Poet, as well as Painter, the incomparable Mrs. Beal. Mr. Barton's Version is generally apposite enough to the Text, but exalted little above the Old. Sir John Denham's I have not seen, but find the admirable Dr. Woodward (a sufficient Judge) giving them a noble and, doubtless, a deserv'd Character. That of the Right Reverend Bishop of Chichester labours under the unhappy
Choice

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Choice of his Rhyme (as Others have observ'd) so far, as to render that otherwise excellent Work ungrateful to the Ear. Mr. Smith is very gay, and perhaps too affected, if the Reverend Doctor Patrick may be Judge, whose own is pious indeed, and generally plain; but an almost Unpoetical Translation of the most exalted Poetry. For Mr. Brady's and Mr. Tate's, since they are now publishing a New and Corrected Edition of their Translation, I shall pass no Judgment on that Work, whose Errours and Excellencies I must be content to be ignorant of till it is published. Among those which I have hitherto seen, which are fitted to common Tunes, the best, the most Elaborate, and the most Musical, is that of Dr. Ford; that Reverend Person having a truly Poetical Genius, attended with great and solid Learning, and Exemplary Piety; excellent Qualifications for a compleat Paraphrast. Nor ought Mr. Goodridge, for his Zeal and Piety in promoting more Correct Church-Musick,

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musick, to be passed without a just Com-
mendation.

What might be said of the Use and
excellency of Psalmody, is so exhaust-
ed by Dr. Woodford, Mr. Goodridge
and Dr. Ford, as to supersede any thing
I can say. The Question only recurs
now, Is Psalmody a real Part of Di-
vine Worship, or is it not? If not, 'tis
no matter whether David's Psalms, or
only Arbitrary Spiritual Philadelphian
Hymns, be sung; whether any, or none
at all. If it be a Part of Divine Ser-
vice, how comes it to pass that our Ec-
clesiastical Representatives have not
thought Uniformity in singing of Psalms
as beautiful, and as valuable, as in any
other Part of the Publick Service? Why
not in the Poetical, as well as in the
Prose-Version? This would take the
Choice of them out of the Parish-Clerk's
Power, and make it the Priest's Business,
whose Discretion might be farther relied
on in it. Admit the Translation of Stern-
hold and Hopkins was rejected by the
Con-

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Convocation or Commissioners of Edward the Sixth, as appearing too mean; that could not preclude a more agreeable One. And though it might seem a very hard Work, which few of the Clergy (though the fittest for it) durst undertake; yet, since at this time there are several Versions of the Psalms extant, why may not some One, or a choice Collection out of All, be made by Learned and Judicious Persons, skill'd in Divinity and Poetry too, appointed for that purpose, in a Convocation? Why may not such a Committee examine them severely as to Clearness of Sense, Purity and Decency of Language, Agreeableness of Stile, Orthodoxy of Doctrine, Suitableness to the Original Text, and Smoothness and Musicalness of Numbers? And may not these, after such an Examination, be approved by the Convocation, as the whole Liturgy formerly was, and so be recommended by them to the Three Estates in Parliament, and to His Majesty as Head of the Church;
and

The Preface.

*ed so receive a Just and Legal San-
tion, and become one Part of our Pub-
k Unity and Uniformity? Would
ch an Action bring them under a Pre-
unire, merely because it was not parti-
larly commanded by His Majesty? I
ay; perhaps, be too fond of my own
oughts; but I conclude, this Piece of
niformity would give less Offence to
issenters of all sorts, than some other
things which are yet justly stood upon;
they are not about Laying down the
st Translation of the Bible: The nicest
etenders to Conscience would have no-
thing to object to pure Scripture-Forms:
or would they, when commanded under
Penalty to sing David's Psalms, of the
st Version, complain of the Mischief
Impositions.*

*This is such a Point of Uniformity,
all Churches, our own only except-
, agree in: The Scots have theirs; the
utch and French, theirs; the last, in-
ed, corrected by Mr. Conrart, the
Sandart of their Language having been
much*

The Preface.

much alter'd by the Academy, since Marrot and Beza translated them; yet their Work being still good and intelligible, Monsieur Conrart's has taken only among particular Persons, without any Intrenchment upon the general Harmony. The Lutherans too keep up this Uniformity; though, besides David's Psalms, they have about 750 Spiritual Songs and Hymns, Stated, and Occasional. And who knows, but now that Singing of Psalms by Rule grows so much in Fashion, this Settlement might somewhat temper and cicurate the Humour of Separation in other Matters?

If such a thing should be thought fit, there is no doubt but that, of particular Versions, the best ought to be chosen: Of all in general, the best particular Psalms; for one Man's Spirit might be raised, where another droop'd; and Men would commonly perform best, where they were most affected by the Matter. But to enjoin Unity or Uniformity in a worse Translation, where a better might be had;

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or to cull out meaner Performances, where, out of our present Variety of Choice, excellent Things might be drawn, would dash us upon the same Rock again; and the next Age might complain, that the Names of our Psalmographers were alter'd indeed, but the Defects continued: This is a Failure which a Convocation, assisted by the good Spirit of God, could not easily fall under the Suspicion of.

That I, as now an Ancient Presbyter of the Church of England, might contribute my poor Offering to the Adorning of this part of Sacred Worship, I put this into your Hands, Most Reverend, Right Reverend, and Reverend Fathers and Brethren! A Work of some Pains and Care; and on which my most serious Thoughts were for a considerable time engag'd. God's Honour, and the Church's Service; was my End; and his Grace, earnestly and humbly implor'd, both in the Beginning and Continuance of the Work, my Assistance. The Original was my Text; the Polyglot Bible and Criticks, my Interpreters,

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ters, where needful ; and the Double Translation of the Reading Psalms, in that called the Bishops Bible, and the last in our common Bibles, my Correctors : Though I have not tied my self so superstitiously to any, as not to use my own Judgment sometimes ; and in some Things to stem the Current of Paraphrasts, and other Writers on that Divine Book. Particularly, I have adhered to those Applications made of several Passages here, by the Inspir'd Pen-men of the New Testament ; whom to quit for over-nice and Socinianiizing Criticks, I think absurd and dangerous. I have, in general, made the Sense and Coherence so plain, that this Version, perhaps may be as serviceable to some as a Commentator.

The Measures I have used are the Old, neither so hard, nor so harsh as some have thought : The Rhymes are every where double, sometimes more ; such being, when unforced, more pleasant, and more grateful. I have generally avoided the Clashing of Consonants, as Unmusical. About 50 are
twice

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twice Translated, some thrice; by that Means sometimes taking in those different Senses of particular Texts, of which 'tis hard to fix the best; Paraphrasing some lofty Psalms more fully, and using higher Expressions than a single Version could have admitted of. Hence every Psalm has one Translation so close and plain, as may be sung in the plainest Country-Congregations; and yet I have used such Variety of Measures, as may answer all the Tunes in Playford's Edition: And that the Work might be the more compleat, I have given all such of Mr. Sandys's Measures, with their Tunes in Two Parts, which could not be sung by the common Notes. The whole, indeed, may be an entire Body of Church-Musick: No Old Tune is lost, several New are added; and the Words so fitted, as to be more agreeable both to the Dutch, French and English Tunes, as sung in any of our Churches, than any former Version has been.

I have

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I have generally followed the Stile of the Original, rising and falling with That. The Measures of Chearful Psalms are fitted to Chearful Tunes: Those more Melancholick, to Slow Tunes, and of a sadder Air. The Repetitions in the Hebrew are so charming, that I could not but think they would be very beautiful in English; as particularly, in the 118th Psalm. I have industriously avoided both Obsolete and New-fangled Words; I have invented none, nor used any harsh Transpositions of Words: Though I doubt not, but, after all my Care, many Mistakes may have escaped me, which whosoever will charitably point out, will lay the greatest Obligation upon me. That we might use Doxologies as well to the Singing, as the Reading Psalms, I have suited One to every Measure, through the whole Book. A Right Reverend Prelate of our Church did me the Honour to read the whole over very carefully; whose Encouragement was a great Motive

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Motive to this Publication. If it be acceptable to others, and blest'd by God, as to promote his Honour, I have my End: And,

**Non nobis, Domine; non nobis:
Sed Nomini Tuo da Gloriam.**

Adver-

The Mosaic

Published by the
Mosaic Publishing Co.
at the corner of Broadway & 14th St.
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Sed Nomini Tuo la Gloriam.

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THat this Version of the *Psalms* may be the more usefull to those who delight in *Church-Musick*, I have translated them to such variety of Measures, that there's no Tune in *Playford's* Editions, either in the *Psalms* themselves, or in the *Hymns* before or after, to which there is not some particular Measure appropriated here: That the Compass of *Church-Musick* might be the larger and more entertaining, I have tun'd some to Mr *Sandy's* Measures, the Musick of which was compos'd by that great Master Mr. *Laws*; for the private use of his pious Master *Charles* the First of blessed Memory: The whole then presents you with one Version of every *Psalms* to be sung in Common Tunes, if at least we may call those of the 113 and 143 *Psalms* such; and they are to be sung to the same with those of the same denomination in the old Version, unless where the Measures are different, and the Proper Tunes refer'd to. Such as are not in Mr. *Play-*

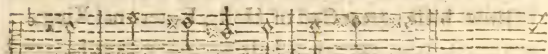
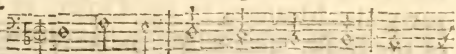
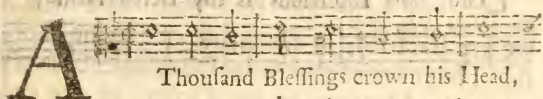
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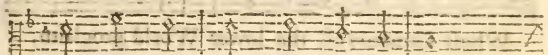
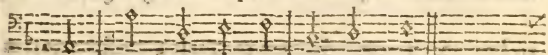
ford's Book, are here set down with the proper Notes from Mr. *Laws's* and *Ravenscroft's*; and the whole, if encourag'd, shall be re-printed with the Notes throughout. And that we may have a just Opportunity, at such a time as this, to remember that Faith into which we are Baptiz'd, in every part of Divine Worship, I have suited particular Doxologies to every particular Measure, in due Order, at the end of the Book, with what *Psalms* they refer to, besides some in the Body of the Version.

Benedicat Deus Operi & Authori.

The Tunes of the Psalms.



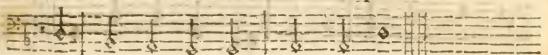
Whose Heart all impious Counsel flies;



And hates those Paths where Sinners tread,

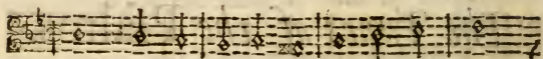


Who God and all that's Good despise.

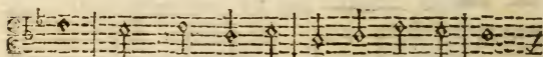
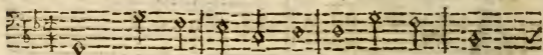


This serves indifferently for any Stanzas of Eight Syllables, which have no proper Tune of their own.

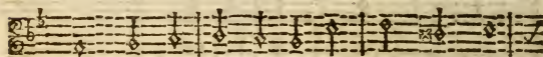
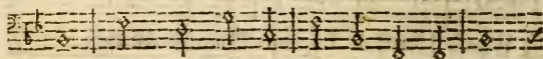
For the 8th Psalm. 2d Metre.



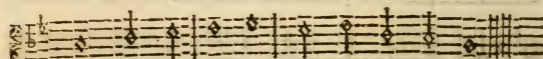
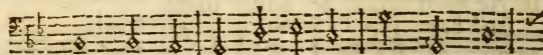
Lord, how Illustrious is thy sacred Name;



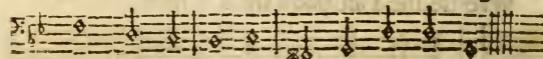
How blest, great God of Hosts, E-ter-nal King;



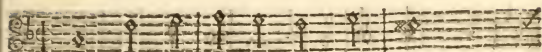
Whose Honours all the lower World proclaim,



Whose Honours all the Heav'nly Armies sing.



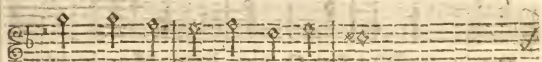
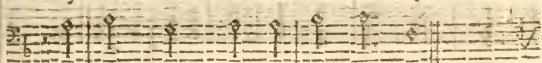
Psalm 11th. 2d Metre.



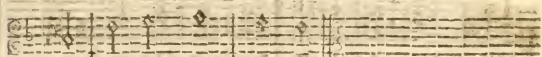
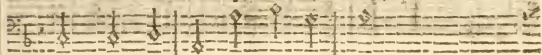
MY Faith is fix'd on God most high,



Why then should Fools to vex me cry ;

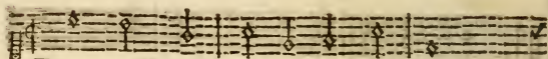


As Birds afraid by noises made,

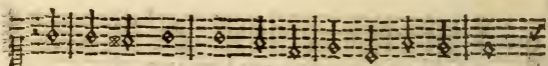
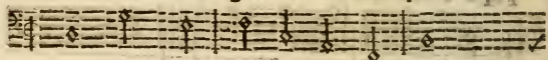


Hence to the Mountains fly.

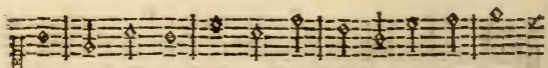
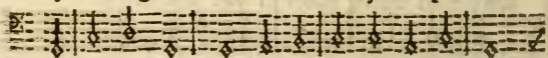


Psalm 15. 2d Metre.

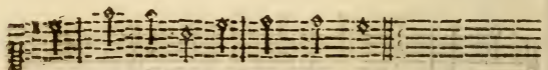
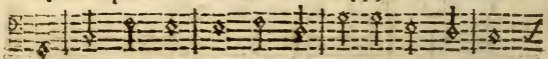
Blest Lord, how glorious is the place



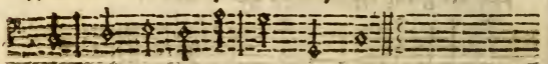
Thy Altars grace: how is the ho-ly Temple blest,



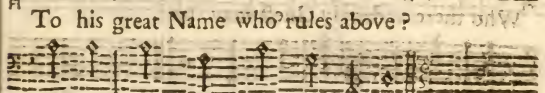
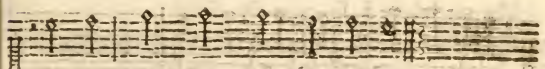
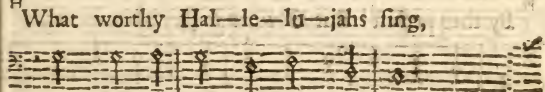
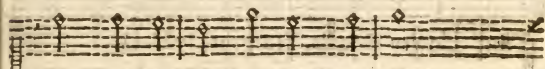
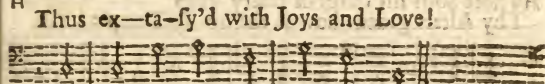
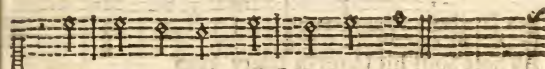
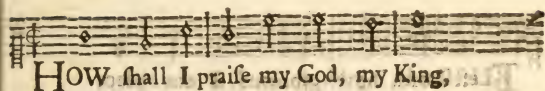
By thee possessest! But O what happy Man is he,

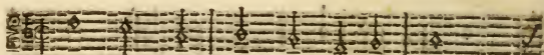


Who there a dai-ly Guest may be?

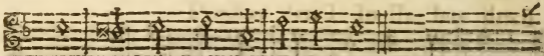


Psalm 18, or 78.

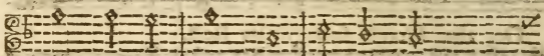
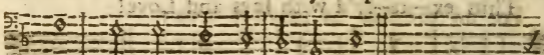


Psalm 23. 2d Metre.

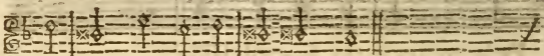
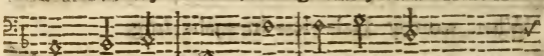
The Lord's my Sheepheard, I the Sheep,



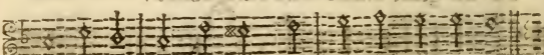
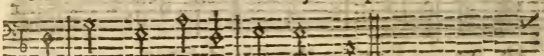
Whose Soul his Cares in safety keep.



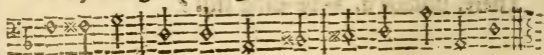
Thro' flowry Meads, He gent-ly leads



Me on where I se-cure-ly sleep :



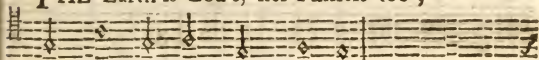
Or by His guidance go, where silent Waters flow.



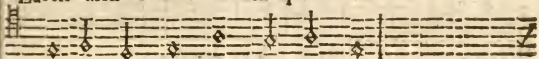
Psalm 24. 2d Metre.



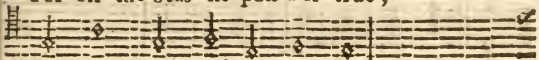
'THE Earth is God's, her Fulness too ;



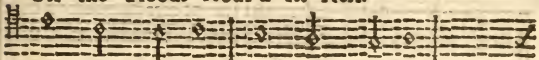
Earth and all of Earth possess'd :



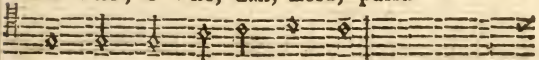
For on the Seas he pois'd it true ;



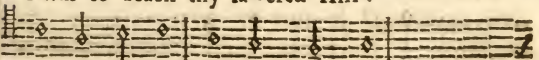
On the Floods secur'd its Rest.



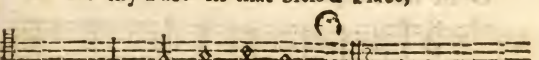
But who, ô who, Can, Lord, pursue



Paths to reach thy sa--cred Hill ?

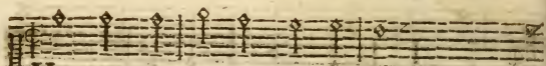


Or see thy Face in that bless'd Place,

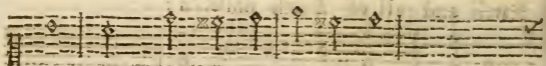
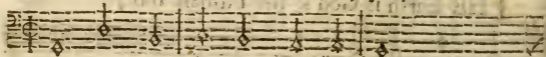


There, unmov'd, a--bi--ding still ?

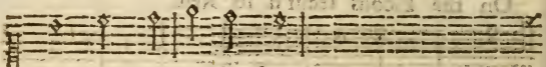
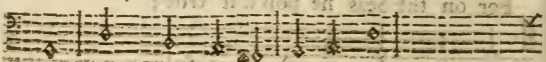
Psalm 33. 2d Metre.



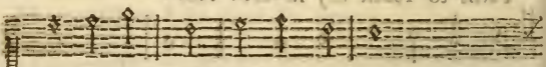
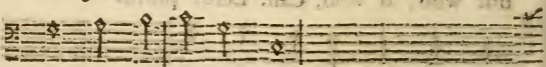
YE Righteous in the Lord rejoyce,



It's sweet, when with a chearful voice,



The Just his Praises sing;

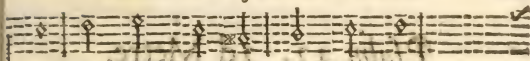


O let no Tongue or Hand be mute,

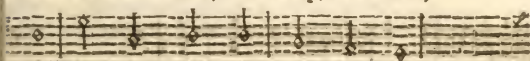


The Tunes of the Psalms:

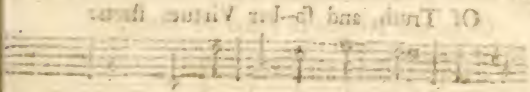
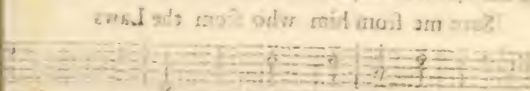
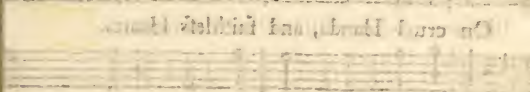
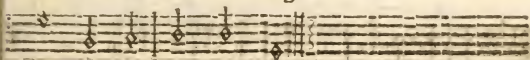
xi



But with the Voice, and Harp, and Lute,

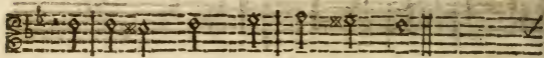
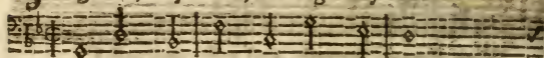


Praise our Im-mor-tal King.

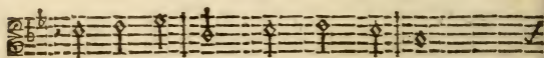
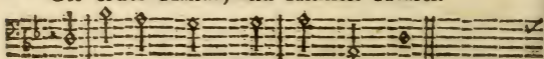


Psalm 43. 3d Metre.

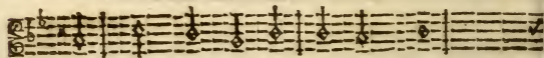
Judge me, my God; revenge my Cause



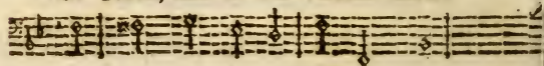
On cruel Hands, and faithless Hearts.



Save me from him who from the Laws

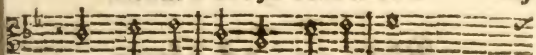


Of Truth, and so-ber Virtues starts:

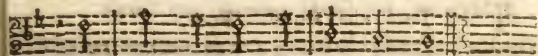
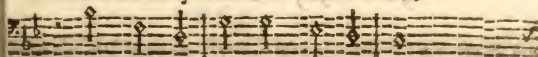


The Tunes of the Psalms.

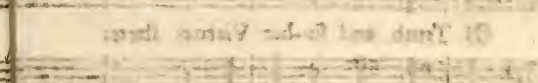
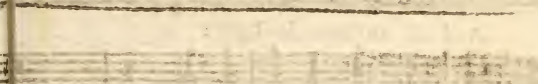
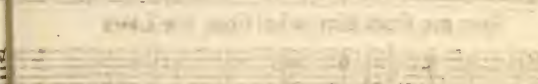
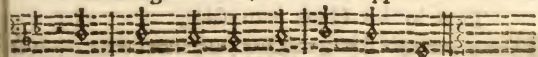
xiiij



Who bold-ly acts the falsest Parts,

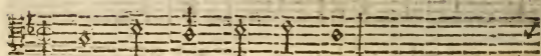


With strange Success, and vast applause!

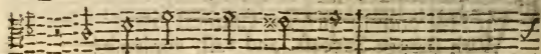


b

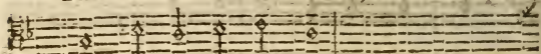
Psal. 53.

Psalm 53. 2d Metre.

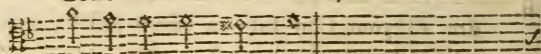
THE Fool, the senseless Fool,



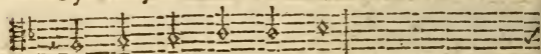
Thus in his Heart hath said ;



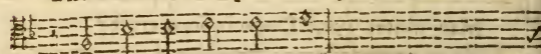
God's but an aw-ful Tool,



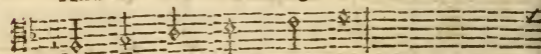
By crafty Preachers made.}



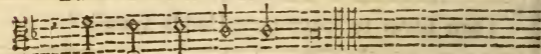
Thus all cor—rup-ted are,



And all in Sins de-light :

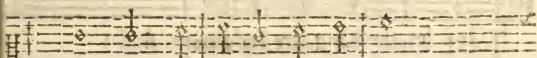


But none for Truth de-clare,

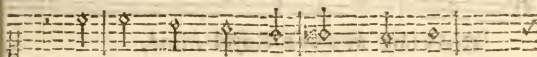
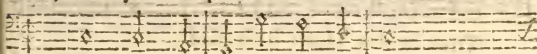


None e—ver practise right.

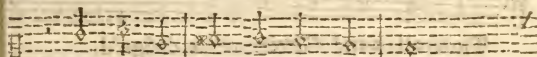
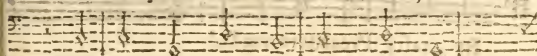
*Psalm 58. 1st Metre. Psalm 72.
Psalm 106.*



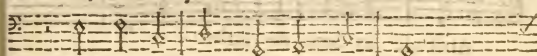
When you in private Council sit,



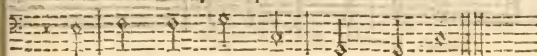
Are all your Con-sul-ta-tions just?

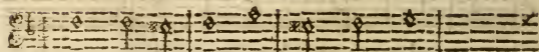


May others your De-ci-sions trust?

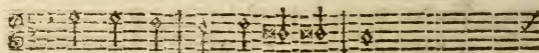
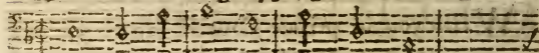


Their Lives to your pure Hands submit?

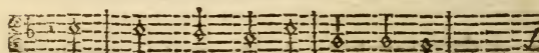
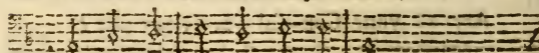


Psalm 72. 2d Metre.

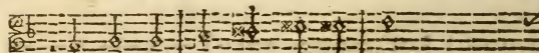
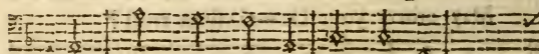
Lord let the King thy Judgments find !



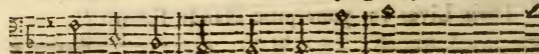
Enrich the Prince's Royal Mind,



For Crowns and Governments design'd.

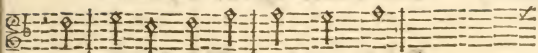


Then shall He sentence wisely give ;

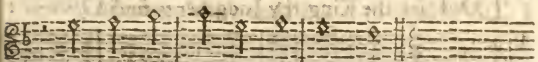


The Tunes of the Psalms:

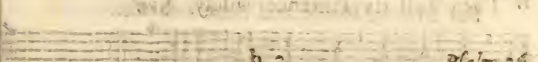
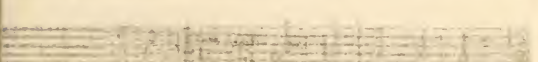
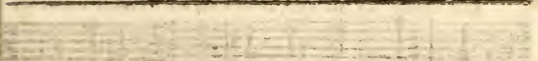
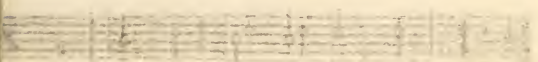
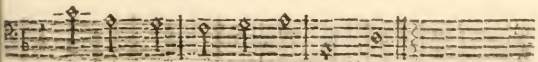
xvii



And safe in his Pre-ro-ga-tive



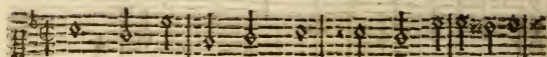
Shall all the poor af-flict-ed, live.



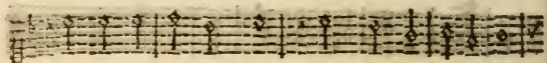
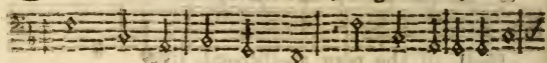
b 3

Psalms 76

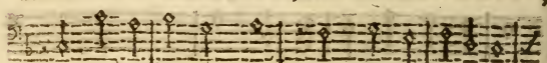
Psalm 76. 1st Metre.



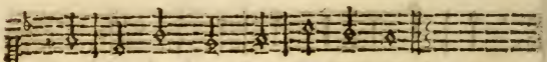
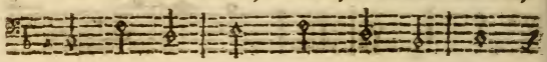
GOD's Name in *Judah's* known, It's great in *Is-ra-el* :



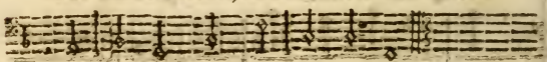
His House in *Salem's* shown ; His Smiles on *Sion* dwell ;



For there his Stroke, Swords, Bows and Shields,



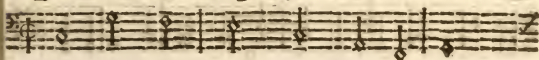
For Martial Fields, and Arrows broke.



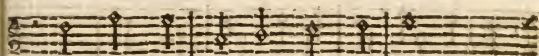
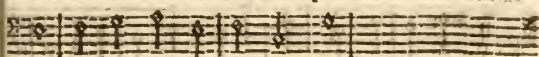
Psalm 81. 1st Metre.



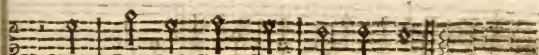
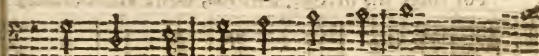
TO God, our Strength, your Voices raise!



Aloud the God of Ja—cob praise!

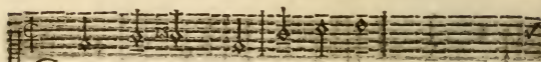


A Psalm toth' mer-ry Timbrel suit,



The pleasant Harp, or charming Lute.



Psalm 95. 2d Metre.

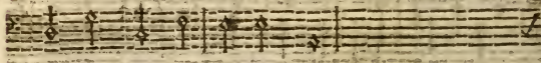
Come, O come, and let us sing,



To our Lord, and to our King!



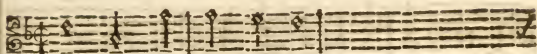
Let us make a joyful Noise,



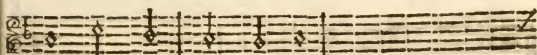
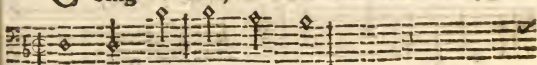
To that God whose Love employs.



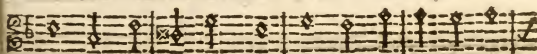
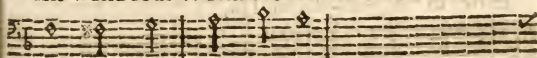
Psalm 98. 2d Metre.



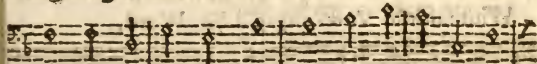
O Sing to God, the Lord :



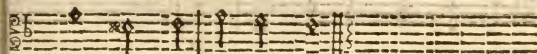
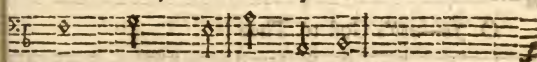
His wond'rous Works record !



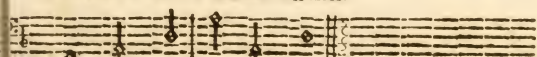
Sing, sing an Anthem new. Return his Praises due,



Whose Hand, whose ho—ly Arm

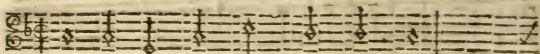


Dissolv'd Hell's fa-tal Charm.

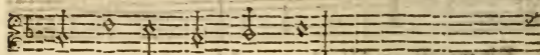
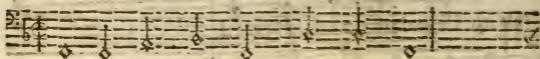


xxij. *The Tunes of the Pſalms.*

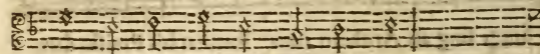
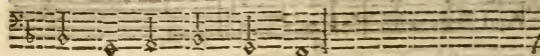
Psalm 132.



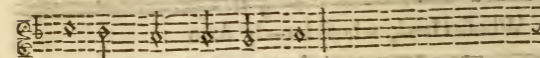
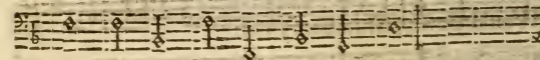
REmember Da-vid's Troubles, Lord,



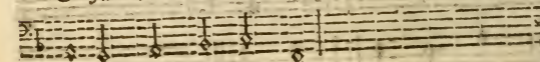
How in Af-fl-iction He,



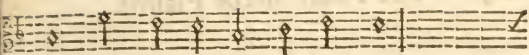
With faithful Vows engag'd his Word,



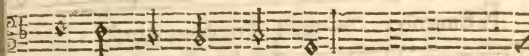
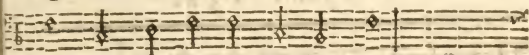
O Ja-cob's God to Thee !



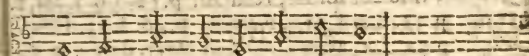
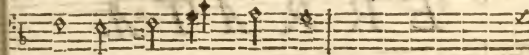
Would



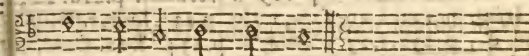
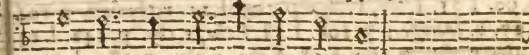
High tho' my lof—ty Pa—lace rise,



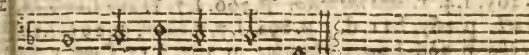
With Ce—dars no—bly ceil'd.



And Beds with Golden Ca—no—pyes,



Would downy Slumbers yield:



ERRATA.

PAge 7. line 20. for *Too*, read *As*. p. 12. l. 6. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 35. l. 4. f. *gain*, r. *claim*. p. 46. l. 23. f. *Those*, r. *Whose*. p. 51. l. 1. after *Truth and Mercy*, dele s. p. 64. l. 2. r. *the Voice*. p. 89, l. 1. r. *out-shine*. l. 17. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 90. l. 31. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 103. l. 21. r. *thou'dst*. p. 104. l. 27. r. *sacrifice*. p. 108. l. 18. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 142. l. 13. f. *thy*, r. *the*. p. 183. l. 28. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 185. l. 22. r. *sweet*. l. ult. f. *on*, r. *in*. p. 209. l. 5. r. *Skies*. p. 218. l. 23. r. *bring*. p. 222. l. 20. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 231. l. ult. r. *Wrath's* &c. d., p. 232. l. 23. r. *betray'd*. p. 234. l. 12. f. *the*, r. *tho'*. p. 238. r. *Part 5th. Metre 5th*. p. 240. l. 1. r. *quickly*. p. 265. l. 4. r. *And me with*. p. 266. l. 7. r. *Thy Law's the Truth*. p. 267. l. 11. d.; p. 292. l. 7. r. *cheer*. p. 295. l. 20. d. *the*. p. 296. l. 29. r. *Thoughts*. p. 297. l. 17. f. *my*, r. *thy*. p. 298. l. 1. f. *then*, r. *them*. p. 309. l. 6. r. *Seed*.

DAVID'S PSALMS PARAPHRAS'D,

IN ENGLISH METRE;

Agreeably to the TUNES commonly
Sung in CHURCHES, &c.

Pfal. 1. as the 100th; or Mr. Sandys's 3d.

A Thousand Blessings crown his Head,
Whose Heart all impious Counsel flies;
And hates those Paths where Sinners tread,
Who God, and all that's good, despise.

But in his great Creator's Laws
He spends his happy Days and Nights;
And thence, by Meditation, draws
Both what instructs, and what delights.

All his Designs are just, and bless'd;
His Hopes, and ev'ry Action thrives:
And when his mould'ring Clay's at rest,
His fragrant Memory survives.

- So fruitful Trees, near gentle Streams,
 Their Burthens to Perfection bring,
 Unhurt by Summer's scorching Beams,
 And flourish with a constant Spring.
- 4 But the lost Sinner toils in vain,
 With faithless Joys to please his Mind;
 His Roots, his Fruits, his cursed Gain,
 All fly like Chaff before the Wind.
- 5, 6 Let the last dreadful Trumpet sound,
 The Just, his Head undaunted rears;
 While Woes the sinful Soul confound,
 With Terrours rack'd, and torn with Fears.
- His Own, their mighty Master knows;
 And loves, and keeps, and wisely guides:
 But Man, who sins through various Woes,
 To Hell's dark Pains, unminded, slides.

Another Metre, Psal. i.

- 1 **H**appy, thrice happy's he, whose Feet
 Ne'er took that cursed Way,
 Where Atheists and Blasphemers meet,
 And God and Truth betray;
 Who'er stood by, to countenance
 What bold Transgressors dare;
 Nor, that he might in Guilt advance,
 Assum'd the Scorners's Chair.
- 2 He spends his happy Days and Nights
 To search his Maker's Laws;
 And thence Instructions and Delights
 By Meditation draws.
- 3 Calmly he looks his Actions o'er,
 And his Justice calmly tries;

And then on Mercy's boundless Store
For good Success relies.

So Trees near gentle Rivers plac'd,
Their Fruits in Season bear;
With Leaves unfading always grac'd,
And flourish all the Year.
But off, like Chaff, God's angry Wind
The Godless Croud shall bear;
No Place shall they in Judgment find,
Nor with the Just appear.

For God, with Favour, kindly knows
The Just, and all their Ways:
But Ruin where the Sinner goes,
And sure Destruction sways.

P S A L. ij.

GOD's wise Decrees are fix'd, and strong,
As his Eternal Throne:
Why then should Heathen Fools so long
His sacred Power disown?
Vain are their Hopes, vain ev'ry Thought;
And all their Words are vain:
For what God's mighty Hands have wrought,
God's mighty Hands maintain.

Weak Kings with flatt'ring Slaves combine,
And fret with groundless Rage;
Against *their God* their Counsels join,
Against *his Christ* engage.
Come, let us break their Bonds, *they say*:
Throw off their slavish Yoke:
Why should we unknown Lords obey?
Or unknown Pow'rs invoke?

- 4 But God, who, crown'd with Bliss, resides
 Above the lofty Skies,
 Laughs at their Madness, and their Pride,
 And scorns their Policies.
- 5 From thundring Clouds his dreadful Voice,
 Distracts their trembling Souls:
 And in his Wrath their Plots destroys,
 And thus their Rage controls.
- 6 Rave on, unhappy Fools! confound
 Your envious Thoughts in vain:
 My King sits high, on *Sion* crown'd;
 And I'll his Crown maintain.

Part 2.

- 7 The Son, with Love, all Heavenly mild,
 His Awful Silence breaks;
 And thus, to Pity reconcil'd,
 With gentle Language speaks:
 Hear me, ah stupid World! declare
 Th' unchangeable Decree.
 Thus my Eternal Father sware,
 Before Time's Birth, to Me.
- Thou art my Son, begot by Me,
 On this Eternal Day:
- 8 Ask it, and I'll invest in Thee
 The whole Creation's Sway.
- 9 To Thee the World, when made, shall bow;
 Thee all its Host adore:
 All Nations shall thy Rights allow,
 Thy Goodness all implore.
- Thy Rod the Rebel Tribes shall feel,
 Thy Sceptre, forc'd, obey;
 Crush'd by thy Hand, as harden'd Steel
 Would dash the mould'ring Clay.

20 Be wise, ye Heav'n-born Kings; be wise
 All who on Earth command:
 Adore your Lord with humble Eyes;
 With Awe before Him stand.

11 Joys, but with Fears alloy'd, express,
 And early Homage pay,
 Left in Rébellion's wild Excess
 You lose the perfect Way.
 12 Bow, bow your Necks; for if his Wrath
 In angry Tempests rise,
 Happy, ô happy's he, whose Faith
 On Him secur'd relies!

P S A L. iiij.

HOW are my Foes, dear Lord, increas'd?
 What Crouds against me rise?
 And to disturb my mournful Breast,
 A thousand Ways devise?
 God is his only Help, *they cry*;
 On God his Hopes depend:
 Yet see that God can Help deny,
 And leave his sinking Friend!

Yet Thou, Lord, art my Shield, my Praise,
 My Strength: And when to Thee
 My Voice in humble Vows I raise,
 Thy Goodness answers me.
 Safely I sleep, and safely wake;
 In thy Protection sure:
 No gath'ring Host my Heart can shake,
 Nor my Defeat procure.

Rise then, my God, and save me now!
 And as thy Anger broke
 My Rebels Teeth; and as they bow
 Beneath thy dreadful Stroke.

- 3 So send thy saving Health, and Grace;
 Let all thy Blessings flow :
 And still to *Israel's* faithful Race
 Thy promis'd Favour show !

P S A L. iv.

- 1 **O** Righteous God, whose Justice freed
 My Innocence of old ;
 O let my present Pray'rs succeed,
 Thy Help my Cause uphold !
- 2 Vain Men, who by a fond Mistake,
 My solid Faith disgrace ;
 And Vanities your Shelter make,
 And empty Lyes embrace :
- 3 See how God singles out the Just,
 His own peculiar Choice !
 See how my God rewards my Trust,
 And hears my suppliant Voice !
- 4 Fear then, ô fear Him ! sin no more !
 Your own false Hearts survey ;
 Examine all your Actions o'er,
 Your secret Crimes display.
- 5 Pardon, with silent Tears, intreat ;
 And for an Off'ring give
 An upright Heart, without Deceit ;
 And on his Promise live !
- 6 Mean Souls Earth's low Delights advance,
 And fading Wealth embrace.
 But grant us, Lord, thy Countenance,
 And thy Enlight'ning Grace !
- 7 So shall more Bliss my Heart enlarge,
 My Breast more Joys contain,
 Than theirs whom Wines and Oils o'er-charge,
 And who in Plenty reign.

- 8 No Terrours then shall break my Rest,
No Fears disturb my Sleep,
While me thy pow'rful Arms invest,
And safe from Dangers keep.

PSAL. v.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear me from thy blest'd Abode,
My Meditations weigh:
2 Attend my Cries, my King, my God,
When I devoutly pray!
3 To Thee I raise my Morning-cries,
To Thee my Prayers direct;
And with my longing Heart and Eyes,
Thy kind Returns expect.
4 Thy Frowns on wicked Workers light;
Thou hat'st Iniquity:
5 No Fools can bear thy angry Sight,
Nor Sinners dwell with Thee.
6 Thy Wrath shall lying Lips consume,
And those who thirst for Blood;
Or on deceitful Arts presume,
Too rarely understood.
7 But to thy Courts, dear Lord, I'll go,
Safe in thy Mercies store;
And tow'rd thy sacred Altars bow,
And in thy Fear adore.
8 O lead me in thy righteous Way,
To scape my watchful Foes:
To me thy Wisdom's Rules display,
Thy happy Paths disclose!
9 My Foes in Fraud and Falshood deal,
Their inward Parts are vile;
Their Throats devouring Graves conceal,
Their flatt'ring Tongues beguile.

- 10 Destroy them, Lord! in their own Arts,
The Rebel Crew confound:
11 So Joys from merry faithful Hearts,
In lasting Hymns shall sound.
12 For, Lord, thy Favour on the Just
In mighty Streams descends:
Thy Goodness all who on Thee trust,
Like some firm Shield, defends.

P S A L. vj.

- 1 **R**ebuke me not in Anger, Lord;
Nor in thy Wrath correct:
2 Health to my aking Bones afford;
My wretched State respect!
3 My Soul quite faints: But oh! how long
Must I no Answer have!
4 O turn! ô free my Soul from Wrong!
My Soul in Mercy save!
5 In Death none thinks of Thee; no Praise,
No Thanks our Graves disclose:
And, oh! my Strength, dear Lord, decays,
Quite spent with wasting Woes!
6 All Night my Easless Bed with Tears,
With Tears my Couch o'er-flows;
7 My Sight quite dim with Age appears,
Through my prevailing Foes.
But see one Beam of chearful Light!
Be gone, ye sinful Crew!
8 My Prayers are in my Maker's Sight;
And all my Tears in view:
9 Blush then, mistaken Fools! for shame;
For God has heard my Cries:
10 Be gone! for in his Mighty Name
My Strength, my Safety lies.

P S A L. vij.

- 1 **I**N Thee, my Lord, I firmly trust ;
 My Foe, dear God ! control !
 2 Lest, Lion-like, with Force unjust,
 He tear my helpless Soul.
 3 If e'er against my Prince, if e'er
 My very Thoughts rebell'd ;
 If I his Crown unjustly wear,
 Or e'er against him swell'd :
 4 If e'er I War for Peace repay'd :
 Nay, if my Filial Care
 My King, my Foe unjustly made,
 Did never kindly spare ;
 5 Then let my bloodiest Foes prevail,
 And hurl my Glories down ;
 My Life with due Success assail,
 And spurn my envy'd Crown.
 6 But since I'm innocent, and from
 Such Imputations free,
 O now to my Assistance come,
 Redeem and rescue me !
 O rouse thy Fury, Lord ! and break
 My Adversaries Rage !
 Rouse it, and in thy Judgment speak,
 And for my Rights engage !
 7 So shall the Multitude surround
 Thy Courts with grateful Praise :
 Rise then, with awful Glories crown'd,
 And thy Tribunal raise.
 8 O judge the Nations round, and me,
 By thy impartial Laws ;
 Then clear'd my Innocence shall be,
 And vindicate my Cause.

Part 2. 24

- 9 Let Sin, and sinful Workers die,
The Just more firmly stand :
The Hearts and Reins severely try,
And righteous things command.
- 10 For God's my Shield ; that God, whose Grace
The Heart sincere protects ;
- 11 He's just, and on the sinful Race
His daily Wrath reflects :
- 12 If still his Sins the Sinner loves,
His Sword he fiercely whets ;
And oft his deadly Bow-string proves,
His Bow as often sets.
- 13 Death's Instruments are all prepar'd,
His Arrows pointed right
At such who dare, though kindly spar'd,
Against their Maker fight.
- 14 The Wretch, big with Iniquity,
And Lyes, and Mischief, goes ;
The monstrous Birth brought forth, we see,
With Hellish Pangs and Throws.
- 15 He plots, and is himself ensnar'd
In Nets himself had spread ;
His Pains and Rage recoiling hard
On his contriving Head.
- 17 I'll praise the Lord ; high as his Fame,
My lofty Praise shall fly :
I'll sing to his Immortal Name,
Who ever lives on high.

P S A L. viij.

- 1 **G**reat Lord of Lords ! how swift thy Name
Through ev'ry Climate flies !
Thy spreading Praise, thy glorious Fame,
Surmounts the lofty Skies.
- 2 Thy Strength in Babes and Sucklings shines,
To quell thy senseless Foes ;
To crush the Rebel-World's Designs,
And all their Rage exposes.
- 3 When I the Sky's vast Arch survey,
Rais'd by thy curious Hand ;
How Moon and Stars thy Rules obey,
And fix'd, in Order, stand.
- 4 Lord, how has Man thy Thoughts possess'd !
Lost Man thy Smiles obtain'd !
Who sinn'd ; yet, with a Saviour bless'd,
New Hopes of Mercy gain'd !
- 5 Though He, our Lives to purchase, took
Less than an Angel's State,
All Graces in his God-like Look
With humble Greatness fate.
- 6 To Him the whole Creation yields,
And at his Foot-stool bow.
- 7 The Herds, which trace the Woods and Fields,
His Sov'reign Rights allow.
- 8 To Him the feather'd Hosts resign,
And his Commands obey.
And Fish, which through the Ocean's Brine
Divide their wondrous Way.
- 9 How swift, great Lord of Lords, thy Name
Through ev'ry Climate flies ;
O. how thy praise, thy glorious Fame
Surmounts the lofty Skies !

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's 17th.

- 1 **L**ord, how Illustrious is thy Sacred Name!
 How blest'd, great God of Hosts, Eternal King!
 Whose Honours all the lower World proclaim!
 Whose Honours all the Heav'nly Armies sing!
- 2 Yet when the Foes, blind with malicious Rage,
 Affront thy Honours, or thy Name defie,
 Poor Babes, weak Infants, on thy Part engage,
 And quickly make the boasting Monsters fly.
- More Strength, more Truth, from Infant-Language
 Than haughty Learning, or presuming Pride.
 The meanest Wretch, by thy best influence, grows
 A faithful Preacher, a victorious Guide.
- 3 When I survey the never-resting Skies,
 Whose moving Arch thy curious Fingers spread;
 When to the Changing Moon I raise my Eyes,
 The Stars with inexhausted Brightness fed;
- 4 Lord, what's poor Man, or Man's polluted Race,
 So pity'd yet, so kindly own'd by thee?
 How could he hope for such unbounded Grace,
 That for his sake, God should Incarnate be?
- 5 Yet God, for our lov'd sakes, our Nature took;
 Beneath Himself, beneath his Angels found:
 Tho God-like Beauties grac'd his Heav'nly Look;
 His Sacred Head Majestick Glories crown'd.
- 6 Where-e'er He mov'd, submissive Nature bow'd;
 His Handy-works their great Creator knew:
 And to adore his Feet, th' impatient Croud
 On the swift Wings of just Obedience flew.

7 Before Him savage Brutes their Fierceness laid :
 On Him rough Lions fawn'd, and Panthers gaz'd :
 Weak Sheep with hungry Wolves all fearless play'd ;
 And with fierce Tygers Kine securely graz'd.

8 On lofty Trees, around his Glorious Head,
 With strange Delight the feather'd Chorus hung ;
 O'er Him their fanning Pinions gently spread,
 And in their native Tunes his Praises sung.

When o'er the Seas their King triumphant pass'd,
 Beneath his Feet the Billows silent lay ;
 The finny Herd his wondrous Foot-steps trac'd,
 And with their Silver Scales describ'd his Way.

9 Thy Honours thus the Lower World proclaim,
 Thy Honours thus all Nature's Armies sing.
 Lord, how illustrious is thy Sacred Name !
 How bless'd, great Lord of Hosts, Eternal King !

P S A L. ix. As the First.

1 **I**'LL praise the Lord with Heart and Voice ;
 His great, his wondrous Actions praise :
 2 In Thee, O highest God, rejoice ;
 Thy Name in Songs Triumphant raise.

3 My Foes shall turn their Backs, and fall,
 And sink before thy Glorious Face ;

4 Thy righteous Bar has judg'd 'em all,
 And now my Cause obtains the place.

5 Thy Hand o'erturns the Nation's round,
 Thy Hand the sinful World subdues ;
 Their Names Eternal Blots confound,
 And dark Forgetfulness pursues.

- 6 O Enemy, presume no more
To lay huge Towns and Countries waste ;
Thy Rage our burning Cities bore,
Thy Rage their very Names defac'd.
- 7 But our Eternal God appears,
His Bar prepar'd for Judgment stands ;
8 The World His righteous Sentence hears,
His wise Decrees, and just Commands.
- 9 The Lord, their Refuge, saves the Poor,
With mighty Cares and Woes oppress'd :
10 His Saints live in His Help secure,
And in his constant Presence bless'd.
- Part II.*
- 11 To *Sion's* God your Praises sing,
His Acts through all the World declare !
12 When He his Quest for Blood shall bring,
He'll grant the Poor's accepted Prayer.
- 13 Thou who my Soul from Death couldst raise,
My Suff'rings, Lord, in Mercy view :
14 I'll then thy Name in *Sion* praise,
And Joys in thy Salvation shew.
- 15 In their own Pits the Gentiles fall,
Their own strong Nets their Feet have caught
16 Their own false Hearts have trap'd 'em all :
So wisely God's Designs are wrought.
- 17 The Wicked, all shall sink, and those
Whose Heath'nish Souls their God forget :
18 But Suff'ers sha'n't for ever lose
Their Hopes, or all in Darkness set.

- 19 Rise, Lord; ô let not Men prevail;
 But rise, and judge the Nations round;
 20 Till all their Hearts with Terroure fail;
 Not Gods, but Men, and mortal found.

P S A L. x.

- 1 **W**HY, Lord, ô why so far from me,
 In my afflicted State?
 2 When Sin and haughty Pride agree,
 And all our Woës create?
 3 O let their Arts themselves ensnare
 Who boast of Crimes they love,
 Who bless the Coverous, and dare,
 What God abhors, approve!
 4 His God the prosp'rous Sinner scorns,
 God ne'er his Thoughts employs;
 5 The World beneath his Greatness mourns,
 Which all Her Peace destroys.
 Thy Judgments, Lord, exalted far
 Above his Sense appear;
 Which makes him scorn his Foes in War,
 And puff at Dangers near.
 6 His Heart concludes, I'm great; no Ill
 Can change my certain State:
 7 His Mouth Fraud, Lyes and Curses fill;
 His Tongue, mischievous Hate
 8 Close in his Lurking-holes he lies,
 To kill the Innocent;
 Blood revels in his furious Eyes,
 On their Destruction bent.
 9 He like some Lion Couchant lies,
 To seize the trembling Prey;
 And would God's holy Saints surprize,
 And tear their Souls away. A thou-

A thousand Traps and Snares he sets
 Where harmless Vertue goes;
 And to the Tangled in his Nets
 No Truth nor Mercy shows.

Part 2.

- 10 Sometimes the Wicked hangs his Head,
 And feigns Humility;
 That, by his harmless Air mis-led,
 The Meek may fall, and die.
- 11 God, if there's any God, he says,
 Forgets what Mortals do:
 He can't discern our crafty Ways,
 Our secret Actions view.
- 12 Up, Lord! stretch out thy pow'rful Hand,
 Afflicted Souls to save!
- 13 For why should Fools against thee stand?
 Thy dreadful Vengeance brave?
 Why should they cry, God minds it not?
 O let thy piercing Sighr
- 14 Look through their dark mischievous Plot:
 Re-pay their secret Spite!

On Thee the Poor for Help depend;
 To Thee sad Orphans fly.

- 15 Break wicked Arms, their Malice end,
 And Sin it self shall die.
- 16 The Lord for ever reigns; his Arms
 Our Land from Gentiles freed:
- 17 He hears the Meek, their Courage warms,
 And makes their Prayers succeed.
- 18 He helps the Fatherless and Poor,
 And quells the Sinner's Rage,
 Lest they, our Ruins to procure,
 Should all their Force engage.

P S A L. xj.

- I**N God my Hope securely stands,
 Why then should Wretches cry ?
 Fly ! fly to Hills, or foreign Lands !
 Like Birds affrighted fly.
 See how the Wicked bend their Bows,
 And Nock their Arrows sure !
 That they with unexpected Blows,
 May Death to thine procure.
 And since Hopes best Foundations are
 By wicked Hands destroy'd,
 Oh, how sha'll Men of Justice fare !
 Or how their Force avoid ?
 God in his Holy Temple sits
 Enthron'd above the Sky,
 And all the Faults weak Man commits,
 His piercing Eye-lids try.
 He proves the Just, but hates all those,
 Who Sin and Rapine love ;
 On them Snares, Flames and Sulphur throws,
 And Terrors from above.
 For God, who's infinitely Just,
 In Justice takes Delight :
 And Upright Men may safely trust
 In His reviving Sight.

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's 4th.

- M**Y Faith is fix'd on God most High.
 Why then should Fools to vex me cry,
 As Birds afraid,
 By Noises made,
 Hence to the Mountains fly !

- 2 For loe! the Wicked bend their Bows,
 Their Arrows on the strings dispose,
 At Men upright
 In Woes dark Night,
 They make their deadly Blows.
- 3 Ill Men, by Force and Art, have thrown
 The Governments Foundations down.
 Where then, ô where
 Can those appear,
 VVho Truth and Justice own?
- 4 God in his Holy Temple reigns,
 The Lord enthron'd on High remains,
 And with His Eyes
 Severely tries
 VVhat Sins the Soul retains.
- 5 Hee'll try and vindicate the Just,
 But His Eternal Vengeance must
 With Death pursue
 That Impious Crew
 Who dare in Rapine trust.
- 6 Thick Snares, hot Flames, and Sulphur shall,
 Like dismal Storms on Sinners fall;
 Strange Terrors will
 Their Fancies fill,
 And Fears confound them all.
- 7 The righteous God in Actions Right
 Has ever fix'd his whole Delight;
 Onely the Man
 Who's Righteous can
 Procure his favouring fight.

P S A L. xij.

- O** Help me Lord, for Goodness now,
 And Truth from Earth are flown!
 None Honesty nor Mercy show,
 They'r all Deceiful grown.
 All double Hearts and Tongues employ,
 When with their Friends they speak;
 But God will Lying-lips destroy,
 And haughty Boasters break.
 Who say, Come let our Tongues be free,
 Our Words at Random fly;
 And when we use that Liberty,
 What Lord shall ask us why?
 But to relieve their misery
 To hear the Needy's cry,
 I'll rise, says God, and set him free
 From Scorn and Cruelty.
 And, Lord, Thy Promises are pure
 As Silver oft refin'd,
 And will thy happy Saints secure
 From Men to Vice enclin'd.
 The Wicked proudly stalks and swells,
 But when Exalted high
 Grief on each Humane visage dwells,
 And Blushes Crimson Dye.

P S A L. xij.

- L**ost in Oblivion, Lord, shall I
 No more behold thy Face?
 Must all my Thoughts distracted ly,
 And Woes my Heart embrace.
 Still shall my Foes my strength assail,
 And still above me rise?

3 Lord, hear me ! and e're Death prevail
Unclose my failing Eyes !

4 O never let my haughty Foes
Presume they've conquer'd me !
If they my smallest Trip disclose,
They'll all Triumphant be.

5 But in thy mercy, Lord, I trust,
Thy saving Health adore.

6 And sing to Thee whose Bounty must
My doubting Soul restore.

P S A L. xiv.

1 **T**He wicked Fool's misguided Heart
The World's great God denies ;
Hence all from Ways of Virtue start,
And horrid Crimes devise.

2 God from above the World surveys,
And Humane Actions reads,
To see who common Sense obeys,
And God, or Goodness heeds.

3 But all from God's pure Ways decline,
And in his Nostrils stink,
None, None at all on Truth's Divine,
Or sober Virtues think.

" Their Throats like gaping Graves appear, [Ex
" Their oily Tongues deceive, Septua-
" Their Lips more dealy Poisons bear, ginta.
" Then biting Aspies leave.

" Their Mouths with bitter Curfes stor'd,

" Their Feet to Murders fly,

" Destruction all their Paths afford,

" And certain Misery.

" No Ways of Charity, or Peace,

" Their Pride, or Malice knows,

" And

“ And they as still their Crimes encrease,
 “ No Fear of God disclose.

But can the Sons of Sin so loose
 Their Understanding power,
 That they like Bread my Saints abuse,
 And all at once devour.
 To God no Sense can make them pray:
 Tho’ where no Ground appears
 Their Souls a thousand Terrors sway,
 And causless senseless Fears.

But God who loves the Righteous Race,
 Among the Just remains,
 And while Ill Men their Hope disgrace,
 He still their Hope sustains.
 Oh, whence shall *Israel*’s safety rise?
 If God their mournful State
 Restore, in Them the kind surprize
 Will boundless Joys create.

P S A L. xv.

How blest, how glorious is the Place,
 Where thy great Name resides!
 How blest the Man whom there thy Grace
 From impious Crouds divides!
 But, Lord, what Gifts can fix him there?
 What wondrous Virtues raise
 His Soul to love thy House, and there
 To sing thy daily Praise.

He only can with Hopes be blest
 Of that Cœlestial State,
 Who hides no Envy in his Breast
 Nor deadly lurking Hate:
 But all his Thoughts are fix’d and true,
 And all his Actions right.

Faith to his Word is always due,
His Lips in Truth delight.

No Falshood e'er perverts his Heart,
No Lyes defile his Tongue ;
3 Nor dares he, with malicious Art,
Contrive his Neighbour's Wrong.
He scorns those Tales by Malice rais'd,
To blast his fragrant Name ;
And all those senseless Scandals blaz'd
Against his rising Fame.

Part 2.

4 That harden'd Wretch, who proudly flights
His great Creator's Laws ;
Whose Wit against his Maker fights,
And backs a Godless Cause ;
That vile, that despicable Slave
His nobler Thoughts despise.
But smiles the Good shall always have,
And Kindness in his Eyes.

No Loss, no Gain his Justice bows,
His Words Assurance speak ;
He'll ne'er his Oaths, nor sacred Vows,
Nor just Engagements break.
5 Boundless and wide his Bounty flows,
And vile Extortion hates.
Large as Men's Wants his Mercy grows,
And all their Wealth creates.

He loves the Innocent, and strives
Their Verrues to protect :
From him no Bribe can buy their Lives,
Nor Falshood gain Respect.
Thus shall he reach thy holy Place,
There grow, and flourish there :

And in the Glories of thy Face
No Loss nor Dangers fear.

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's 7th.

Bless'd Lord, how glorious is the Place
Thy Altars grace!

How is that holy Temple bless'd,
By Thee possess'd!

But, ô, what happy Man is he
Who there a daily Guest may be!

He's only of that Bliss secure

Whose Life is pure,

Who never lets Contagious Sin

Prevail within;

For Right and Justice only cares,

And from his Heart the Truth declares.

He'll never slander, never lye;

Nor will his Eye

With Malice, or an envious View,

His Friend pursue;

Nor to his Neighbour's Hurt proceed,

Or break his Peace by Word or Deed.

He will, if Men in Sin delight,

Abhor their Sight;

And with a just Contempt despise

Their shameless Lyes.

But Rev'rence and Respect afford

To such as love and fear the Lord.

If to his Neighbour's Profit e'er

He kindly swear,

Though to himself a Prejudice

From thence may rise,

Falshood on him shall ne'er prevail;

His Gain, but not his Faith, may fail.

5 He'll

- 5 He'll, if Extortion rais'd it, hate
 A vast Estate ;
 And won't, for Bribes, quit the Defence
 Of Innocence.
 The Man whose Life is thus approv'd,
 Shall ne'er by Fears or Pains be mov'd.

P S A L. xvj. *As the First.*

- 1 **P**reserve me, Lord, who trust in Thee !
 2 To God my thankful Heart has said,
 Thou art my Lord, but canst not be
 More bless'd by my Submissions made.
- 3 I, with unbounded Bliss, delight
 In Saints, in such as Goodness mind :
 4 But Sorrows multiply'd shall light
 On Men to other Gods inclin'd.
- I'll ne'er, though kindly call'd, partake
 Of their detested Sacrifice ;
 Nor Mention of their Idols make,
 They never from my Lips shall rise.
- 5 My God's my bless'd Inheritance,
 My Right his mighty Arm sustains :
 6 My Lines on pleasant Parts advance ;
 For me a goodly Let remains.

Part 2.

- 7 My Thanks I'll to my Teacher show,
 I nightly feel his gentle Hand ;
 8 He's ever fix'd before me, so
 I still unmov'd, unshaken stand.

My Heart hence springs with rising Joys,
 My Tongue's with glorious Praises bless'd :
 Though Death my Mortal State destroys,
 My Flesh in certain Hope shall rest.

o The Grave shall soon my Flesh resign,
 Death quit his Triumphs o'er my Soul.
 Tombs sha'n't thy Holy One Confine,
 Nor Worms my mould'ring Corps control.

r To me thy Grace new Life shall show ;
 Lord, in thy Presence Joys abound ;
 With thee Eternal Pleasures flow,
 And lasting Bliss, with Glories crown'd.

P S A L. xvij.

Hear me, ô hear me, Lord ?
 Accept my earnest Cry !
 Thy Justice to his Pray'rs afford,
 Who hates Hypocrisie !
 O weigh my Right, and let
 My Sentence come from Thee !
 Thou try'st my Heart, thy Looks are set,
 By Night to visit me.

Yet thou hast found me pure
 When in thy Furnace try'd :
 My Lips, by Resolutions sure,
 Are to thy Precepts ty'd.
 Whate'r vile Sinners dare,
 I know thy Word's Divine :
 And from destructive Paths, with Care,
 My wand'ring Feet confine.

Lord, all my Motions guide
 To tread thy sacred Way !

And never let my Foot-steps wide
From Paths of Vertue stray !

6 I only call to thee,
Who hear'st the Cries of thine :
Lord, bow thy gracious Ears to me,
And to my Words incline !

7 Thy wondrous Love disclose
To those who trust in thee ;
And save them from the Rage of those
Who would their Ruin see !
8 Keep me as Eye-lids keep
And guard the tender Eye,
That I beneath thy Wings may sleep,
Beneath thy Shade may lie !

Part 2.

9 Save me from bloody Hands,
Who now inclose me round ;
And all those cruel angry Bands,
Which would my Life confound !
10 Who, fat and haughty made,
Speak big with lofty Pride ;
11 But Snares which in our Paths are laid,
With down-cast Looks can hide.

12 Who, like fierce Lions, would
Surprize the trembling Prey ;
Or Lions Whelps, which, mad for Blood,
In Thickets lurking stay.

13 Rise, quell their Malice, Lord,
And break their Insolence !
From wicked Men, thy deadly Sword,
Be thou my Soul's Defence,

14 From Godless Brutes, employ'd
To scourge a careless Age ;

Men who with Earthly Blessings cloy'd,
 Their Hearts on Earth engage ;
 Whose craving Bellies all
 The secret Treasures fill ;
 Whose Sons are fat, whose Lordships fall
 Down to their Children still.

15 So I in Righteousness
 Thy glorious Face shall see
 Which, when I'm rais'd again, shall bless
 Me to Satiety.

PSAL. xvij. as the 100th, or Mr. Sandys's 9th.

1 **H**OW shall I praise my God, my King,
 Thus ecstasied with Joys and Love?
 What worthy Hallelujahs sing
 To his great Name who rules above?

He, by a thousand sacred Bands,
 Has made my grateful Heart his own.

2 My Strength, my Rock, my Fort He stands,
 His Force in my Deliv'rance shown.

My God, my solid Hope, my Shield,
 Against my fierce insulting Foes :
 Safe in his Strength I keep the Field,
 My Crown his mighty Arm bestows.

3 Him will I praise, to him I'll pray,
 And so from all my Foes be free,

4 Tho' Death's strong Chains should stop my Way,
 And Floods of Horrour compass me.

5 Hell's dismal Sorrows hedg'd me round,
 Death's cruel Chains oppos'd my Way ;

6 Yet my Distress his Mercy found,
 And from his Seat He heard me pray.

Part 2.

- 7 His Awful Nod my Cries receiv'd,
Which all the World's Foundations shook,
And Mountains from their Bases heav'd,
Unhing'd by his revenging Look.
- 8 Thick Smoak his kindling Furies rais'd,
His Wrath the streaming Vapour show'd,
Devouring Flames before him blaz'd,
And Bolts with living Sulphur glow'd.
- 9 He came, Heav'ns bending Arches groan'd,
His Steps thick Darknes cover'd o'er;
10 Triumphant Flames their Lord inthron'd,
On Wings of rapid Tempests bore.
- 11 Mysterious Gloom around him flow'd,
And where he forc'd his wond'rous Way,
His Way Majestick Darknes show'd,
And heavy Clouds obscur'd the Day.
- 12 But soon his fiery Wrath dispell'd
The Clouds, the Clouds dissolv'd around;
And Drops to monst'rous Hail congeal'd,
With burning Bolts, rak'd o'er the Ground.
- 13 The thund'ring Skies his Voice reveal'd,
The Air return'd the dreadful Sound;
And Drops to monstrous Hail congeal'd,
With burning Bolts, rak'd o'er the Ground.
- 14 Thick as his Hail his Arrows flew:
Nor could his Foes their Force avoid,
While his fure Hand thick Lightnings threw,
And all their scatter'd Hosts destroy'd.

Part 3.

15 Great God, when thy fierce Fury storm'd,
 Distracted Nature trembling lay ;
 And the unfathom'd Deep, deform'd
 Through horrid Ruptures, felt the Day.

The Seas old Parent Springs appear'd,
 And the great World's Foundations torn ;
 The tott'ring Hills their Doom's-day fear'd,
 By thy impetuous Wrath o'er-born.

16 For me yet were his Loves engag'd,
 His Brows with softer Glory shin'd ;
 He sav'd me from the Gulphs enrag'd,
 And all the greedy Floods combin'd.

17 His gracious Arm still rescues me
 From all my Foes insulting Hate,
 That Arm which me alone can free,
 And their prevailing Force abate.

18 Their Spite my saddest Moments watch'd,
 But God was then my Guard, my Stay ;
 He lov'd, he lov'd my Soul, and snatch'd
 From hungry Jaws the fainting Prey.

19 My harmless Innocence he knows,
 And with his bounteous Love pursues ;
 20 For I his sacred Methods chose,
 Nor would his just Commands refuse.

Part 4.

21 God's Statutes still before me lay,
 22 Nor durst I cast his Laws aside,
 23 But with Him trod the perfect Way,
 And all my craving Lusts deny'd.

- 24 So God my Love with Love repay'd,
Repay'd my righteous Innocence,
And to my Hands thus guiltless made
Hee'l still His kind Rewards dispense.
- 25 God's ever Just; where Mercy shines
His Mercy meets the tender Heart,
Where Man to perfect Deeds inclines,
His Smiles a perfect meed impart.
- 26 Where the plain Heart sincerely moves,
God's Blessings are unmix'd and plain,
Where Man deceit and falshood loves,
False Hopes, false Joys, are all his gain.
- 27 Thou shalt thy poor Afflicted raise,
Bring down the Looks which proudly swell.
- 28 And make my Light more brightly blaze,
And all my darker thoughts dispel.
- 29 By Thee with Godlike vigour arm'd
Thro' rally'd Hosts I force my way,
Scale lofty Walls, till all alarm'd
My ever conquering Sword obey.

Part 5.

- 30 God's ways are perfect, try'd and pure
His Word; His Strength a certain Shield.
- 31 What God but Ours can help secure?
What Lord so firm a Shelter yield?
- 32 My God, my Arm with strength supplies,
And makes my Ways and Counsels plain,
- 33 Through him my speed the Hart out-flies,
And I set high securely reign.

- 34 He taught my unskill'd Arms the flight
 To throw the Spear and lift the Shield,
 To break steel Bows with ease, and fight
 The Duel, or the Marshall'd field.
- 35 Thro' Thee I'me safe and guarded sure,
 And Greatness gain, and kind support,
- 36 My Paths grow large, my Feet secure,
 My Foes my Conquering Armies sport.
- 37 My flying Foes I'll swiftly chase
 And seize, and soon confound them all:
- 38 Till in their Breasts my Shafts take place,
 And Dead beneath my feet they fall.
- 39 When numerous Armies take the Field
 With strength thy Spirit girds me round,
- 40 Thou make'st my fierce Opposers yield,
 Their humbled Necks to kiss the ground.
- Thro' Thee my Hands with ease destroy
 Those Crouds whose spite my Glory cross'd.
- 41 In vain to God for Help they cry,
 Their Prayers, their empty Cries are lost.

Part 6.

- 42 Thro' Thee my scatter'd Foes are blown
 Like Dust before the stormy Wind,
 Or like vile Dirt in streets are thrown,
 And I tread down their hated kind.
- 43 No more shall strife the Tribes divide,
 But I'll by join'd Agreement reign,
 And o're strange Heathen Lands preside,
 And Realms unknown shall drag my Chain.

44 They'l by my Name alarm'd obey,
 And Strangers smooth pretences make,
 45 And humble Reverence seem to pay
 When all their strongest Frontiers quake.

46 Bless'd be my God ! ô ever blest !
 My ever-living Rock ! may He,
 47 Whose saving Help my Foes deprest,
 More honour'd still, more glorious be !

48 Their Heads it's mark His Vengeance makes,
 And He the subject Nations leads,
 Me from their cruel Envy takes,
 And sets me high above their Heads.

And tho' Man's heady Fury still
 Fly out, thy Arms my Safety bring ;
 49 And I before the Gentiles will
 Thy Praise, in grateful Anthems, sing.

50 To Kings He great Salvation gives ;
 And sure of his protecting Grace
 His *David*, his Anointed lives,
 And all his long succeeding Race.

P S A L, 19. As the 18th.

1 **L**ook up obdurate Wretch ! Survey
 The Heavens, the far extended Skyes :
 See what those sacred Volumes lay,
 Before thy Unbelieving Eyes.

To prove our God's Existence, there
 A thousand starry Beauties shine,
 A thousand glorious Marks appear,
 Of Providence and Love Divine.

- 2 If still thy fullen Silence dare
Neglect thy great Creator's Praise,
Yet wiser Nature's grateful Care
His Being speaks, his Might displays.

There, Days to Nights, and Nights to Days,
Instructive Wisdom's Lectures read.

- 3 Yet to proclaim God's wondrous praise,
They neither Voice nor Language need.

Orders prodigious Eloquence,
O're all the seeing World prevails;
And with strong Truth, and weighty Sense,
Their willing Eyes and Hearts assails.

- 4 Nor can Earth's darkest Corners be
So far from Light or Sense remov'd,
But they our God's Existence see,
And Atheistic Lyes disprov'd.

Part 2.

- Above in open Skies He blest
5 The Place from whence the lightfom Sun
Like some Illustrious Bridgroom drest;
Or well-breath'd vigorous Youth should run.
- 6 Thro' every Point he swift drives,
And sheds his Influences round,
And as He runs disperses Lives,
His Heat's with vast Productions crown'd.
- 7 Yet tho' that radiant Star declare,
So plain the Majesty Divine,
Tho' Nature speak her Maker's care,
And God in every Creature shine.

More happy we, to whom his Grace
 Imparts his Will, and sacred Laws;
 Where, through each Word, the Poor may trace
 His Works, and Him, their mighty Cause.

Thy Laws in full Perfection shine,
 Great God, thy Statutes firmly stand;
 Those, sinful Thoughts to Good incline;
 These make the Simplest understand.

- 8 Thy Precepts right, thy Dictates pure,
 Give Joy, and clear the Cloudy Eyes;
 9 Thy Worship ever shall endure,
 Thy Judgments all are just, and wise.

Part 3.

- 10 Honey we'd eat, and Gold we'd gain;
 That, for its Sweetness; this, its Price.
 But nobler Sweets thy Laws contain;
 More worth, thy Word's Divine Advice.

- 11 They warn my Soul when Danger's near,
 Dangers which Health and Lust create;
 And then conduct me safely where
 Rewards on just Obedience wait.

- 12 Yet who, ô ho'y God can know
 What Guilt his inmost Thoughts attends,
 Who weighs his Words, his Actions who?
 Or on their Innocence depends?

Cleanse me, ô cleanse my Soul, my God,
 From Sins o'er-look'd, and Guilt unknown:

- 13 O let me not beneath the Load
 Of Madness or Presumption groan!

So from great Guilt, great Errours, free,
 14 I'll praise my strong Redeemer's Name,
 Till all my Thoughts and Words with Thee
 May Favour and Acceptance gain.

P S A L. xx. *As the 12th.*

1 **W**Hen, press'd with weighty Cares,
 The Lord accept thy Prayers,
 Thee with his glorious Name defend!
 2 May his Assisting-Grace
 Come from thy Holy Place;
 His Strength from *Sion's* Hill descend!
 3 O may thy Sacrifice
 Right from his Altars rise,
 Consum'd at once by Flames Divine!
 4 He give thee with'd Success,
 And all thy Counsels bless,
 While we in Thanks and Praise combine!
 5 With Joys Triumphant we
 Thy great Salvation see:
 In God's great Name our Standards high,
 With humbly grateful Praise,
 And chearful Hands, we'll raise:
 May God to all thy Prayers reply!
 6 He, from his holy Throne,
 Will his Anointed own;
 On him his God's Salvation flows:
 That Health and Safety strong,
 Which to our God belong,
 God's mighty Arm alone bestows.
 7 Some in their Chariots most,
 And some in Horses boast;
 But we, in God's more pow'ful Name.

- 8 They, crush'd and broken all,
 In weighty Ruins fall,
 While we our Saviour's Strength proclaim :
 Through that we strongly rise,
 And with erected Eyes,
 The Spring of all our Strength adore.
- 9 O Thou, our God, our King,
 Accept the Vows we bring,
 When we thy needful He'p implore !

Another Metre. As the 100th.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, in dang'rous Times receive
 Thy Pray'rs ; his Name defend thee still
- 2 Thy Wants with holy Aids relieve,
 And help thee from his sacred Hill !
- 3 O may He all thy Vows record,
 Consume thy grateful Sacrifice :
- 4 Success to thy vast Thoughts afford,
 And bless each mighty Enterprize !
- 5 So, in his Health Triumphant, we
 Will raise our happy Standards high
 In God's great Name, while kindly he
 Shall to thy fervent Pray'rs reply :
- 6 Now, now I know the Lord his Health
 on his Anointed King bestows ;
 Whose Strength, whose Happiness, and Wealth,
 From his Celestial Treasure flows.
- 7 Some trust in well-arm'd Chariots ; some
 In Horses, and in Horse-men's Force :
 In God's more pow'rful Name we come ;
 To him alone's our whole Recourse.

- 8 They quickly bend, and quickly fall;
 We rise more high, and stronger stand;
 9 Help, Lord! and when, distress'd, we call,
 For us thy Royal Aids command!

P S A L. xxj. As the 100th.

- 1 **T**HE King shall in thy Might be glad,
 And in thy saving Health rejoice,
 2 Since he, blest'd Lord, his Wishes had,
 And thou hast heard his humble Voice.
 3 Thy Goodness all his Hopes prevents,
 And crowns his Head with envy'd Gold:
 4 He beg'd for Life; thy Love consents,
 He long may live, and ne'er be old.
 5 Thy great Salvation set him high,
 With all Majestick Glory crown'd:
 6 On him Eternal Blessings lie;
 Thy Heav'nly Joys his Heart surround.
 7 The King on God above relies,
 And in his Mercy firmly stands:
 8 No Foe beyond his Anger flies,
 Nor scapes his long revenging Hands.
 9 Lord, when thy dreadful Fury burns,
 Its Flame their Stock at once consumes,
 10 And all their Race on Earth o'erturns,
 And all their wretched Pride intombs.
 11 Against thee they conspir'd, and fram'd
 Such Plots as no Effect could take.
 12 O let them turn their Backs ashamed!
 Thine Arrows sharp against them make!

- 13 Exa't thy Might, thy G'ory, Lord ;
 Arise, exalt thy lofty Name,
 While we with Songs thy Might record,
 And all thy wondrous Acts proclaim.

P S A L. xxij.

- 1 **W**HY, ô my God ; my God, ô why.
 Hast thou forsaken me !
 How long so distant from my Cry
 Shall thy Salvation be !
- 2 To thee, my God, I cry by Day ;
 To thee by Night I cry :
 With Tears, with restless Tears, I pray ;
 Yet, unregarded, die.
- 3 Yet Thou art holy, Lord, and pure ;
 With faithful Praise ador'd :
- 4 Our Father's Hopes in Thee were sure,
 Thy He'p their Souls restor'd.
- 5 On Thee they call'd, and hop'd in Thee,
 Yet no Disgrace receiv'd :
 Thy Hand procur'd their Liberty,
 And all their Wants reliev'd.
- 6 But I, a wretched Worm, the Name
 Of Man in vain have born ;
 By Men expos'd to common Shame,
 And all the Vulgar's Scorn.
- 7 Their Heads, their Lips, when I appear,
 With Scoffs disdainful move.
- 8 Let's see, they cry, if God can hear,
 If God his Cause approve.

God was his Hope, in God his Trust,
 On God the Wretch re'y'd :
 God, if He'll have him, strong y must
 Espouse his Darling's Side.

- 9 But from my Mother's Breasts and Womb,
 Thou wast my God, my Guide :
 10 Thy careful Hand my youthful Bloom,
 My Infant Cries supply'd.
 11 So on thy Grace I still depend,
 O never cast me by ;
 For daily Woes my Life attend,
 And no Assistant's nigh.

Part 2.

- 12 Against me Sinners fierce engage,
 And impious Arms prevail ;
 13 And me with Lions rampant Rage,
 And open Mouths, assail.
 14 My Life runs off, like Winter-Streams ;
 My Bones, disjointed, start :
 As Wax before the Sun's hot Beams,
 So melts my careful Heart.
 15 My Strength quite dries away, my Tongue
 Cleaves to my parching Jaws ;
 And I shall soon to Earth belong
 By Death's determin'd Laws.
 16 For angry Dogs around me meet,
 And all the Godless Crew :
 They pierce my bleeding Hands and Feet,
 And Wounds on Wounds renew.
 17 Each Passenger may tell my Bones,
 While here I rack'd appear ;
 And gaze in Scorn, while deathful Groans
 My wasted Vitals tear.
 18 My Robes my cruel Murd'ers seize,
 And carefully divide ;
 And for their Shares, their doubtful Pleas,
 Impartial Lots decide.

19 But

- 19 But leave me not, my Strength, my Lord!
 O fly to rescue me!
- 20 My helpless Soul, ô from the Sword,
 And bloody Dogs set free!
- 21 From Lions Mouths, and Brutish Might,
 O save, and hear my Prayer!
- 22 So I'll, in all thy Church's Sight,
 Thy Name, thy Praise declare.

Part 3.

- 23 O ye who fear the Lord, with Praise
 His happy Smiles implore!
 Ye faithful Seed, his Glories raise,
 His sacred Name adore!
- 24 He ne'er despis'd, nor cast aside
 The Poor's afflicted Case;
 Nor hid his Face; but when I cry'd,
 Bestow'd his wonted Grace.
- 25 To thee, my God, I'll lofty Praise
 In vast Assemblies sing;
 My humblest Vows on holy Days,
 With just Devotion bring.
- 26 The Poor shall eat to Fulness there,
 Thy Saints thy Praises sound;
 Their joyful Hearts with Heav'nly Cheer,
 And Life Eternal crown'd.
- 27 Earth's farthest Bounds to Thee shall bow,
 The World thy Grace proclaim:
 All Nations Thee their God shall know,
 And bear thy sacred Name.
- 28 For God above the Nations reigns,
 And o'er the World presides:
 His Word their quiet State maintains,
 And Truth to all divides.

- 29 The Rich shall all his Rights allow,
 And just Obedience pay.
 The Poor to him shall gladly bow,
 And his Commands obey.
 Nay, those whose drooping Souls draw near
 The dark devouring Grave,
 Shall at his Name reviv'd appear,
 And his Protection crave.
- 30 Their Seed their gracious God shall serve,
 And in his Family
 Their happy States and Names preserve,
 And all his Goodness see.
- 31 They shall his Righteousness to all
 Succeeding Ages show,
 That those to come on God may call,
 And all his Wonders know.

Another Metre : As the 124th.

- 1 **W**HY, ô my God ; ô why, my God, dost Thou
 Desert a Soul oppress'd with mighty Woe !
 Thou, whose unbounded Mercies largely flow ;
 And ready Help, and kind Supports allow
 To others, who beneath their Suff'rings bow !
- 2 Crush'd by thy weighty Wrath, my dreadful Cries,
 My flowing Tears, consume the chearful Light ;
 My restless Groans disturb the silent Night :
 Yet still my absent God his Smiles denies ;
 For Tears or Groans has neither Ears nor Eyes.
- 3 What ! Can thy Wrath against a Godless Race
 Thy Nature change ? or to thy Servants make
 Thy Promise fail ? Can God himself forsake ?
 O, no ! He's holy stil' : His wondrous Grace
 The faithful Wor'd with Praise and Thanks em-
 brace.

- 4 On him our happy Fathers long believ'd;
 Their Faith in him, in him their Hopes were sure;
 Their Confidence in him from Shame secure.
- 5 His ready Arm^e their pressing Wants reliev'd;
 Their ancient Freedom, and their State retriev'd.
- 6 But I'm beneath a Man's exalted Name,
 A trampled Worm, a Wretch, forgot, forlorn;
 Expos'd to all th' insulting Vulgar's Scorn.
 My heavy Woes their scoffing Wits inflame,
 And think I merit greater Pains and Shame
- 7 See how they toss their Heads! the barb'rous Crew
 Shoot out their Tongues with pointed Flouts and
 (Unkind returns for all my sanguine tears!) (Jeers,
 With cruel Joys the Rout my Life pursue,
 And my unutterable Torments view.
- 8 God was th' Impostors Patron once, they cry;
 God was his Strength, his Friend, his Father too:
 Let's see what that Almighty Friend can do:
 Let's see his God, through the dividing Sky,
 On rapid Wings, to his Assistance fly!
- 2 Yet from my Mother's Breasts, and Virgin-womb,
 Wast thou my God, and I was only thine;
 My Birth, Conception, Nature, all Divine.
- 10 On Thee I trusted in my early Bloom:
 Thy Image in my Infant-Soul had Room.

And can I doubt my God's immortal Love?

Can Seas or Earth again, or can the Sky,
 Dissolv'd in one unshap'd Confusion, lie?

Can groundless Hate pursue the spotless Dove?

Or can unkind Oblivion reign above?

11 Lord,

- 11 Lord, be not absent long! to thee alone
 My drooping Soul for sure Assistance flies;
 On Thee, for Help, my drooping Soul relies.
 My Grievs are nearer now, and stronger grown;
 My Foes unnumber'd, my Assistants none.
- 12 Not angry Bulls with more ungovern'd Rage,
 Curl'd Bulls of lofty *Basan's* surly Breed;
- 13 Not hungry Lions rous'd, with fiercer Speed
 Against the daring Hunters Spears engage,
 Than against me this blind malicious Age.
- 14 With cruel Spite they vex and wildly tear
 My mangled Body, and my wounded Mind;
 No sinewy Strength my loos'ning Joints can find.
 Woes swell my throbbing Heart, and deadly Care,
 And horrid Pangs approaching Death declare.
- 15 What Pray'rs, what Cries, what melting Tears can I,
 To cool Men's Rage, or ease my Torments, use?
 My Tongue its Cries, their Tears my Eyes refuse.
 And that thou, Lord, may'st cast thy Thunders by,
 I groan, I sweat, I bleed, and faint, and die.
- 16 To grieve me more, they pierce my Hands and Feet,
 My Hands, my bleeding Feet, are rudely torn;
 My dying Groans suppress'd by noisy Scorn.
 So greedy Dogs about the Carcase meet,
 And Passengers with surly Snarlings greet.
- 17 Stretch'd on this Cross, my Bones are all descry'd;
 Their Eyes, still dry, the stupid Vulgar raise,
 And, hard as Rocks, on all my Sorrows gaze.
- 18 My Robes among themselves my Guards divide;
 And with impartial Lots, their Claims decide.

- 19 But, ô with Haste, my God, with Haste to me ;
 Fly on thy own Salvation's Balmy Wings :
 From that alone my Strength and Safety springs.
 To give me Life, let thy Assistance be
 Swift as my own Obedience was to Thee !
- 20 And though my Foes with Dog-like Fury rave,
 My wretched Soul, deserted, Friendless, mourn,
 And all their Swords against my Bosom turn,
 Be thou but mine, their swords and teeth shall have
 A Check, and all their Malice find a Grave.
- 21 Though Men, as Rampant Lions fierce, would tear
 My trembling heart, tho' they'd with force control
 With rabid Force distract my peaceful Soul ;
 Be thou but mine, I'll live more free from Fear
 Than Mariners when Halcyon Calms appear.
- 22 Then to my faithful Brethren I'll declare
 Thy gracious Actions, and thy glorious Name;
 And in thy House thy wondrous Love proclaim.
- 23 O ye who in th' Almighty's Favour share,
 Now to his Court with grateful Songs repair !
- Ye who of *Israel's* Privilege partake,
 By Faith united to the chosen Seed,
 To his bless'd Courts with grateful Songs proceed!
- 24 He ne'er would yet his praying Saints forsake,
 Nor to th' Oppress'd himself a Stranger make.
- 25 Thy Name I'll in the great Assemblies praise,
 And there, in publick, pay my Vows to Thee :
 There all thy Saints my Gratitude shall see :
 My Sacrifice their fainting Hope shall raise,
 And turn their Mourning to their Feasting-Days.

- 26 Then those who seek their God, their God shall see;
 Their Hearts with no uncertain Tumours swell,
 But in Eternal Joys and Pleasures dwell:
 Where chang'd their happy Hymns of Praise shall
 To Angels Tunes, and Heav'nly Harmony. (be,
- 27 Thee shall the blest'd converted Nations know:
 Earth's utmost Borders, dearest Lord, be thine:
 To Thee the farthest Pagan Tribes incline.
 To Thee shall all th' en'lightned Nations flow,
 And holy Rev'ence and Devotion show.
- 28 For God's the King, and o'er the Nations reigns:
 29 The Rich, the Mighty to his Sceptre bow:
 His Government the naked Poor allow.
 Their God to them his Kindness still retains;
 And gives them Life, and then their Lives main-
 (tains.
- 30 From them shall an immortal Race descend,
 To God devoted, and from God be nam'd;
 For sacred Rites and holy Virtues fam'd:
- 31 Who downward shall the gladfom Tidings send,
 And his great Acts to future Heirs extend.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost, Almighty Three,
 One only God, one Glorious Trinity!
 As shall be, is, and was e'er Time begun,
 Be lasting Glories paid, and Homage done.

P S A L. xxiiij. *As the 100th.*

- 1 **A** Midst a Thousand Wants and Woes,
 My Soul on God for He'p relies:
 My Griefs his pitying Wisdom knows;
 My Wants his pitying Love supplies.

- 2 He like a Shepherd gently leads,
 My Soul thro' Truths delightful Ways :
 My Foot sure by his Conduct treads,
 And ne're from Paths of Wisdom strays.
- 3 As grassy Meads, and wholesom Streams,
 New Health on sickly Flocks bestow,
 So in thy Favours quickning Beams
 I sweetly live, and kindly grow.
- 4 Thro' Death's dark shades I fearless move,
 By Thee, dear God, secur'd from Harms;
 Thy very Rod demonstrates Love,
 Thy Staff supports my wearied Arms.
- 5 What tho' an envious World should frown
 On all my chief Delights? from Thee
 Sweet Wine and Oil my Bowl shall crown,
 And boundless Plenty compass me.
- 6 In Thee, my God, I'me always blest.
 On Thee my Hopes, my Joys depend.
 Then in thy House I'll fix my Rest,
 My Life in lasting Praises spend.

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's 10th.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my Shepherd, I the Sheep,
 Those Soul his Cares in safety keep.
 Through flowery Meads,
 He gently leads
 Me on where I securely sleep :
 Or by His guidance go,
 Where silent Waters flow.
- 3 His Loves, his constant Loves refin'd,
 The Errors of my wand'ring Mind :

For his Name's sake,
 He brought me back,
 When I from Virtue's paths declin'd.
 And to his righteous Ways,
 Confines my fleeting Days.

4 I now no Fears or Danger know,
 Tho' thro' Death's gloomy shades I go;
 Since there with me,
 My God will be.
 From Thee alone my Comforts flow,
 Which to me, ever Lord,
 Thy Rod, thy Staff afford.

5 Thou wilt for Me before my Foes,
 A Table nobly stor'd dispose,
 Oils largely shed,
 Around my Head.
 And till the purple Juice o're-flows,
 Thy endless Bounty will,
 My Bowl divinely fill.

6 Goodness and Mercy both shall be,
 A Portion all my Life for me:
 And then my Rest,
 Supremely blest,
 Within thy sacred House shall be;
 Where, to my God and King,
 I'll endless Praises sing.

P S A L. xxjv.

1 **T**His Earth, the World, their Hosts, and Store,
 To God above belong,
 3 Who rais'd it on the Seas, and o're
 The Waters built it strong.
 3 Yet fix'd in one selected place
 His own Immortal Name:

But ô, what Man can find such grace,
Dear Lord, to reach the same!

What happy Man divinely blest
Attend thy Altars there,
Or of a Seat secure possést
Before thy Face appear ?

4 He, whose pure Hands are free from Blood,
From all Corruptions free,
Whose honest Heart, sincerely good,
Abhors Hypocrisy.

Who ne're in Thoughts, or Actions vain,
His active Soul employ'd,
Nor falsely swore, nor liv'd in pain
To make his Promise void.

5 To such a Man God's goodness will,
Unfading Blessings give,
Reward him well, and let him still,
On his Salvation live.

6 Such, with unweary'd Dilligence,
Seek God's Immortal Name,
And *Israelites* by Faith commence,
And *Israël's* portion claim.

7 Yee Doors, yee Gates Eternal high,
Your glorious Arches raise,
Then shall the King of Majesty,
Come in with lofty praise.

8 O who'es that great that glorious King ?
It's God, the mighty Lord,
Whose Might his happy Servants sing,
And wondrous Wars record.

9 Yee Doors, yee Gates, Eternal high
Your glorious Arches raise.
Then shall the King of Majesty,
Come in with lofty praise.

10 O who's that great, that glorious King?
 It's God, the mighty Lord
 Of Hosts; whose Praise his Subjects sing,
 Whose Honours all record.

Another Metre: As Da Pacem Domine.

1 **T**HE Earth is God's, her Fulness too;
 Earth, and all of Earth possess'd:
 2 For on the Seas he pois'd it true;
 On the Floods secur'd its Rest,
 3 But who, ô who
 Can, Lord, pursue
 Paths to reach thy sacred Hill?
 Or see thy Face
 In that bless'd Place,
 There, unmov'd, abiding still?
 4 He, only he, whose Hands are clean,
 He who purifies his Heart;
 Whose Soul is neither proud, nor vain,
 Nor can from his Oaths depart.
 All Blessings he
 From God shall see,
 And his Saviour's Righteousness:
 Such, such are they
 Who ev'ry Way
 After Jacob's Maker press.

Lift up your Heads, ye sacred Gates!
 Doors Eternal, open wide!
 Then shall the King of glorious State
 Through your Ports triumphant ride.
 O who is He
 Whose Majestie
 Your Angelick Anthems sing?
 The Lord of Might
 Supream in Fight;
 He's our Great, our Glorious King.

9 Lift up your Heads, ye sacred Gates ;
 Doors Eternal, open wide ;
 Then shall the King of glorious State
 Through your Ports triumphant ride.

10 O who is He
 Whose Majestie
 Your Angelick Anthems sing ?
 The Lord, whose Sway
 All Hosts obey :
 He's our Great, our Glorious King.

P S A L. xxv.

1 **I** Lord, to thee my Heart dispose ;
 2 My God, I trust in thee !
 O save me from insulting Foes,
 And Shame, and Infamy !
 3 Let wilful Sinners sink with Shame,
 But keep thy Servants free :
 4 And let thy Faith my Heart inflame,
 Reveal thy Paths to me ;

5 O let thy Truth direct my Ways,
 To me Salvation give ;
 To me, dear Lord, who all my Days
 In sacred Longings live !
 6 Thy never-ending Mercies, Lord,
 Thy Bowels, Lord, re-call !
 7 My youthful Crimes, my Sins abhorr'd,
 Forgive, forget them all !

O, for thy tender Mercy's sake,
 With Favour think on me !
 8 The blindest Sinners God will make
 His righteous Paths to see.
 9 He makes the Meek with Prudence move ;
 The Humble kindly draws :

10 His Ways all Truths and Mercies prove
To those who keep his Laws.

Part 2.

11 For thy Name sake, a Sinner spare,
With weighty Guilt oppress'd :
12 To him who fears thee, Lord, declare,
Thy Paths with Safety bless'd !
13 His Hand on happy Ground shall build,
His Race the Land shall hold :
13 T' his Soul, with holy Secrets fill'd,
Will God his Grace unfold.
15 To Thee I look, dear Lord, my Feet
From subtile Snares retrieve :
16 My Sorrows, Lord, with Mercy meet ;
With Love my Woes relieve.
17 Increasing Woes distress my Soul ;
O kindly rescue it !
18 My Sorrows and my Pains controul,
And all my Sins remit !
19 Help from my num'rous Foes I crave,
Who hate me wrongfullie.
20 My Soul from all Confusion save,
Because I trust in Thee.
21 Truth, Justice, I'll as Guards esteem,
And on thy Favours wait :
22 But, Lord, thy holy Church redeem
From its afflicted State !

P S A L. xxvj.

1 **J**udge, Lord ; assert my Cause ; for I
Have trod the perfect Way :
I trust in Thee ; no Dangers nigh
Can make my Hopes decay.

- 2 Prove me, my God ; examine well,
My Reins, and search my Heart ;
- 3 My Eyes on all thy Mercies dwell ;
From Truth I'll ne'er depart.
- 4 The Lye's Seat my Thoughts abhor ;
My Soul hates Hypocrites :
- 5 Ne'er joins with wicked Councils, nor
In impious Ways delights.
- 6 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,
And grateful Off'rings bring :
- 7 Of Thee declare my humble Sense,
And all thy Wonders sing.
- 8 Lord, I have lov'd thy Temples while
In them thy Glories dwell :
- 9 O don't my Life to Sinners vile,
Nor bloody Murth'ners sell !
- 10 Whose Hands to any Mischief move,
Who love large Bribes to see :
- 11 So I'll in all that's good improve :
O save, ô pity me !
- 12 I'll to the Paths of Righteousness
My ready Steps confine ;
And stand where thy great Name, to bless
Assembling Saints, combine.

P. S. A. L. xxvij.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my Light, my Health ; Can I
Poor changing Mortals fear ?
His Smiles my Life and Strength supply ;
And can I faint appear ?
- 2 When wicked Men, my spiteful Foes,
To eat me up design'd,
They trip'd, and fell, but never rose,
With Malice deadly blind.

What though huge Hosts beset me round?

My Heart no Fear can know :

Though War's Alarms about me sound,

My Faith shall stronger grow :

One Grant, to keep his House Divine,

From God I long to hear ;

To see his sacred Beauties shine,

And serve his Altars there.

He me in dang'rous Times shall hide :

Within his secret Place ;

A Rest, a Rock for me provide ;

My Head with Honours grace

Above my Foes, which press me round ;

While mighty Off'rings I

Shall bring with Joys triumphant sound,

And praise my God most High.

Part 2.

Thy Ears, Lord, to my Cries afford,

And hear, and pity me !

To seek Thee thou command'st me, Lord ;

I'll seek, dear Lord, to Thee.

O never, never hide thy Face

In Anger, Lord, from me :

My Help of old, ô let thy Grace

My Guard, my Safety be !

Though off by cruel Parents thrown,

My God will own me still.

To save me from my Foes, make known

To me thy righteous Will ;

O give me not, dear Lord, a Prey

To barb'rous Enemies !

Who Snares for me by Falshood lay,

And hunt my Soul with Lyes.

- 13 Lord, of thy wond'rous Goodness sure,
 My fainting Soul reviv'd,
 Of thy refreshing Love secure
 While here on Earth I liv'd.
- 14 Wait then on God with Courage bold,
 And he'll exalt thy State:
 Thy Heart, with Strength renew'd, uphold;
 On him ô humbly wait!

P S A L. xxviii.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my Rock, my Lord, I cry:
 Thy Answer, Lord, I crave,
 Left, by thy Silence ruin'd, I
 Too soon approach the Grave.
- 2 Hear his Petitions when to Thee
 Thy lowly Servant prays;
 When toward thy Seat of Mercy he
 His Hands shall humbly raise.
- 3 O leave me not with impious Men,
 With wicked Workers, who
 Speak friendliest to their Neighbours when
 They plot their Overthrow.
- 4 On their own wicked Heads at last
 Their black Designs return:
 And let 'em all, beneath the Blast
 Of self-sown Mischief, mourn.
- 5 Since they God's mighty Works despise,
 And what his Hands have wrought,
 Let Ruin all their Works surprize,
 To swift Destruction brought!
- 6 O bless'd, ô bless'd be God, who hears
 His praying Servant's Voice;
- 7 My Might, my Shield from all my Fears,
 In whom my Thoughts rejoice!

To Him, whose Help my Faith requites,
 I'll joyful Praises sing;
 Whose Strength, and whose Salvation fights
 For his Anointed King.
 O save, ô bless thy People, Lord,
 Thy old Inheritance;
 And their Salvation, by thy Word,
 From Age to Age advance!

PSALM. xxix.

1. **B**Ring to the Lord, ye Sons of Might,
 A grateful Sacrifice:
 In his unbounded Strength delight,
 And to his Glories rise!
 2 Rise to his Glory, praise his Name,
 His sacred Name alone:
 Bow, bow to Him, his Praise proclaim
 Before his Awful Throne!
 3 See how his dreadful Lightnings break!
 Hark how his Thunder rolls!
 The Lord from o'er the Water speaks,
 And all the Deep controls.
 4 Vast is the Force, the Brightness great,
 Which on his Voice attend:
 5 Flames shot from his Imperial Seat,
 The lofty Cedars rend.
 6 He makes the frightened Mountains trip,
 Like Heifers o'er the Field;
 Old *Libanus* and *Hermion* skip
 When Clouds their Thunder yield.
 7 Wrap'd in a Thousand Flames, it roars,
 8 And makes the Desert shake.
 The barren Sands, and distant Shoars,
 Before his Thunder quake.

- 9 His Terrours make the trembling Deer
 Their Young unperfect cast;
 And Forests bare and stripp'd appear,
 As with a Winter's Blast.
- 10 The Lord, on Clouds enthron'd on high,
 Reigns an Eternal King;
 And all his glorious Majesty
 In Heav'n's bright Temples sing.
- 11 The Lord, with unresisted Might,
 Will guard his Churches round:
 His Blessings on their Heads shall light,
 With Peace and Plenty crown'd.

Another Metre: As the 112th.

- 1 **C**OME! to the Lord a Sacrifice
 Of fattest Rams from *Bashan* bring:
 To Him let mighty Princes rise,
 His Might, his wondrous Glories sing;
 Just Honours to their Lord allow,
 And in his sacred Temple bow.
- 2 Hark how the Lord, from Clouds above,
 In Cracks of dreadful Thunder speaks!
- 3 With horrid Force his Thunders move,
 His Voice with dismal Glory breaks:
- 4 Down fall the lofty Cedars torn,
 With its tempestuous Force o'er-born.
- 5 The Hills their strong Foundations leave,
 The rooted Hills before him shake;
 Before his Voice the Mountains cleave,
 And *Libanus* and *Hermon* shake:
 And Earth as sudden Motion yie'ds,
 As Heifers tripping o'er the fields.

7 His Voice shoots out with pointed Flames,
 8 And shocks the Desarts all around ;
 Its Force the trembling Wild proclaims,
 9 And at his Thunders awful sound.
 The Forest-Herds, and trembling Deer,
 Cast out their Young, unform'd, for Fear.

His Lightnings strip the Forests round ;
 0 His Might the swelling Floods restrains :
 All in his House his Praises sound,
 And He a King Eternal reigns.
 1 That God who His with Strength endues,
 And all the Sweet's of Peace pursues.

P. S. A. L. xxx.

TO Thee, my God, with Heart and Voice,
 I'll Praises sing to Thee,
 Who hast not made my Foes rejoice,
 But hast exalted me.
 I cry'd, my Lord, my God, to Thee,
 And Health thy Mercy gave.
 My Life from Death's sharp Pains set free,
 And from the loathsome Grave.

Sing to the Lord, ye Meek ! with Praise
 His sacred Name adore :
 His Wrath but one short Moment stays,
 His Favours Life restore.
 One Night may pass in Griefs and Tears,
 One melancholy Night ;
 But Joy, with Golden Wings, appears
 Before the dawning Light.

Once, bless'd with Peace, I boasting said,
 I ne'er should fall, nor move :
 Thou, Lord, my Hill so strong hadst made
 By thy surrounding Love.

- Thy Face withdrawn, a Thousand Cares
 Disturb'd my tortur'd Breast :
- 8 Then I to God, with hearty Prayers,
 And fervent Cries, address'd.
- 9 What Honours can my Blood to Thee,
 My Death what Trophies raise ?
 Can mould'ring Dust thy Glories see,
 Thy Truth or Goodness praise ?
- 10 Hear, Lord, and pity him who mourns ;
 To my Assistance fly !
- 11 Thy Love my Tears to dancing turns ;
 My sable Weeds to Joy.
- 12 To Thee, my Lord, my God, I'll sing ;
 My Tongue shall praise thy Name :
 My Harp on ev'ry tuneful String,
 Thy Deathless Praise proclaim.

P S A L. xxxj.

- 1 **I**N Thee, dear Lord, I trust : my Soul
 From all Confusion free !
 With Justice all my Foes control,
 And still de'iver me !
- 2 To me thy gracious Ears incline,
 And to my Rescue fly !
 Be thou my Guard, with Strength Divine ;
 My Rock, and Fortrefs high !
- 3 Thou art my Rock, my Fortrefs Thou :
 O, for thy Mercy's sake,
 For thy great Name, direct me now
 The safest Ways to take !
- 4 From secret Nets withdraw my Feet,
 O Thou, my Strength esteem'd !
- 5 I to thy Hands my Soul commit,
 Lord, by thy Truth redeem'd !

- 6 I hate vain lying Men, but in
 God's Mercy sure rejoice,
 7 Who has my deep Affliction seen,
 And heard my mournful Voice.
 8 Me to my Foes he ne're betray'd,
 But set my Feet at large.
 9 O with thy Mercies undelay'd
 My present Woes discharge!

Part 2.

- My Eyes, my Mind, my Bowels all,
 Beneath thy Anger waste,
 10 My Spirits with my Sufferings fall,
 My Years in Sighs are past.
 My strength with Sins huge weight oppress,
 My putrid Bones decay.
 11 Foes, Neighbours, such as know me best,
 With my Disasters play.

- To them a Laughing-stock, a Scorn,
 A Bug-bear I appear,
 And those who meet a Wretch forlorn,
 Draw back their Heads for fear.
 12 Me they, like Men long dead, forgot,
 Or threw like Potsherds by,
 13 While cruel Censures were my Lot,
 And barbarous Emnity.

- Fear sinks my Soul, while mighty Men
 Against my Life combine;
 14 Yet said I to my Saviour then
 Thou still, dear Lord, art mine.
 15 My Times are Thine, ô rescue me,
 From persecuting Foes,
 16 And, that I may thy Mercies see,
 Thy saving Smiles disclose!

17 Preserve

- 17 Preserve me, Lord, from Shame, who call,
 And thy Assistance crave!
 But let confounded Sinners fall
 Down to the silent Grave!
- 18 So shall those wretched Fools be hush'd,
 Whose proud Contempt and Scorn,
 That good Men might be throughly crush'd,
 Could lying Lips suborn.

Part 3.

- 19 Oh, what vast Good's reserv'd for those
 Who fear thy sacred Name!
 What Good for them thy Loves dispose,
 Thy mighty Works proclaim.
- 20 Thou from the Proud thy Saints shalt hide,
 Within thy secret Place;
 And in thy House a Rest provide,
 From brawling Tongues Disgrace.
- 21 O bless'd be God, whose Mercies wrought
 Such wondrous Things for me!
 Who from a well fenc'd City brought
 Me out, and set me free!
- 22 I said in haste, No more shall I
 Before my God appear;
 Yet, Lord, thou heard'st my Pray'r; my Cry,
 Obtain'd thy gracious Ear.
- 23 O love the Lord, ye Saints! the Lord
 His faithful Servants keeps;
 But off at once the Proud, abhor'd,
 His equal Vengeance sweeps.
- 24 Take Courage then, and God to you
 More Courage still shall send,
 Whose Hearts are to his Service true,
 And on his Truth depend.

P S A L. xxxij.

THrice happy's he whose Sin's past o'er,
 Whole Errours Mercies hide;
 Whose Crimes his God imputes no more;
 Whose Soul's sincere, and try'd.
 But I, unpardon'd, speechless lay,
 My aking Bones decay'd;
 And through long Night, and tedious Day,
 One dismal Roaring made.

Me thy severe afflicting Hand
 All Day, all Night chastis'd;
 My fainting Spirits were at a stand,
 Like Brooks by Drought surpriz'd.
 At last I all my Crimes display'd,
 My wretched Sins confess'd:
 To God I'll own my Guilt, I said;
 And God my Guilt releas'd.

Now Saints to thee, when thou 'lt be found,
 shall in their Pray'rs complain;
 And though Woes deluge all around,
 Themselves untouch'd remain.
 By thee I'm hid from mighty Woes,
 From pressing Ills secur'd;
 And all my chearful Musick flows
 From Liberty assur'd.

Come to me all who'd fain be bless'd,
 And I'll your Souls instruct;
 And in the blisful Ways of Rest
 With careful Eyes conduct.
 O do n't like Mules or Horses move,
 Whose Brutish Furies will,
 Unreign'd, uncurb'd, unruly prove,
 And balk their Riders Skill.

- 10 Great Sorrows on the Wicked fall ;
 The Just with Mercy's crown'd.
 11 Ye Just in God rejoice, and all
 Whose Hearts are right and sound.

P S A L. xxxiiij. *As the 100th.*

- 1 **Y**E Righteous, in the Lord rejoice :
 From you how comely Praise appears ?
 2 With Lute and Harp's melodious Voice
 O reach the Great *Jehovah's* Ears !
 3 Sing to his Praise a Song that's new ;
 His Praise with Art and Courage sing :
 4 For all his sacred Words are true,
 His Faith approv'd in ev'ry thing.
 5 Judgment and Justice gain his Love,
 O'er Earth his wondrous Mercies flow ;
 6 The Skies, and all the Hosts above,
 His Active Word and Spirit show.
 7 He makes the Seas like Mountains swell,
 And sinks unfathom'd Deeps below.
 8 Let Earth it self, and all who dwell
 On Earth, their mighty Maker know !
 9 He spoke, and streight this mighty All
 Broke from vast Nothing's fruitful Womb ;
 And did, at his commanding Call,
 Shape, Order, Beauty, Strength assume.
 10 God makes the Gentiles Counsels vain,
 And breaks the Nations fond Designs :
 11 But firm his own Resolves remain,
 And pass all Time's extended Lines.

Part 2.

- 12 O blest'd, thrice blest'd that happy Land,
Where God has Fix'd his glorious Name !
Where He assumes the chief Command,
And lays his own peculiar Claim.
- 13 God from his holy Heav'n look'd down,
And Man's weak Race and Actions view'd ;
14 His Eyes, from his Imperial Throne,
Survey'd the careless Multitude.
- 15 He forms their Hearts, their Tempers guides,
And all their various Actions weighs.
16 No prudent Prince in Crouds confides,
Or mighty Hosts, or empty Praise.
- 17 In vain for Courage, Strength, or Flight,
He on his foaming Steed relies :
18 The Good a'one God's guarding Sight
With Help and Mercy both supplies.
- 19 From Death's strong Arms He sets them free,
In Famine He their Wants relieves.
20 On Him our Souls attend, and He
To us his Shield's Assistance gives.
- 21 His Name's our Confidence and Fear,
By which we all our Hopes excite.
22 O, as our Faith's in Thee sincere,
On us, Lord, let thy Mercy light !

Another Metre : As Mr. Sandys's 34th.

- 1 **Y**E Righteous in the Lord, rejoice :
Its sweet when with a chearful Voice
The Just his Praises sing.

- 2 O let no Tongue or Hand be mute,
But with Voice, and Harp, and Lute,
Praise our Immortal King !
- 3 With skilful Notes advance his Praise,
With loudest Joys his Glory raise ;
Let all your Songs be new !
- 4 For all God's Promises are right,
Performance is his whole Delight,
And all his Works are true.
- 5 He Righteousness and Judgment loves,
With spreading Wings his Mercy moves
O'er all the spacious Earth.
- 6 God by his Word stretch'd out the Skies,
And bade their num'rous Armies rise ;
That Word was all their Birth.
- 7 At his Command those Waters rose,
Which now the rolling Seas compose ;
And Heaps on Heaps were thrown :
Unfathom'd Whirl-pools, dang'rous Deep's
His Subterraneous Treasure keeps
In hollow Vaults, unknown.
- 8 His Name let all the Nations fear :
With Awe let all the World appear
Before its Maker's Face !
- 9 He spoke, the solid Earth was made :
He gave the Word, it fix'd and stay'd
In its appointed Place.
- 10 God baffles all the deep Designs,
The subtle Plots, and crafty Mines,
Which Heathens closely frame.
- 11 But all his own Designs are sure,
His Thoughts and all his Ways endure ;
From Age to Age the same.

Part 2.

- 2 Happy's the Nation, happy sure,
Which God will to himself secure,
His own Inheritance.
- 3 He sits above the lofty Skies,
From thence o'er all Mankind his Eyes,
His piercing Eyes advance.
- 4 All Men He from his Throne surveys;
5 He frames their Hearts; and all their Ways
His Thoughts severely try.
- 6 No prudent Kings on Crouds depend:
The Men who mighty Strength pretend,
On Strength in vain rely.
- 7 A Horse, though fleeter than the Wind,
And, by his Make, for War design'd,
His Rider can't secure.
- 8 God views his Saints with gentler Eyes,
And all his Mercy's kind Supplies
Are to the Faithful sure.
- 9 From Death the fainting Souls he saves:
In Famine, what their Hunger craves,
His careful Hands provide.
- 10 Our Souls on Him with Patience wait:
He, as a Shield, secures our State;
And is our Help and Guide.
- 11 In Him shall all our Hearts rejoice;
His holy Name's our happy Choice,
On which our Hopes may rest.
- 12 O Father, as we trust in Thee,
So let thy faithful Servants be
With thy Compassion bless'd!

P S A L. xxxiv.

- 1 **I**'LL ever blefs God's mighty Name,
My Mouth fhall found his Praise :
- 2 In God my Soul its Boaft proclaim,
His Love in Anthems raife.
The meek and humble Souls fhall hear
Of my exalted State :
Thy Loves, which fo immense appear,
Shall all their Joys create.
- 3 O hear my Lot ; rejoice with me,
My Saviour magnifie !
Let's to exalt his Name agree,
And raife his Glories high.
- 4 I fought the Lord, He heard my Cafe,
And all my Fears redrefs'd :
- 5 And others too, without Difgrace,
With Love and Life were blefs'd.
- 6 I in my deep Affliction pray'd,
And God receiv'd my Pray'r ;
And free from all Afflictions made,
And all perplexing Care.
- 7 Bright Angels happy Saints furround,
And threat'ning Ills divert.
- 8 See, tafte how good the Lord ! how crown'd
With Blifs the faithful Heart !
- 9 O fear, ô fear the Lord, ye Saints !
For fuch no Wants furprize.
- 10 The Lion's Whe'p with Hunger faints,
And, fpent with fasting, dies.
But thofe who feek the Lord, with all
That's good or sweet are ftor'd :
- 11 Come then, ye Children, hear my Call ;
And learn to fear the Lord !

Part 2.

- 2 Who's he who loves long Life, and fain
Would see delightful Days?
- 3 Thy Lips from all that's ill refrain,
Thy Tongue from guileful Ways.
- 4 Ill Works of ev'ry kind decline,
What's good and vertuous do ;
And Love and Peace with Flames Divine,
And constant Care, pursue !
- 5 God on the Just hath fix'd his Eyes ;
His Ears their Pray'rs attend :
- 6 His Frowns against the Wicked rise,
Their Lives from Earth to rend.
- 7 To good Men's Pray'rs He Favour shows,
And sets them safe from Harms ;
- 8 But loves the broken Heart, and those
Whose Souls Repentance warms.
- 9 A Thousand Ills the Good surround,
But God their Force dispels ;
- 10 And keeps their Bones and Entrails sound,
And all their Bruises heals.
- 11 Ill Men their in-born Malice kills,
And those who hate the Just ;
- 12 While God his own with Goodness fills,
Who on his Mercy trust.

P S A L, xxxv.

Lord, plead my Cause, my Battels fight,
With such as strive with me !
Rise, take the Shield, defend my Right ;
My mighty Guardian be !
Put on thy dreadful Arms, oppose
My Persecutors Rage !

To

To me thy Saving Health disclose,
And for my Soul engage!

- 4 Let such as hunt my Soul, with Shame
Their own Confusion see;
- 5 With Scorn their Dastard Flight proclaim,
Who Mischief brew for me:
- 6 Like flying Chaff, let Angels Force
Disperse their angry Crew!
Their slipp'ry Ways be dark, their Course
Angelick Arms pursue!
- 7 For, unprovok'd, their Pits they made;
For me they laid their Snare:
O let such Woes their Hearts invade,
As unsuspected are;
- 8 O let the Nets for mine design'd,
Their own Destruction prove!
While flowing Joys my raptur'd Mind
With kind Salvation move.

Part 2.

- 9 O let my Bones his Praise decare,
Who gives the Poor distress'd,
- 10 From savage Foes, and deadly Care,
And bloody Tyrants, Rest!
- 11 False Witnesses against me rise,
And unknown Crimes object;
- 12 With Ill, for Good, my Death devise,
And on my Soul reflect.
- 13 Yet when on sickly Beds they groan'd,
I fasted, mourn'd and pray'd;
Their Pains with kind Concernment own'd,
To Heart their Sorrows lay'd.
- 14 If Mother, Brother, or my Friend,
My dearer Self, had dy'd,

No farther could my Grievs extend,
My Love no more be try'd.

- 15 But when I fail'd, the Croud my Woes
With barb'rous Joy survey'd ;
The Rabble grew my sawcy Foes,
And us'd the flouting Trade.
- 16 With Men of double Hearts combin'd
The witty scornful Crew :
And at my Life, with Hate refin'd,
And gnashing Fury, flew.
- 17 And canst thou this with Patience see ?
O save my helpless Soul !
My Darling from their Jaws to free,
Their Lion-Force control.
- 18 So where the great Assemblies are,
I'll celebrate thy Name ;
And where the valiant Bands repair,
Thy lofty Praise proclaim.

Part 3.

- 19 Let not my Foes rejoice ; uncheck'd,
My Causeless Haters smile ;
- 20 Who Wars with peaceful Men project ;
Whose study'd Words beguile.
- 21 They gap'd, and cry'd, Aha, Aha !
Our Eyes his Downfall see.
- 22 Thou seest ; ô don't in Silence stay,
O stay not long from me !
- 23 Awake ! arise ! to judge my Cause,
My God, my Lord, descend !
- 24 O clear me by thy righteous Laws,
And from Reproach defend !
- 25 O let not scornful Sinners say,
We have our Heart's Delight :

Nor let them proudly boast, Aha!
We have devour'd him quite.

- 26 Let Shame and Blushes those pursue,
Who at my Harms rejoice;
And Horrour and Disgrace subdue
The proud insulting Voice.
- 27 But those who love my righteous Ways,
With chearful Spirits sing:
God loves his Servants Peace; ô praise,
O praise our mighty King!
- 28 So shall my Tongue with chearful Air
Thy righteous Acts proclaim;
Thy Justice ev'ry Day declare,
And praise thy glorious Name.

P S A L. xxxvj.

- 1 **W**Hen th' horrid Acts of impious Fools
My sober Censures try
My Heart concludes by Reason's Rules,
Such Brutes a God deny,
- 2 Their Consciences no Terrours wound,
But Sin's their whole Delight;
Till all their dark Intendments found,
A gen'ral Hate excite.
- 3 Their Ta'k's deceitful, all in vain,
And off their Vertue's thrown:
- 4 Vile Thoughts their very Beds contain,
In viler Actions shown.
- 5 Thy Mercy, Lord, in Heav'n commands,
Thy Truth surmounts the Skies:
- 6 Thy Righteousness like Mountains stands;
Thy Judgments dark and wise

- Like some unfathomable Deeps,
 Unbounded Wealth inclose :
 And Man and Beast thy Favour keeps,
 And Health on all bestows.
- 7 What Worth thy Mercies, Lord, contain !
 Beneath thy sacred Wings
 How safe the Sons of Men remain
 At Lov's immortal Springs !
- 8 They're with o'erflowing Mercies fill'd,
 And drink delightful Streams,
 From those Eternal Springs distill'd ;
 And feel thy gracious Beams.
- 9 From thee Life's lasting Fountains flow ;
 Thy Light affords us Light :
- 10 O Goodness then, and Justice show
 To those whose Hearts are right !
- 11 From wicked Pride, Lord, set me free,
 My tott'ring State restore !
- 12 Till such as work Iniquity
 Sink, fall, and rise no more !

P S A L. xxxvij.

- 1 **F**Ret not, nor for great wicked Men
 Thy self of Peace deprive :
 Nor swell with secret Envy when
 The wicked Workers thrive.
- 2 See how green Grass and Herbage dies,
 And painted Flow'rs decay !
 More swift the Sinner's Glory flies,
 And sooner fades than they.
- 3 Do good, and trust in God, and live ;
 And Faith and Truth defend :
- 4 Delight in him, he'll largely give,
 And all thy Pray'rs attend.

- 5 Walk upright, on his Grace recline,
For his Performance stay:
- 6 He'll make thy righteous Counsels shine
Bright as the Cloudless Day.
- 7 On God with faithful Silence wait,
But ne'er for Sinners grieve;
Nor wicked Men, in all their State,
Secure, or fix'd believe:
- 8 But Wrath and wrathful Hate refrain,
Lest Sin on thee prevail;
- 9 For Godly Men the World shall gain,
But Sinners sink and fail.
- 10 Wait but a while, the Sinner's Race
Destroy'd, no more shall be:
Yea, thou shalt search to find his Place,
And not his Dwelling see.
- 11 The lowly Hearts shall seize the Earth
For their Inheritance;
There live, and with delightful Mirth,
Abundant Peace advance.
- 12 Sinners, with gnashing Teeth, and Rage,
Against the Just combine:
- 13 God's scornful Smiles their Falls presage;
He sees their Days decline.
- 14 Against the Poor and Righteous, fierce
Their Bows and Swords they try:
- 15 But their own Hearts their Swords shall pierce,
Their Bows in Splinters fly.

Part 2.

- 16 On pious Men, their humbler State
More true Content bestows,
Than Sinners find when all their State,
With Pride and Plenty flows.

- 17 For God's A'mighty Arm sustains,
And strongly guards his own;
While broke the Sinner's Force remains,
His cruel Hopes o'erthrown.
- 18 God knows the good Man's Ways, and make
His Heritage endure:
- 19 In spiteful Days from Scandal takes,
In Famine feeds them sure.
- 20 His sinful Foes fly, like the Fat
Of Lambs, in Fumes, away;
- 21 Those faithless Brutes, who borrow that
They ne'er design to pay.
- 22 The Just compassionately give,
And all their Race is bless'd;
And when the Sinners fall, they live
Of all the World possess'd.
- 23 God's mighty Hand their Steps directs,
Their Ways their Maker please:
- 24 They stumble, but their God protects
And holds them up with Ease,
- 25 Young have I been, and now am old,
But never yet could see
The righteous Man to Ruin sold,
Or his Posterity.
I ne'er God's holy Saints have known,
Deserted quite, complain;
Nor off their wretched Children thrown,
Nor beg their Bread in vain.

Part 3.

- 26 Good Men are pitiful and kind,
And all their Seed are bless'd:
Cease then from Sin, and bend thy Mind
To Good, and live at Rest.

- 28 The Just, the Merciful, the Free,
God's sacred Arms embrace,
And such in Safety keep, but he
Cuts off the Sinner's Race.
- 29 This Earth to pious Men belongs,
Where many Years they live:
- 30 Their Lips in Wisdom speak, their Tongues
A righteous Sentence give.
- 31 God's Statutes in their Hearts you'll find,
Their Steps are firm and sure;
- 32 Though wicked Men their Fall design'd,
Or would their Deaths procure.
- 33 Yet God in cruel Hands will ne'er
His faithful Friends forsake;
Nor Goodness, like a Judge severe,
His Anger's Object make.
- 34 Wait then on God, observe his Ways;
And so, exalted high,
On Earth thou'lt see delightful Days,
And impious Wretches die.
- 35 I've seen a Sinner, Great, and spread
His Boughs, like Laurels, round;
- 36 Yet soon he vanish'd, quickly fled,
Nor could his Place be found.
- 37 Observe the good, the perfect Man,
How down in Peace he lies;
- 38 While the vile Wretch, beneath the Bar
Of weighty Curses, dies.
- 39 God, who Salvation to the Just,
And Might in Danger sends,
- 40 From Sinners, such as in him trust,
Sets free, assists, defends.

P S A L. xxxviii.

- I**N Fury, Lord, rebuke me not,
 Nor in thy Wrath chastise !
 Thy Arrows through my Sides are shot,
 On me thy Terrour lies :
 Thy Anger makes my Flesh decay,
 Sins make my Bones to waste ;
 On me a damning Weight they lay,
 And o'er my Head are pass'd.
 My Sins make e'ery gaping Wound
 With foul Corruption flow ;
 My Vigour-cutting Pains confound,
 And I all mourning go.
 My Loins with horrid Pains are torn,
 My Carcase mortify'd ;
 My throbbing Heart with Sighs o'er-born,
 My roaring Cries divide.

- Yet, Lord, to Thee are all my Pray'rs,
 To Thee my Sighs are known.
 My Strength decays, my Heart despairs,
 My Sight and Eyes are gone.
 My Friends, my dear Companions once,
 My Wounds at distance view ;
 My Kindred all my Doom pronounce,
 And cruel Strangeness shew.

Part 2.

- My Foes, who seek my Hurt, for me
 Their subtle Snare have set ;
 Their Tongues are all to Mischief free,
 Their Studies, all Deceit :
 But I was deaf and dumb, nor could
 Their cruel Words deny ;

- 15 But hop'd my God, my Saviour would
On my Behalf reply.
- 16 I said, My God would soon rebuke
My Foes insulting Pride,
Who Pleasure in my Stumbling took,
And all my Hopes defy'd.
- 17 Too near, indeed, my Fall appear'd,
My Woes before my Face;
- 18 I knew my Trespases, and fear'd
My wretched guilty Case.
- But now my Sins, and guilty Fears,
I'll in thy Presence lay,
Till Sorrows and repenting Tears
Shall wash my Guilt away.
- 19 My Causeless Foes in Might increase,
And in their Multitude :
- 20 Ungrateful ! who disturb'd my Peace
Because I Good pursu'd.
- 21 Then leave me not, my God, my Lord ;
Nor stay too long from me :
- 22 But haste, thy ready Aids afford,
And my Salvation be.

P S A L. xxxix.

- 1 **I** Said, When wicked Men were by,
I'd watch my sinful Ways ;
For oft my Words at random fly,
My Tongue, unguarded, strays.
- 2 So I a while in Silence stood,
And curb'd my hasty Tongue ;
Nay, I forbore to talk of Good,
Till Sorrow grew too strong.

3 My Heart within my Bosom glow'd,
 Sad Thoughts inflam'd my Breast;
 At last my Words in Torrents flow'd,
 And thus my Thoughts express'd:

4 My final Doom, Lord, let me know,
 How far my Days extend,
 That I may all my Time bestow
 To weigh my latest End.

5 Loe! Thou hast made my Days a Span,
 A Point, compar'd with Thee:
 And all the wretched Race of Man
 Is empty Vanity.

6 Man, as a Shadow, vainly moves,
 And spends himself in vain;
 In vain that useless Wealth improves,
 Which unknown Heirs may gain.

Part. 2.

7 On whom then, Lord, should I rely?
 My Hopes are all in Thee:

8 Save me from all my Sins, that I
 No Scorn to Fools may be!

9 The Strokes on me thy Hands had laid
 I humbly silent bear:

10 O cure the Wounds thy Strokes have made,
 And ease my wasting Fear!

11 When us for Sin thy Hands correct,
 Our broken Beauties lie
 Like Cloth which fretting Moths affect,
 And prove we're Vanity.

12 O view my Tears, attend my Cry,
 My Supplications hear;
 For like a Stranger here am I,
 As all my Fathers were.

- 13 O spare a while ! my Suff'rings ease,
 My failing Faith restore,
 E'er Death my fainting Spirits seize,
 : And I appear no more !
 To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
 One sacred Trinity,
 Who fram'd this Universe, alone,
 Eternal Glories be.

P S A L. xl.

- * **W**ith longing Expectation I
 For God's Compassion stay'd ;
 Who bow'd his Ear, and heard my Cry,
 When I submissly pray'd :
 2 He rais'd me from the dismal Pit,
 And from the miry Clay ;
 And on a Rock secur'd my Feet,
 And then prepar'd my Way.
 3 Then to my Mouth new Songs he gave,
 New Songs of sacred Praise :
 This all shall see, and fear, and have
 Just Grounds their Faith to raise.
 4 His Head a Thousand Blessings crown,
 Whose Trust on God relies ;
 Who scorns the Sinner's haughty Frown,
 And Men inur'd to Lyes.
 5 Would I, my Lord, my God, pretend
 Thy wondrous Acts to show,
 Thy Thoughts for us, thy Acts transcend
 Whate'er I think or know.
 6 When Off'rings fail'd, thy Wisdom fram'd
 A Body fit for me :
 By Thee were no Burnt-Off'rings claim'd,
 To purge Iniquity. 7 Then

- 7 Then said I, Lo! I come! Thy Book
 My Name and Work describes :
 8 To do thy Will, my God, I took
 My Flesh from Jacob's Tribes.
 Thy Laws, which I in Heart embrace,
 Flow from my grateful Tongue.
 9 Thou know'st, Lord, how I preach thy Grace
 To all the list'ning Throng.

Part 2.

- 10 My Tongue thy Righteousness reveals,
 And thy Salvation shows ;
 My Heart thy Mercy ne'er conceals,
 My Lips thy Truth disclose.
 11 Thy Servant never, never from
 Thy Pity, Lord, exclude :
 To save me let thy Goodness come,
 And all thy Truth be show'd!
 12 For Ills, beyond all Numbers gone,
 My wretched Heart surround :
 My Trespases, too weighty grown,
 My failing Sight confound.
 More than my Hairs my Sins appear,
 And break my fainting Heart :
 13 To free me, Lord, from all my Fear,
 Thy winged Aid impart.
 14 Let Shame and Blushes on them fall,
 Who hunt my Life with Hate :
 Let dark Confusion seize them all,
 Who for my Ruins wait.
 15 That black Disgrace, design'd for me,
 On their own Heads return,
 Who laugh, and proudly flout, to see
 Thy wretched Servant mourn.

- 16 Let those who love and seek thy Name,
 With lively Briskness rais'd,
 Sing all to thee; and all proclaim,
 The Lord, the Lord be prais'd!
 17 But, Lord, I'm poor, in Sorrows lost;
 On me some Thoughts bestow:
 Nor let thy Help to me be cross'd,
 Nor thy Assistance slow!

P S A L. xlj.

- 1 **T**Hrice happy he, whose tender Care
 The needy Poor supplies;
 The Lord will to his Help repair,
 When greatest Dangers rise.
 2 He shall be safely kept alive,
 And prosper'd here below;
 And the malicious Hate survive
 Of his designing Foe.
 3 When on his Sick-Bed faint he lies,
 The Lord will raise his Head;
 In sharpest Pains, some Means devise
 To ease his restless Bed.
 4 Lord, pity! heal my Soul, I said,
 Too long in Sins employ'd!
 5 My Foes, with Curses, wish'd me dead;
 My very Name destroy'd.
 6 If they pretend to visit me,
 Their whole Discourse is Lyes;
 Their publick Talk's Iniquity,
 Which there their Hearts devise.
 7 My Hurt, with hollow Whispers, all
 My spiteful Foes contrive:
 8 God's Plagues, they cry, upon him fall;
 He can't his Plague survive.

- 9 Nay, he my Confident : My Friend,
 Who was my daily Guest,
 Could all his subtile Counsels bend
 Against his Master's Breast.
- 10 In Mercy raise me, Lord, again,
 And I'll their Deeds requite.
- 11 I see thy Love, thy Hands restrain
 My Foes' triumphant Spite.
- 12 I'll walk in my Integrity,
 Thy Strength my Heart supports;
 And all my Happiness shall be
 To tread thy sacred Courts.
- 13 O blest'd be *Israel's* God ! his Praise
 Through lasting Ages sing :
 With loud Amens the Glories raise
 Of *Jacob's* mighty King !

P S A L. xlij.

- 1 **A**S Harts, by Thirst and Heat oppress'd,
 Pant for the coo'ing Streams,
 So pants my Breast, dear God, till blest'd
 With thy reviving Beams.
- 2 My thirsty Soul to God would fly,
 The living God be near :
 O when shall I, Lord, happily,
 Before thy Face appear !
- 3 By Night Tears wash'd my restless Bed,
 By Day my Cheeks o'erflow'd ;
 On Tears I fed, while Scorners said,
 Where's now his boasted God ?
- 4 When that sweet Bliss, of old possess'd,
 My serious Thought re-calls,
 In my sad Breast, my Soul, oppress'd,
 Beneath its Burthen falls.

Then I, with mighty Numbers proud;
 To God's bless'd Temple went;
 And all the Croud, with Songs aloud,
 To Him their Praises sent.

5 But now, alas! Those Days are past,
 Those blissful Minutes gone;
 Yet where so fast, with Sorrow's Blast,
 Is all my Courage flown!

Why droops my Soul so much? O why
 Dost thou disturb my Breast?
 My Faith on high to God shall fly,
 And on his Bosom rest.

Part 2.

6 Near Hermon's Cayes, and Jordan's Flows,
 While I thus banish'd live,
 Against my Woes tormenting Throws,
 Dear Lord, I vainly strive.

7 Deeps call to Deeps; and from their Source
 Thy treasur'd Tempests blow;
 And in their Course, with mighty Force,
 The mighty Waters flow;

8 All break on me: yet, Lord, I find
 Thy Mercies still by Day;
 To praise my Mind by Night's inclin'd,
 Or I devoutly pray.

9 I'll say to God, my Rock, O why
 Am I rejected so?
 O why must I thus groaning lie,
 Beneath my angry Foe?

10 My wounded Heart with Scorn they view;
 And with Reproaches fly,
 And Scoffs anew, my Soul pursue;
 And, Where's his God? they cry.

11 Yet why, my Soul, dejected so
 In my despairing Breast?
 What weighty Blow, what dreadful Woe
 Thus breaks thy ancient Rest?

Hope yet in God, in Patience wait
 On Him, my Hea'th, my God;
 I yet his State shall celebrate,
 And spread his Works abroad.

P S A L. xliij.

BY Men of Blood beset, distress'd
 By all the treach'rous Crew,
 My Pray'rs to pitying Heav'n address'd,
 For Life and Safety sue:

O Thou, just God, assert my Cause,
 My sinking Cause maintain;
 And, try'd by thy impartial Laws,
 Let me thy Smiles re-gain.

2 Thy Strength, dear God, is all my Stay;
 Why, from thy Presence thrown,
 Must I, despairing all the Day,
 Beneath Oppression groan?

3 O yet thy Truth, thy Favour lend,
 My wandring Steps to guide,
 Till I thy holy Mount ascend,
 And near thy House reside.

4 There I'll before thine A'tars bow,
 And chearful Anthems sing:
 Thy Praise, blest'd God, my Harp shall shew
 On ev'ry tuneful String.

5 Why so dejected then, my Soul,
 Within my wounded Breast?
 Why should Despair thy Thoughts control?
 Or break thy ancient Rest?

Trust yet in God ! I shall my Part
 Still in his Love obtain :
 And God within my grateful Heart,
 Enthron'd in Joys, shall reign.

Another Metre. As the old 130th.

- 1 Judge me, Lord ; revenge my Cause
 On those who Mercy hate !
 From deceitful, cruel Jaws
 O save my sinking State !
- 2 All my Strength descends from thee ;
 Why then must I, unblest'd,
 Thus a constant Mourner be,
 By barb'rous Foes oppress'd ?
- 3 Send thy Truth, ô send thy Light,
 And let them guide me still ;
 To thy House conduct me right,
 And to thy holy Hill !
- 4 I'll to God's pure Altars go,
 the God of all my Joy ;
 And his Praises there to shew,
 My tuneful Harp employ.
- 5 Why, my Soul, then why depress'd ?
 Why thus disturb'd within ?
 On that God securely rest,
 Who oft thy Help has been.
 Fear not, droop not ; I shall yet
 His Health with Praises see :
 He's my God, and can'd forget
 My kind Defence to be.

Another

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's 22th.

- 1 Judge me, my God; revenge my Cause
On cruel Hands, and faithless Hearts.
Save me from him who from the Laws
Of Truth, and sober Virtues, starts,
Who boldly acts the falsest Parts,
With strange Success, and vast Applause!
- 2 Thou art my God alone; from Thee
My Strength, and Help, and Hopes descend:
Why then must I rejected be?
Why thus beneath Oppressions bend?
On thee so long in vain attend,
From bloody Foes to set me free?
- 3 O send thy Truth, thy saving Light,
To be my constant, faithful Guides;
To lead me to that sacred Height,
Where thy illustrious Name resides,
Where thy Illustrious House abides,
With thy immortal Glories bright.
- 4 Then I'll to God's pure Altars go,
That God who all my Joy creates,
To whom I all my Pleasures owe,
On whom my Soul, reviving, waits.
My Lord, my God, in whose bless'd Gates
His Praise my tuneful Harp shall show.
- 5 Why then cast down, my Soul? ô why
Thus vex'd in my uneasie Breast?
To God for Help and Safety fly,
On his Divine Assistance rest,
For with my God's Salvation bless'd,
I yet shall sound his Praises high.

P S A L. xlv.

- 1 **L**ord, oft we've heard our Fathers tell
 Thy wondrous Works of Old ;
 2 How by thy Hand the Gentiles fell,
 And we their Countries hold.
 3 Them their own Swords could ne'er advance,
 Nor Native Valour save :
 Thy Arm, thy Love, thy Countenance
 Their Lands and Safety gave.
 4 Thou art my King : Salvation, Lord,
 For *Jacob's* Seed command :
 5 We'll crush our Foes if thou afford
 Thy kind assisting Hand.
 Their Heads, in thy Almighty Name,
 We'll quickly trample o'er ;
 6 And I'll my Bow's Defence disclaim,
 And trust my Sword no more.
 7 Thou only sav'st us from our Foes,
 And break'st their Hearts with Shame :
 8 Each Day we'll with thy Glory close,
 And ever praise thy Name.
 9 But thou hast cast us off, and we
 A strange Disgrace endure :
 Thy Aids no more our Armies see,
 Nor can thy Help procure.
 10 Before their Foes the Dastards fly,
 And we are spoil'd with Ease :
 11 Like scatter'd Sheep, dispers'd we lie,
 Where-e'er the Gentiles please.
 12 Thou hast thy wretched People sold,
 Yet not advanc'd thy Gain :
 13 And us in Scorn our Neighbours hold,
 And treat with proud Disdain.

Part 2.

- 14 We are the Gentiles By-word now,
 At us each shakes his Head:
 15 And while we suffer Shame, my Brow
 A Thousand Blushes spread.
 16 My Shame from Men's foul Blasphemies,
 And black Reproaches, grows,
 The Barb'rous Acts, and shameless Lyes
 Of our revengeful Foes.
 17 Yet though we're thus with Woes oppress'd,
 We can't our God forget;
 But in thy Covenant we rest,
 Thy Truth before us set.
 18 Our Hearts have ne'er declin'd from Thee,
 But to thy Judgments true,
 19 Though we the Dragon's Fury see,
 And Death our Steps pursue.
 20 Had we forgot God's glorious Name,
 Or Idol-Gods ador'd,
 21 Would not our God have found the same,
 Our secret Thoughts explor'd?
 22 For Thee we're kill'd all Day; like Sheep,
 To Slaughter deem'd for Thee:
 23 Wake, Lord; ô rise, no longer sleep,
 No distant Stranger be!
 24 Why, Lord, are all our Woes despis'd?
 Why hid thy lightsom Face?
 25 While we with Sorrow's Dust disguis'd,
 The Earth, forlorn, embrace.
 26 O rise! with thy Almighty Aid
 Our sinking State retrieve!
 Our Souls, to Sorrow Captives made,
 With Mercy, Lord, relieve!

P S A L. xlv.

- 1 **W**Arm'd by a Beam of sacred Light,
 I'll sing a lofty Song;
 The Streins, my busie Thoughts indite,
 To our bless'd King belong.
 And though the Pen-man's nimble Hand
 Flies swiftly o'er his Scrawl,
 More swiftly, and with more Command,
 My Tongue attends my Soul.
- 2 Fair be the Sons of Humane Race;
 Thou, Lord, art fairer found;
 Thy Lips distil Celestial Grace,
 With God's due Blessings crown'd.
- 3 Ride on thou Prince of wondrous Might,
 Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
 With Majesty, and glorious Light,
 And Truth's All-conqu'ring Word.
- 4 May Love and Righteousness attend
 Thee with assur'd Success;
 Thy dreadful Arms all Fame transcend,
 And all thy Foes depress.
- 5 Before thy Pointed Arrows all,
 Thy Foes shall spread the Field;
 And at thy Foot-steps wounded fall,
 And to their Conqu'ror yield.

Part 2.

- 6 Thy Throne, ô God Eternal, stands,
 And Right thy Sceptre crowns;
 Bright Justice fills thy righteous Hands,
 Sin dies beneath thy Frowns.
 Mov'd with thy Gifts, and Acts Divine,
 Thy God anoints thy Head;

Thy

Thy Joys thy Fellows Joys out-shines,
On Thee in plenty shed.

- 8 Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia sweet
From all thy Garments flow ;
And round thy Iv'ry Palace meet,
And all thy Motions show.
- 9 Kings Royal Daughters, richly dress'd,
Among thy Maidens stand :
The Queen, with Golden Crowns oppress'd,
Waits at her Sov'reign's Hand.
- 10 Hear me, great Queen, my Words receive
With humbly prudent Care :
Thy Fondness of thy Fathers leave,
And of thy Country's Air.
- 11 So shall the King his boundless Love
To thy bright Charms allow ;
For He's the Lord, He reigns above ;
To Him ô humbly bow.

Part 3.

- 12 Then shall the *Tyrian* Dames resort
With Gifts, fair Queen, to thee :
The wealthy Men shall make their Court
To awful Majesty.
- 13 Rich Robes the Royal Princess wears,
But richer far her Mind ;
An inward Heav'nly Treasure bears,
By Love and Grace refin'd.
- 14 Her they, to see her King, adorn
With all th' Embroid'rer's Art ;
Her Train's by Royal Virgins born,
Who share her Joys and Heart.
- 15 Pleasures around their Bosoms play,
Their Eyes soft Loves create,

When,

When, to attend their Monarch, they
On their great Mistress wait.

- 16 For Fathers, Sons, thy Court adorn,
A gallant, sprightly Train:
Brave Youths, to Crowns and Sceptres born,
And o'er the Nations reign.
- 17 Thy Praise, ô thou Immortal King,
I'll ever thus proclaim;
And all the joyful World shall sing
Thy Godlike Acts, and Name.

Another Metre: As the 113th.

- 1 **T**ouch'd with a Beam of Love Divine,
My Heart, my Head, my Tongue combine
To bless the World's Incarnate King.
No nimble Pen-man's flying Hand
More swiftly can his Quill command,
Than I my Saviour's Glory sing.
- 2 How wondrous bright, how Heav'nly fair,
Dear Lord, thy Godlike Beauties are!
Thy Lips Eternal Sweets distil.
Hence, by thy mighty Father bless'd,
Thy humble, but capacious Breast,
All Heav'n's immense Endowments fill.
- 3 Gird on thy Thigh, most mighty Lord,
Gird on thy dreadful, glitt'ring Sword;
And with Majestick Honours crown'd,
- 4 In prosp'rous State triumphant ride;
Truth, Meekness, Justice guard thy Side.
Thy Arm with Terroures brac'd around,
- 5 Each Bow then drawn, each Arrow loos'd
By the Right Hand, to Conquest us'd,
Shall pierce thy stubborn-hearted Foes:
And all the trembling World shall meet,
To cast themselves beneath thy Feet,
O'er-aw'd by thy resistless Blows.

- 6 Thy Throne, bless'd God, for ever stands;
A righteous Sceptre fills thy Hands:
To Thee the suppliant Nations bow.
- 7 The vertuous Soul thy Favour gains,
Thy Frown the wicked World restrains,
And Sinners fly thy threatening Brow.
Hence God, thy God, with Joys around,
Above thy Mates, thy Heart has crown'd;
His Balmy Joys thy Passions warm.
- 8 Thy Robes with noblest Odours flow,
Which from thy lofty Palace blow;
And Sweets thy pleas'd Attendants charm.

Part 2.

- 9 Among thy Maids of Honour, wait
Fair Virgins, all of Royal State,
Like bigger Stars i' th' Galaxy.
- 10 And at thy Hand enthron'd is seen
Thy charmingly victorious Queen;
Her Crown pure Gold, but purer she.
- 11 Hear me, illustrious Queen! forget
Thy native Land's and Father's Seat;
And for thy King, thy Kindred quit:
So shall he love thy Beauties more,
And thou his Deity adore,
And to his Heav'nly Will submit.
- 12 Nor shall thy Beauties slighted lie,
Thy Service in Oblivion die;
But through the farthest Regions fam'd:
To thee shall Tyrian Dames resort;
And wealthy Princes make their Court
To thee, by thy Renown inflam'd.
- 13 Fair are thy Eyes, but fairer far
Thy Soul; a Thousand Beauties there
Thy Diamonds and Rubies stain,

- 14 When in Embroider'd Robes they bring
Thy Majesty to meet thy King,
Attended with thy Virgin-Train.
- 15 Bless'd by the ravish'd Croud, they'll move;
Bless'd by thy King's exalted Love,
Thou'lt in his Starry Palace reign.
- 16 For thy old Stock, a lovely Race
Of Princely Youths thy Marriage grace,
And Royal Crowns and Empires gain.
- 17 The Name, great King, I'll celebrate:
Thy Majesty, and glorious State,
I'll sing in never-dying Verse:
The World shall thy bright Throne adore,
The Suppliant World thy Grace implore;
Thy Spousals bless, and praise rehearse.

P S A L. xlvj.

- 1 **G**OD is our Hope, our Strength, our Aid,
When greatest Danger's near:
- 2 Whence, for those dreadful Changes made
On Earth, we scorn to fear.
Though Mountains, torn from ev'ry Shoar,
Into the Seas be hurl'd;
- 3 And swelling Waves, with threatening Roar,
Assault the trembling World.
- 4 Yet near God's House, and those fair Walls
Which round his City go,
Refreshing Springs, with gentler Falls,
And easie Windings, flow.
- 5 God in his House resides; no Force,
No Strength his Walls can move:
God guards it; Malice can't divorce
It from his earliest Love.

6 When he in dreadful Thunder spoke,
 The frightened Nations heard ;
 The Kingdoms felt the fatal Stroke,
 And Earth dissolv'd appear'd :
 7 With us the Lord of Hosts remains,
 To us his Care extends :
 With us the God of *Jacob* reigns,
 And all our Coast defends.
 8 Come, see the mighty Works which He
 Through all the World has wrought ;
 What wondrous Desolations He
 On ev'ry Land has brought !
 9 He makes the Noise of Battels cease,
 And breaks the Spears and Bows ;
 And to the Flames, to keep the Peace,
 The rattling Chariot throws.

10 Be still ! with humble Silence know
 I'm God, and only I :
 To me the Nations round shall bow,
 And raise my Glories high.
 11 With us the Lord of Hosts remains,
 His Care to us extends :
 With us the God of *Jacob* reigns,
 And us from Ills defends.

P S A L. xlvij.

With Hands and Hearts accord,
 All People, praise the Lord :
 With Triumph's Voice, in him rejoice,
 His wondrous Name record !
 For He, the Lord most High,
 With dreadful Majesty,
 A Monarch reigns, and Earth restrains
 With his commanding Eye.

- 3 He makes the People all
Beneath our Empire fall:
The Nations meet, to kiss our Feet,
And us their Masters call.
- 4 But us He chose, that we
His Heritage might be:
His Favours grace the faithful Race,
Whose Wealth He loves to see.
- 5 Our Lord's gone up on high,
With Trumpets toward the Sky.
6 Sing Praises, sing, to our great King;
With Songs and Praises vye!
7 With Understanding raise
Earth's mighty Monarch's Praise,
8 Whose sacred Throne the Nations own;
Whose Will the VWorld obeys.
- 9 To God, his Servants now,
VWith neighb'ring Princes bow,
VWhile He, though high, continually,
Defends our Earth below.

P S A L. xlvij.

- 1 **G**reat is our Lord, and greatly prais'd
In *Sion's* sacred Hill:
On which immortal Buildings rais'd,
That glorious Mountain fill.
- 2 Fair is its Sight, the Pleasures vast,
It gives to distant Lands;
And on its Northern Quarters plac'd,
God's holy Temple stands.
- 3 God in her Palaces is great,
A certain Refuge known;
4 And angry Kings, who fiercely met,
Are off as swiftly gone. 5 They

They saw, admir'd, and terrify'd;
 From thence distracted flew:
 Fear seiz'd 'em all; and o'er their Pride,
 Pangs, as of Child-birth, drew.

Though mighty Navies, close combin'd,
 For our Destruction meet,
 He breaks them with his stormy VVind,
 And scatters all the Fleet.
 Oft have we heard, and oft have seen,
 In thy bless'd Residence,
 How Thou, great God of Hosts, hast been
 Thy City's strong Defence.

Secur'd by Thee, it ne'er decays;
 And in thy Temple we
 Thy Everlasting Mercies praise,
 And sing, dear Lord, to Thee.
 Great is thy Name, thy Praises great
 Through all the VVorld resound:
 Thy Name with Righteousness compleat,
 Thy Hand with Justice crown'd.

1 Let *Sion's* Mount rejoice and sing,
 And *Judah's* Daughters dance;
 Such Blessings, Lord, thy Judgments bring,
 So much their Peace advance.
 2 VValk *Sion* round; quite round her go,
 Her Bulwark's Numbers find;
 Her Battlements and Ramparts know,
 Her stately Buildings mind.

Then let unborn Posterity
 Your wondrous Records have;
 For God's our God for ever, He
 Our Souls from Death shall save.

Another Metre: As the 112th.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is great, and greatly prais'd
 From *Salem's* Walls, and *Sion's* Hills;
 2 That sacred Mount, which nobly rais'd,
 Our happy Land with Glory fills;
 That Temple guilds her Northern sides,
 Where God, the King of Kings, resides.
 3 God in her Pa'aces is known;
 A strong Defence, and Refuge sure.
 4 See how th' assembling Kings are flown!
 Nor could the glorious Sight endure:
 5 They saw, and what they saw, admir'd;
 But off, on Terrour's Wings, retir'd.
 6 They felt such horrid Pangs and Throws,
 As Women in their Child-birth feel:
 By Land they met God's angry Blows,
 7 By Sea their shatter'd Navies reel.
 By furious Eastern Tempests toss'd,
 Till all their Strength and Pride are lost.
 8 Within God's holy City we
 Have seen what oft we'd heard of old:
 The Lord of Hosts her Strength will be,
 His Hand her lasting Walls uphold.
 9 Thy ancient Love and Kindness, Lord,
 We in thy holy House record.
 10 Thy Name Earth's utmost Borders know:
 As far, great God, thy Praises fly,
 Thy Hands Eternal Justice show:
 Let *Sion's* Mount then cheerfully,
 Let *Juda's* Virgin-Daughters sing
 The Judgments of their glorious King.

2 Walk *Sion's* Rounds, her Towers describe ;
 Observe how strong her Bulwarks are :
 The Palaces of *Judah's* Tribe,
 Let those to come with theirs compare ;
 They'll read God here : and only He
 So good, so sure a Guide cou'd be.

P S A L. xlix.

ALL People, Nations all, which o'er
 The World your Tribes extend ;
 The High, the Low, the Rich, the Poor ;
 My sacred Songs, attend :
 My Mouth shall Wisdom speak, my Heart
 Of Knowledge meditate :
 My Harp mysterious Truths impart,
 And Things of ancient weight.

Why should I fear in dangerous days,
 By sinful Men distress'd,
 Who on their Lands, and crafty Ways,
 And mighty Treasures rest ?
 Yet all their Wealth, and all their Store
 Can't one lost Soul redeem :
 Nor God, to bate their sinful Score,
 Their largest Gifts esteem.

9 Nay, though they live a Thousand Years
 The Grave's expected Prey,
 Such Price a Soul's Redemption bears,
 As they can ne'er repay.
 They see the Wise and Fools must die,
 And all that Wealth descend
 To unknown Heirs, which foolish'y
 They thought no Time could spend.

Part 2.

- 11 They vainly thought their Seats secure
From Time's consuming Hands ;
Their Names and Memories endure
On all their purchas'd Lands.
- 12 Yet Man in Honour can't remain,
But, like the Beast, must fall :
- 13 And, though their Heirs their Wit maintain,
Their Ways are foolish all.
- 14 Death feeds on them, as Sheep ; the Just
Shall soon their Force subdue :
Their Graves, soon fill'd with crumbling Dust,
Their fading Natures shew.
- 15 But God shall save my Soul from Hell,
His Hand will mine support.
- 16 Then fear not Men, whose Wealth may swell ;
Nor Sin exalted court.
- 17 For when Death comes, they'll leave behind
Their Wealth and Glories too ;
- 18 Tho' while they liv'd they pleas'd their Minds,
As common Mortals do.
- 19 Men who enrich themselves below,
A mighty Name may gain ;
But quickly to the Dead they go,
And Light no more obtain.
- 20 Man, when to Honours rais'd, if he
The Ways of Wisdom slight,
Involv'd like Thoughtless Beasts must be
In everlasting Night.

P S A L. l.

Vain Hypocrites and Atheists, bow
 To new Alarms your careless Ears :
 The Lord, the Great *Jehovah*, now
 To plead Religions Cause appears.

From East to West, from Shoar to Shoar,
 The dreadful Summons swiftly rolls :
 His Voice, in Thunder's dismal Roar,
 At once the frightened World controls.

Our God shines from his chosen place,
 With Majesty and Terroures crown'd :
 He comes ! devouring Flames his Face,
 His Steps impetuous Storms surround.

To hear his Judgment pass'd, he calls
 The Heavens above, and Earth below ;
 That where his righteous Sentence falls,
 The World, all satisfy'd, may know.

Go, call my Saints together ; those
 Who in my Laws delight, and o'er
 Their Sacrifice my Covenant chose,
 And there to me devoutly swore.

The Summons pass'd, the Lord alone,
 As Judge, the great Tribunal holds :
 Bright Angels make his Justice known,
 While He Eternal Truth unfolds.

Part 2.

Hear me, my Peop'e ; *Israel*, hear !
 With thee the Case I'll calmly plead :
 Loe ! I, the Lord of Hosts, appear ;
 Thy mighty God, thy Sov'reign Head !

- 8 Did I e'r call for Sacrifice?
 Or of thy sparing Hand complain?
 Or bid that constant Steams should rise
 From bleeding Bullocks, duly slain?
- 9 Poor Trifles all! Thy solemn Feasts,
 Thy Bullocks, and thy Goats, I scorn:
- 10 The Forest-Herds are mine, the Beasts
 Which on a Thousand Hills are born.
- 11 The feather'd Host, the Fowls, are mine;
 And all the Doves which graze the Fields:
- 12 If hungry, I'd not ask of thine;
 To me the World its Plenty yields.
- 13 Think'st thou the Flesh of Bulls I'd eat,
 Or Goats? or drink their streaming Gore?
- 14 No: Give me Praise, my Praise repeat;
 My Grace, with Vows perform'd, implore:
- 15 Then in the Times of Danger cry
 To Me, to me thy Grievs display;
 And thou, when I to save thee fly,
 Just Honours to my Name shalt pay.

Part 3.

- 16 Then to the Wicked thus: And how
 Dar'st thou to preach my Laws presume?
 With what strange Impudence canst thou
 My Covenant in thy Lips assume?
- 17 Thou hat'st all sacred Discipline,
 Behind thy Back my Words are thrown:
- 18 Thy Thoughts with crafty Thieves combine,
 And make th' Adult'rer's Lot thy own.

19 Thy

Thy Mouth is all engag'd in Ill;
 Thy Tongue deceitful Lyes contrives:
 Thy Brethren, thy malicious Skill,
 Thy Mother's Sons of Eame deprives.

Thus hast thou done, while silent I
 Thy senseless Crimes with Patience view'd:
 And thou, with wondrous Policy,
 Couldst me just like thy self conclude.

But now before thy mournful Eyes
 I'll set thy Sins, thy Crimes dispose:
 My Wisdom shall thy Soul surprize,
 And all thy foolish Arts disclose.

Consider this, ô ye who dare
 Forget your mighty God, lest He
 Your Souls with utmost Fury tear,
 And none your fainting Souls can free.

That Man who offers Praise, alone
 Due Glory to my Name can raise:
 And I'll my Saving Health make known
 To him who wisely guides his Ways.

Another Metre, to the old proper Tune.

WAkedrowzy World! no more let Sleep surprize
 The heavy Lids of thy Lethargick Eyes.
 Hark, thy Creator calls! awake! awake!
 He comes! See how the Dead their Graves forsake!
 Before his Face the fatal Trumpet sounding,
 And all his Angel-Guards his Throne surrounding.

From East to West the dreadful Summons roll,
 And shake the Southern and the Northern Pole.

Nature in cold faint Sweats dissolving lies ;
 A sudden Heat melts down the folding Skies ;
 And Seas and Earth, torn from their old Foundation,
 Are all o'erturn'd in one great Desolation.

2 That God who long in *Sion's* Glory reign'd,
 Whose Presence long her happy State maintain'd,
 3 Mov'd by our Crimes, no more can Silence hold ;
 His Menaces in dismal Flames are roll'd :
 Black Clouds from ev'ry piercing Eye defend him ;
 And dreadful Storms, with Thunder's Roar, attend
 (him.

4 Hark, how he calls ! Earth, Sea, and Air, and Sky,
 Before his Frowns, in empty Vapours fly :
 The new-cloath'd Bones for their old Mates enquire,
 And flutt'ring Souls to their own Homes retire.
 Then God his Silence breaks, his Angels hearing,
 With Adorations at his Ear appearing.

5 Go fly, swift Angel-Bands : go fetch me those
 Whose Follies durst my just Commands oppose :
 But gently home those holy Souls convey,
 Who would my Laws, with upright Thoughts, obey ;
 Who in bless'd Covenants, for their Salvation,
 Depend on me by solemn Dedication.

6 Hear Me, my bright Eternal Throne ; and you,
 Bless'd Guards, my Judgments and my Justice view
 I'll no unrighteous Judges Part assume ;
 My Lips on none shall pass a private Doom :
 My very Foes this Honour sha' n't deny me ;
 And even Souls condemn'd shall justify me.

7 Hear Me, ô ye of *Israel's* faithful Race ;
 His Sons by Nature, and his Sons by Grace :
 I am thy God, ô *Israel*, only thine ;
 And all, thy self, thy Strength, and Hopes, are mine

I'll plead my Cause with thee: ô, speak sincerely!
If e'er I dealt with thee, or thine, severely!

- 8 Tell me: Did ever I thy S'lackness chide?
Or bid thee greater Gifts, or more, provide?
Did I complain when Incense rarely fum'd,
And scarce one Lamb my holy Day consum'd?
Did I ever for Sacrifice reprove thee?
Or to external costly Worship move thee?
- 9 For me, thy Bullocks safe their Stalls may hold;
Of Goats or Kids I'll never rob thy Fold.
- 10 What should I ask of thee? The spacious Field,
Hills, Forests, Woods, to me their Stores must yield.
- 11 Mine are the Fowls about woods, lakes & fountains;
And all the Cattel on a Thousand Mountains.
- 12 If Hunger's Force my Nature could invade,
Canst thou believe I'd beg the Creature's Aid?
- 13 That I the Flesh of *Bashan's* Bulls would eat?
Or Goats rank Blood would make a Heav'nly Treat?
Can He who owns the World, and all its Plenty,
Or He who fills *this All*, himself be empty?
- 14 But if th' should'st bring a grateful Sacrifice,
Let humble Praise, with holy Incense rise.
- 15 Thy Vows, made in Affliction, justly pay;
16 And to thy God in deep Afflictions pray;
And I'll soon change thy melancholick Story,
And thy Deliv'rance shall advance my Glory.
- 17 But to the Wicked, God in Anger turns,
And thus at him his jealous Fury burns:
- 18 Thou whose black Soul Divine Instruction hates,
In whom my Word no Réverence creates: (them:
Know thou, my Laws are Life to those who chuse
But, ô, how dare thy wretched Lips abuse them?

How dar'st thou th' Office of a Priest assume?
 Or in my Cov'nant read thy dismal Doom?
 No Thieves commended, in my Laws appear;
 Nor canst thou find Adult'ers pardon'd there:
 Yet with Adulterers and Thieves thy Sentence,
 Thy Words, thy Life, agree, without Repentance.

19 All Hellish Arts thy Lips, thy Tongue pollute;
 Lyes are their Product, Falshood all their Fruit.
 Thy Talk, thy Neighbor and thy Friend blasphemes;
 20 Thy Mother's Sons are all thy scornful Themes:
 Its thy whole Study, thy affected Fashion,
 To spread vile Scandals with Deliberation.

21 Thus hast thou done, and I in Silence still
 Ne'er broke thy Rest, and never cross'd thy Will:
 So my Existence was at last deny'd;
 Or mine, at least, by thy vile Nature try'd;
 Like some mean Idol, to the World presented:
 And against me, all bold Affronts invented.

But now my Anger's rous'd, thy Actions all,
 Before my Sight, in horrid Order fall.
 See how they stand before thy trembling Eyes;
 And in thy Face thy guilty Conscience flies.
 No Sleep, no Rest, nor Quiet now befriend thee;
 But Hellish never-ceasing Woes attend thee.

22 O ye who God forget, my Speeches weigh,
 Lest you become my uncheck'd Fury's Prey!
 23 Praise to your Maker's Glory say fice;
 Be your Words holy, and your Actions wise:
 So may your Bliss obtain a long Duration,
 And all be crown'd with my Divine Salvation.

P S A L. 1j.

- 1 **M**ercy ! ô Mercy ! Lord, to me
 Extend thy Mercy's Store !
 Let me thy pard'ning Mercy see,
 To clear my sinful Score.
- 2 Wash me from my Iniquity,
 And purge me, Lord, from Sin ;
- 3 For I my Folly throughly see,
 It racks my Breast within.

I see, I see my Crimes when Sleeps
 Should seal my weary'd Eyes :
 Me still awake my Conscience keeps,
 Or frightful Dreams surprize.
 If I with noisie Pleasures try
 To ease my tortur'd Soul,
 Black Lust and Blood are ever by,
 And all my Joys control.

- 4 To thee alone I've sin'd, to thee,
 And trespass'd in thy Sight ;
 That justify'd thy Words might be,
 And all thy Dealings right.
- 5 Loe, I at first was shap'd in Sin,
 In Sin at first conceiv'd ;
 To that I've since a Captive been,
 By Hellish Arts deceiv'd.
- 6 Thou look'st for inward Truth ; to me
 Thy secret Wisdom shew :
- 7 Purge thou my Soul, my Soul shall be
 More white than Northern Snow.
- 8 O let me once again the Voice
 Of Joy and Gladness hear ;
 And let these broken Bones rejoice,
 Which now thy Vengeance bear !

Part 2.

- 9 From all my sinful Actions past
O turn thy angry Face !
- 10 Make me a Heart that's clean at last,
A Mind renew'd by Grace !
- 11 Cast me not wholly off, nor take
Thy sacred Gifts from me :
- 12 Restore thy Saving Health, and make
My Spirit large and free !
- 13 Then I the sinning World shall teach
To tread thy perfect Way ;
Conversion and Repentance preach
To such as loosely stray.
- 14 Save me from Guilt of Blood ; to me
Thy kind Salvation bring,
And then my Tongue, from Fetters free,
Thy righteous Acts shall sing.
- 15 Unseal my Lips, and then my Tongue
Shall celebrate thy Praise ;
Thy Praise shall be my constant Song,
As in my fairer Days.
- 16 God wo'n't for costly Offerings call,
Nor ask for Sacrifice ;
Else should a Thousand Oxen fall,
And Incense daily rise.
- 17 No : God demands a nobler Part ;
The Heart's his Sacrifice :
A wounded Soul, a bleeding Heart,
His Mercy can't despise.
- 18 O now at last thy Favour show
To thy selected Place :
Thy Church, now despicably low,
With lofty Walls embrace !

19 Then

- 19 Then shall a righteous Sacrifice
 With thee Acceptance gain :
 And humble Hearts and lifted Eyes
 Thy Altars Flames maintain.

Another Metre, to the old proper Tune.

- 1 **R**ous'd from a deadly, sinful Dream,
 With guilty Pangs of Conscience torn,
 I prostrate here, without one Beam
 Of Comfort, lie, a Wretch forlorn.
 Mercy to me, ô Mercy shew ;
 A Wretch thy Mercy, Lord, implores :
 On me ô let thy Mercies flow,
 And wash out all my guilty Scores !

- O wash, ô cleanse my Conscience, Lord,
 From Falshood, Lust and Cruelty ;
 3 For now I all my Guilt record,
 And only dismal Objects see-
 Lord, how it racks my Soul ! how strong
 Guilt's terrible Convulsion moves !
 What Chains of Woes it drags along !
 How bitter Sin's Remembrance proves !

- 4 Against Thee, Thee alone, I've sin'd,
 And boldly trespass'd in thy sight ;
 That I thy righteous Truth might find,
 Thy Judgment pure, thy Sentence right,
 5 Shap'd in Iniquity at first,
 At first in Sin and Guilt conceiv'd ;
 I was originally curs'd,
 My Soul of Innocence bereav'd.

- Hence sprung the fatal Fruit, and Hell
 With Ease my native Proneness won,
 My careless Pride, unguarded, fell,
 With shameless actual Guilt undone.

6 If inward Truth, Lord, pleases Thee,
 O let my Heart thy Wisdom know:
 7 Wash, purge me through, and I shall be
 More white, more pure than Northern Snow.

8 So shall I feel thy Beams again,
 Thy Loves shall fill my pardon'd Soul.
 My Bones, long justly rack'd with Pain,
 With Balmy Joys be found and whole.

*To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
 One bless'd, one glorious Trinity,
 On whom our Hopes depend alone,
 Eternal Praise and Glory be.*

Part 2.

9 From all my Crimes, Lord, turn thy Face,
 No more my cancell'd Errours view.
 O change my Heart, and, by thy Grace,
 My Mind with Heav'nly Thoughts renew!
 22 Cast me not off, nor from my Breast
 Thy sacred Influence remove;
 12 But, with the saving Pleasures bless'd,
 In Good my forward Soul improve.

13 Then Sinners I'll bring home to thee;
 Transgressors shall thy Laws esteem.
 14 From Blood, dear Saviour, rescue me;
 My Soul from Crimson Guilt redeem!
 15 If thou, bless'd Lord, my Lips unseal,
 My Tongue, thy sacred Name shall raise;
 Thy Love, my flowing Songs reveal!
 My Mouth thy righteous Judgments praise.

16 No bloody Sacrifice with thee,
 No Fumes from steaming Altars rais'd,
 Prevail; else, num'rous Herds, for me,
 Had on a Thousand Altars blaz'd.

- 17 A Soul with Sense of Sin depress'd,
Is, Lord, thy noblest Sacrifice :
A broken Heart, a contrite Breast,
Thy tender Mercies ne'er despise.
- 18 Lord, in thy Love thy Church defend,
Its ruin'd Hopes and Walls repair ;
- 19 So shall our favour'd Vows ascend,
With righteous and accepted Pray'r.

*To Father, Ho'y Ghost, and Son,
One bless'd, one glorious Trinity,
On whom our Hopes depend alone,
Eternal Praise and Glory be.*

P S A L. li.

- 1 **A**ND canst thou, vilest Wretch, of thy
Prevailing Malice boast ?
Think'st thou God's Mercies e'er can die ?
His boundless Love be lost ?
- 2 We know thy Tongue the Razor's Edge
Out-cuts with sharpest Lyes:
We know thy Heart, Hell's certain Pledge,
Can only Frauds devise.
- 3 Mischief thy very Soul approves,
But honest Actions hates :
Thy Tongue no Truth or Justice loves,
But Lyes on Lyes creates.
Thy Tongue, base Wretch, such Language speaks,
As may the Just devour :
- 4 But God thy cruel Pride shall break,
By his resistless Pow'r,
He'll tear thee out, and from thy place
Root out thy hated Name.
- 5 The Just shall see thy strange Disgrace,
And thus expose thy Shame :

Loe!

- " Loe ! here's the Man, who, lofty grown,
 " His God regarded not ;
 " But could his favouring Hand disown,
 " And God himself forgot.
 " 5 But of his mighty Wealth he'd boast,
 " With vast Possessions bless'd :
 " In impious Arts he trusted most,
 " In Malice fix'd his Rest.
 " See where he lies, forgot, forlorn,
 " By all the World despis'd :
 " His Name, his shatter'd Fortunes torn,
 " His Life by Hell surpriz'd.
 7 But like a thriving Olive, I
 In God's bless'd House shall stand ;
 And on the Mercies sure relie
 Of his unchanging Hand.
 8 Through thee I scap'd th' intended Blow,
 And I'll adore thy Name ;
 And with thy Saints thy Mercies show,
 Thy gracious Acts proclaim.

P S A L. liij.

- 1 **G**OD, in his Heart, the Fool denies,
 Such Fools the wretched World are grown :
 Corrupt, defil'd, seduc'd with Lyes ;
 Not one for sober Practice known.
 2 God, from his lofty Seat, survey'd
 The World, and all their Actions view'd
 To see if any duly pray'd,
 Or Wisdom's Lectures understood.
 3 But all were now Apostates, all
 Corrupt at once, and filthy grown ;
 Not one would on his Maker call,
 Not one to practise Good was known.

- 4 Is all their Sense so lost in Sin,
That they, like Bread, my Saints devour?
In all their Talk, God ne'er comes in;
They ne'er invoke, nor own his Pow'r.
- 5 Yet now with groundless Fears they fly,
Their Strength God's weighty Anger breaks,
With Shame thy fierce Besiegers die;
God's angry Scorn their Downfall speaks.
- 6 O whence may *Israel's* Safety spring!
If God his banish'd Tribes restore,
Then *Israel* shall triumphant sing,
And *Jacob's* Race despond no more.

Another Metre: As the Complaint of a Sinner

- 1 **T**HE Fool, the senseless Fool,
Thus in his Heart hath said;
God's but an awful Tool,
By crafty Preachers made.
Thus all corrupted are,
And all in Sins delight:
But none for Truth declare,
None ever practise Right.
- 2 God, from the lofty Sky,
Look'd down on Earth below,
To see what Man would try
His God to seek or know.
- 3 But all Apostates there,
They're vile and filthy all:
None good on Earth appear,
Nor on their Maker call.
- 4 But have the Wretches lost
Their Apprehensions quite,

Against

Against my Saints to boast,
 And with their God to fight?
 Dare they my *Israel*'s Seed,
 Like common Bread, devour?
 And on my People feed,
 And scorn my saving Pow'r?

5 Fear shall their Hearts surprize,
 A sense'ess, ground'ess Fear:
 And all thy Enemies;
 Who durst in Arms appear,
 Shall crush'd and scatter'd lie
 By God's revenging Hand;
 And all, confounded, die,
 Despis'd by God's Command.

6 Oh, when shall *Israel*'s Wealth
 From *Sion*'s Mount proceed!
 When shall their Saviour's Health
 Redeem his Captive Seed!
 When that bless'd Time appears,
 Poor *Israel* shall rejoice;
 And *Jacob*, freed from Fears,
 Exalt his chearful Voice.

P S A L. liv.

1 **M**E, Lord, with wondrous Might,
 By thy great Name relieve!
 2 O in my Pray'rs, dear Lord delight;
 My flowing Words receive!
 3 For cruel Stranger, here
 Against me fiercely rise;
 They hunt my Life, who have no Fear
 Of God before their Eyes.

4 But see; my God, for me,
 Among my Friends appears!

5 He'll crush my Foes : His Truth shall be
 'The End of all my Fears.
 6 To Thee, with Sacrifice,
 I'll then devoutly pray :
 Thy Name shall in my Praises be ;
 It's good thy Praise to pay.

7 God has my Saviour been,
 From all my Griefs and Woes :
 Through him my longing Eyes have seen
 My Wish on all my Foes.

PSAL. Iv.

1 **L**ord, hear my Pray'rs ! ô never turn
 From him who prays to Thee !

2. When I in Words distracted mourn,
 O hear ! ô answer me !

3 Free me from cruel Foes, from those
 Who would oppress me quite ;
 Who me with impious Lyes oppose,
 And prosecute with Spite.

4 My Heart bleeds with its inward Wounds,
 Death's Terrours round me fall ;

5 Fear, Trembling, Horror, Woe confounds
 My Thoughts and Actions all.

6 I cry'd, Oh, who swift Wings will give,
 Swift as the Doves, to me ?

Then would I fly away, and live
 Where I some Rest might see.

I'd wander far, and, in my Flight,
 Some lonesom Desert find,

Where I might soon in Safety light,
 From ev'ry stormy Wind !

Lord, to confound their plotting Brains,
 Their Tongues and Hearts divide ;

For Strife within the City reigns,
And cruel Thieves reside.

Part 2.

- 10 Such, Day and Night, their Walls surround ;
Within are Sins and Woes :
11 All Mischief in their Streets are found,
And Fraud and Falshood grows.
12 Had Foes profess'd procur'd my Shame,
I then had Patience held :
Had Enemies despis'd my Name,
I h'd soon my self conceal'd.
13 But it was he, my trusted Guide,
My Bosom's Partner made,
In closest Bonds of Friendship ty'd,
My private Thoughts betray'd.
14 Oft with a charming sweet Consent,
Each other's Souls we read :
Oft to the Temple jointly went,
By like Devotions led.
15 O let the treach'rous Brute, alive,
To Hell's dark Womb descend !
Who could with Hellish Art contrive
To kill his kindest Friend !
16 For me, to God, the Lord, I'll cry ;
My God shall rescue me :
17 Each Night, each Noon, each Morning, I
His suppliant Slave will be.

Part 3.

- 18 He'll hear my Pray'rs, my Life redeem
From Wars, on me design'd :
And though too strong my Foes might seem,
My God was always kind.

- 19 That God who ever lives shall hear,
And humble all their Pride
Who ne'er were shock'd on Earth with Fear
And therefore God defy'd.
- 20 They Wars with Men of Peace began,
And a'l Agreements broke :
And Spite through all their Counsels ran,
Howe'er they soft'y spoke.
- 21 Not Oil nor Butter smother flow'd,
Than their deceitful Words ;
Yet Villains ne'er more Malice show'd,
Nor fought with sharper Swords.
- 22 Thy Cares then on thy Master cast,
His Hand shall set thee free :
He'll always hold the Righteous fast,
No Time their Change shall see.
- 23 The Bloody and Deceitful shall
Untimely sink, and die,
And in the Pit's Destruction fall :
But I'll on God rely.

P S A L. lvj.

- 1 **T**O me thy Mercy, Lord, extend,
For Men wou'd me devour ;
Against me all their Forces bend,
And press me ev'ry Hour.
- 2 Each Day my cruel greedy Foes
Design'd to swallow me ;
And Armies which my Soul oppose,
Would my Destruction see.
- 3 When-e'er I fear, I'll trust in Thee,
4 Thy faithful Word I'll praise :
Nor will I fear what Hurt to me
Poor mortal Man can raise.

- 5 Each Day they wrest my Words; to work
My Fall their Thoughts are bent:
6 They meet, they trace my Steps, they lurk
Against my Life intent.
7 But shall they always scape in Sin?
In Wrath destroy them all!
8 Thou know'st my dang'rous Flights; hast seen
My Tears, which daily fall:
O let them ever in thy Sight,
In Books recorded, lie.
9 But all my Foes shall turn to Flight
When I to God shall cry.

- I know 't; for God's my Patron dear,
10 Through Him his Truth I'll shew:
11 I'll trust in God, and nothing fear
Which mortal Men can do.
12 To Thee, dear God, my Vows are made;
To Thee my Praise I'll pay,
13 Who sav'd'st me from Death's gloomy Shade
When I in Danger lay.

And still I hope, through God, my Feet
Shall ever firmly stand:
My Steps thy saving Favours meet,
And I possess the Land.

P S A L. lviij.

- 1 **M**ercy to me, Lord, Mercy shew;
My Soul depends on Thee:
Thy Wings, till off this Danger blow,
Shall my Protection be
2 To God I'll cry, to God most High,
Who all my Wishes sends:
3 Who me from his superior Sky,
From barbarous Men defends.

- 4 His Truth and Mercy God applies,
To save my drooping Soul,
Which now with raging Lions lies,
Who would devour it whole.
I ly with fiery Men, whose Words
Like Spears and Darts appear,
Whose piercing Tongues than sharpest Swords,
A greater sharpness bear.
- 5 Lord, raise thy self, exalt thy Name,
Above the lofty Skies,
And o're this Earths enlightned Frame,
Lord, lift thy glorious Eyes.
- 6 My Soul with sorrow sunk, dismaid
At fatal Nets prepar'd.
But now my Foes in Pit-falls made
For me, themselves are snar'd.
- 7 My Heart, dear Lord's prepar'd, my Heart
Is fix'd, thy Praise to sing.
- 8 Awake my Pride, my charming Art,
To praise thy gracious King.
- 9 Awake my Lute, my Harp-awake,
And I'll prevent the Day :
To God's great Name new Anthems make,
And to his Glory play.
- 10 His Name, his wondrous Works, will I
Among the Nations praise,
11 And in my Songs above the Sky,
His Truth and Mercy raise.
- 12 Lord, raise thy self, exalt thy Name,
Above the lofty Skies,
And o're this Earth's enlightned Frame,
O lift thy glorious Eyes!

Psalm lviii. As the 100, or, as Mr. Sandys's 14.

- 1 **W**hen you in private Council sit,
Are all your Consultations just?
May others your Decisions trust?
Their Lives to your pure Hands submit?
- 2 No wretched Men! your tainted Hearts
Iniquities alone pursue,
Earth groans so long oppress'd by you,
Your bloody Hands, and faithless Arts.
- 3 I long the wicked Race have known,
All Lyers from the Breasts and Womb.
Lyes in their Infant-Souls have room,
In Lyes their Elder years are grown.
- 4 Poor harmless things compar'd with these
Black poisonous Toads, and Serpents are,
Nor can the deafest Asp compare,
With their hard-hearted Policies.
- 5 Asps scorn the curious Charmer's Arts,
And all his Magic Cant defy,
These won't admit the Sufferer's cry,
No Tears can move their stubborn Hearts.

Part 2.

- 6 Lord, break their Teeth, their dreadful Jaws,
Who, with a brutish Force engag'd,
Against weak Innocence engag'd,
Confound the Poor and Righteous Cause.
- 7 As sliding Waters sink and fail,
So let their Malice quickly dy:
And when they let their Arrows fly,
Let neither Bows nor Shafts prevail.
- 8 Let

8 Let them, like Snails, when melting, waste;
 Or like untimely Births decay,
 9 And to thy stormy Wrath give way
 As Thorns before a fiery blast.

10 The Righteous then shall droop no more,
 But God's all-righteous Vengeance view,
 And all the Paths of Joy pursue,
 And wash their Feet in impious gore.

11 Then all the World convinc'd shall say,
 "The Just are well rewarded now,
 "A God at last we must allow,
 "A God the lower World to sway.

Or thus,

1 **W**hen you in private Councils sit,
 Are all your Counsels just?
 May Men to you their lives commit,
 Or your Decisions trust?

2 No wretched Men! your tainted Hearts
 Iniquity pursue,
 Your bloody Hands, and faithless Arts,
 Make Earth her Groans renew.

3 I long their impious Race have known,
 How from the Womb they ly'd,
 Their Infant Years, to Falshood prone,
 Their Elder Age supply'd.

4 Poor harmless things compar'd with these
 Black poisonous Serpents are,
 With their hard-hearted Policies,
 Deaf Adders can't compare.

5 Adders defy the Charmer's Arts,
 And all his Cant defy:

And these with unrelenting Hearts,
 Throw off the Sufferer's cry.

6 Lord,

- 6 Lord, break their Teeth, their dreadful Jaws,
 With brutish force enrag'd,
 Against the Poor's afflicted Cause,
 And Innocence engag'd.
- 7 As sliding Waters sink and fall,
 So let their Malice dy,
 Nor let their shiver'd Bows prevail,
 Or broken Arrows fly.
- 8 Let them, like Snails, when melting, waste,
 Or hasty Births decay,
- 9 Or as Thorns to a fiery Blast,
 To thy fierce Wrath give way.
- 10 The Righteous then shall droop no more,
 But God's just Vengeance view,
 And wash their Feet in impious Gore,
 And joyful ways pursue.
- 11 Then all Mankind convinc'd shall see,
 The Just are well repaid.
 A God to Rule the World must be,
 And his Commands obey'd.

Another Metre: As the old 125. proper Tune.

- 1 **T**HE Place was dark,
 And far remov'd from searching Eyes,
 No chearful Light
 Could break th' impenetrable gloom;
 No starry Spark
 Could there the dark Cabal surprize,
 But sullen Night
 At once possess'd the dismal room.
 There sat Sam's Council, there their Plots they laid,
 Their Souls more black than Nights prevailing
 (shade.
 Vile Men, could you
 There in a righteous Ballance weigh

The

The Sufferer's Cause,
 And neither Love, nor Pride, nor Hate,
 Nor Malice shew?
 Did all impartial Justice sway
 Your equal Laws?
 No Bribes an unknown Right create?
 Did you in that obscure retreat conclude,
 God's piercing Eye your Thoughts and Actions
 (view'd.

Alas! 'twas vain
 To look for sacred Justice where
 Triumphant Sin,
 With all its curs'd Attendance reign'd,
 Where Hopes of Gain
 Could barbarous Violence endear,
 And all had been
 By secret Wickedness maintain'd.
 Yet such you all, great Counsellors, have been,
 The Slaves of Tyrants, and the Tools of Sin.

When born at first,
 To entertain the World you ly'd.
 And Fraud and Lyes
 Your Thoughts, and Words, and Actions fill'd,
 With Poisons nurs'd,
 Your Looks the Basilisk out-vy'd,
 Your baleful Eyes
 The Serpent at a distance kill'd.
 Deaf Adders sooner hear the Charmer's Art,
 Than you'd support the poor Afflicted Heart.

How shall I pray?
 What Judgments on the Miscreants call?
 Whose Lion rage
 Would all the trembling World devour?
 Thy Wrath display,
 Great God, and make their Furies fall,
 At once assuage

Their Spite and desolating Power.

Let all their Strength, like hasty Torrents, fly,
Which now o'reflow, now sink in Sands, and die.

7, 8 Snails melt away,
Consum'd in their own unctuous slime,
When Mid-day's Sun
On them shoots down his pointed Heat
Those Births decay
Which Women loose before their Time,
Shapes just begun
And not by Nature's Hand compleat.

9 So let them waste, all strength their Members leave,
Their broken Bows and Shafts their Hands deceive.

Rise mighty God,
Let thy impetuous Fury break
On their curs'd Heads
While yet they firmly stand and thrive !
O let thy Rod
Thy Wrath with dreadful Lashes speak !
As Ruines spread
When fiery Tempelts fiercely drive,
And thorny Woods with crackling Flames embrac'd
Are laid at once, in one short Moment, waste.

10 This Vengeance pass'd,
The Sons of Heaven shall droop no more,
But every Mind
With Joys surprizing Raptures swell,
Their Feet be wash'd
In flowing Streams of sinful gore.

11 Till Men resign'd
To powerful Truth, with Praise shall tell,
" God doubtless reigns, his care his Servants guard
" And all their Faith with endless Love rewards.

P S A L. lix.

- 1 **F**ROM all my Foes, dear Lord, and those
 who fierce against me stand ;
 2 From Men of Blood, who hate the Good,
 My Safety, Lord, command !
 3 For those who hate my Soul lay wait,
 The mighty Men combine ;
 And all agree to murder me
 For no Deserts of mine.
- 4 For no base Facts, no lawless Acts,
 Their Bands my Life pursue ;
 For me thy Might then, Lord, excite,
 And all my Dangers view.
- 5 Thou God of Hosts, who guard'st their Coasts,
 For *Israel's* Land declare ;
 The Gentiles round in Wrath confound,
 No Sins of Malice spare !
- 6 Return'd at Night like Dogs they fight,
 And round the City go ;
 And for the Prey they miss'd by Day
 Their snarling Temper show.
- 7 Their very Words are piercing Swords,
 For who can hear ? *They cry,*
- 8 Let Scorn on all those Heathens fall,
 With Smiles their Rage defy.
- 9 Since Force and Might against me fight,
 And God is kind and just,
 My Confidence in his Defence,
 Shall ever firmly trust.
- 10 To me afford thy Mercies, Lord,
 With them prevent my Woes,
 And ô let me thy Vengeance see,
 On my insulting Foes !

Part 2.

- 11 Lord, kill them not, lest, soon forgot,
 My People sin the more;
 But, ô, disperse, with Anger fierce,
 Their Substance, and their Store!
- 12 For all those Lyes their Hearts devise,
 And what their Tongues have told;
 Let all their Pride be mortify'd,
 Their perjur'd Minds controll'd.
- 13 Those Brutes abhorr'd, in Anger, Lord,
 Consume, consume them so,
 That they thy Grace to *Israel's* Race,
 And all the World, may know.
- 14 Return'd at Night, like Dogs they'll fight,
 And round the City prow!:
- 15 And long to eat, and get no Meat;
 But murmur loud, and howl.
- 16 Thy Strength I'll sing, my God, my King;
 Thy Mercies early praise:
 For in my Grief, their kind Relief
 My drooping Fancies raise.
- 17 I'll spread, dear God, thy Strength abroad,
 Thy Mercies store disc'ose;
 Till all have known from whence alone
 My kind Assistance flows.

P S A L. lx.

- 1 **O** Why so distant, Lord! so far
 From *Israel's* chosen Line
 When in a sad destructive War
 So mighty Kings combine.
 See how our trembling Armies move,
 When not reviv'd by Thee:

O let us now thy ancient Love,
Thy former Mercies see!

2 The Land beneath thy Furies shook,
Nor could its Fears conceal.
Oh, with thy kind restoring Look
Its dismal Breaches heal!

3 Hard Things thy People, Lord, have try'd,
To deadly Fears betray'd:

4 But now thy Banners, on their Side,
Are for the Truth display'd.

5 That thy Belov'd at large may live,
From Chains and Bondage free;
Let thy Right Hand Salvation give,
And hear and answer me.

6 God spoke, and, in his Holiness,
My Heart with Joys supply'd:
And now I'll *Sihon's* Lands possess,
And *Succoth's* Plains divide.

7 *Gilead* is mine, *Manassah's* mine,
My Head on *Ephraim* rests:
But *Judah's* Tribe, by Right Divine,
The Royal Crown invests.

8 *Moab* my meanest Slave shall be,
And *Edom* kiss my Feet;
And *Palestine*, subdu'd, shall me
With humblest Tributes meet.

9 Who'll me through Cities fortify'd,
And *Edom's* Barriers, lead?

10 Lord, sha' n't thy Help, so long deny'd,
Our marching Armies head?

11 Man's Help in Troub'e's vain; for me
Then, Lord, thy Aids dispose.

12 Through God we'll bravely A't, for He
Sha'll crush our angry Foes.

Another Metre. As Psal. 121. proper Tune.

- 1 **W**HY, Lord, are we rejected? why
 Thus off in Anger thrown,
 And wretched Dastards grown?
 O turn, and with a gentler Eye
 All our late Disasters view,
 And thy ancient Loves renew!
- 2 Thy Anger shook the trembling Land,
 And made its Pillars bow:
 O heal its Breaches now!
- 3 On Thine, dear Lord, thy weighty Hand
 Has a Thousand Hardships brought,
 And impos'd a deadly Draught.
- 4 But on thy Servants side at last
 Thy sacred Banner stands;
 Thy Truth has arm'd their Bands,
 And all their pressing Fears are past.
- 5 Free that thy Belov'd may be,
 O support and answer me!
- 6 God's Oracle of Holiness,
 My Heart with Joy supply'd:
 I'll *Sichem* soon divide,
 And *Succoth's* fertile Plains possess.
- 7 *Gilcaa's* mine, *Manassih* too,
 And what *Ephraim's* Strength can do.
- Judah* the Royal Crown must wear.
 8 The meanest Slaves, to me,
 Shall *Moab's* Off-spring be;
 And *Edom's* Youth my shoes shall bear.
Palestine, my conqu'ring Feet,
 With triumphant Garlands meet:

9 Who

- 9 Who, through strong Forts, to *Eden's* Head,
Our trembling Bands will guide,
Or in our Camps preside?
- 10 Thou, Lord of Hosts, our Armies lead;
Though of old we off were thrown,
Now our Cause and Armies own!
- 11 In all our Streights; assist us, Lord;
For Man's poor Helps are vain.
- 12 Through God we'll Honour gain.
God's Strength to us shall Strength afford,
And his unresisted Blows
Batter down our angry Foes.

P S A L. lxj.

- 1 **L**ord, hear my Cries; my Pray'rs attend:
2 **L** From Earth's last Quarters I
On Thee, though languishing, depend;
To Thee, for Comfort, fly.
- 3 **O** Thou, my Help of old, my Strength
Against fierce Enemies!
Fix me on that high Rock at length,
Which all their Force defies!
- 4 Within thy holy House, my Rest
Beneath thy Wings shall be:
- 5 For all my Vows, to Heav'n address'd,
Were kindly heard by Thee,
To those who fear thy Name, thy Grace
Shall large Possessions give.
- 6 The King shall still, before thy Face,
A Thousand Ages live.
- 7 Let Truth and Mercy guard his Head
From ev'ry threat'ning Storm,
- 8 And I his Praise, in Songs, will spread;
And daily Vows perform.

P S A L. Ixij.

- 1 **B**UT still on God, my Saviour, I
With humble Silence wait:
- 2 My Rock, my Health; who sets me high,
And then confirms my State.
- 3 How long shall your base Plots assail
My Life? Your selves shall fall;
And like old tott'ring Fences fail,
Or like some batter'd Wall.
- 4 They fain would thrust my Glories down,
And old in Lyes they grow:
Their Language Oily Blessings crown,
Their Hearts with Curies flow.
- 5 But still on God, my Saviour, I
With humblest Silence wait:
- 6 My Rock, my Health; who sets me high,
And then secures my State.
- 7 God's my Salvation, Glory, All
My Strength, my Hope, my Trust.
- 8 Pour out your Hearts with Faith; & call
On Him, ye suff'ring Just!
Our God's a Guard, who ne'er can fail;
- 9 But Men are Vanity.
Nay, *that* against 'em turns the Scale,
They're all an empty Lye.
Those Men by Providence depress'd,
And those exalted high;
The Rich, the Poor; the Worst, the Best,
Are all an empty Lye.
- 10 O ne'er in Wrong nor Force confide;
Nor swe ling Thoughts disclose;
Nor on your Treasures multiply'd
Your care'ess Hearts repose.

- 11 Once God hath spoke, and twice have we
 His Declaration heard,
 That Might belongs to God, and He
 Will for his Might be fear'd.
- 12 And Mercy, Lord, is only thine,
 And thy impartial Hand
 Will, as Men's various Works incline,
 Their due Rewards command.

P S A L. lxij. *as the 100th.*

- 1 **B**Efore the Morning-blushes rise,
 To Thee, dear God, I lift my Eyes;
 For thou alone my God shalt be.
 To Thee my thirsty Soul aspires;
 Thy Smiles my longing Flesh desires,
 Where I no Springs of Comfort see.
- 2 As oft within thy holy Place
 I met of old thy quick'ning Grace,
 I'd now thy Strength and Glory view.
- 3 More swift than Life, thy Mercies flow;
 And I with chearful Lips would show
 Thy Works, thy ancient Praise renew.
- 4 Thy Works, with Blessings I'll proclaim
 While Life shall last; and in thy Name
 My Hands and Heart devoutly raise.
- 5 Sweet Marrow's Juice the Taste invites,
 But more in Thee my Soul delights;
 And Thee my joyful Lips shall praise.
- 6 In Bed I think on Thee, dear Lord;
 Thy Loves I through the Night record,
 And on thy Goodness meditate.
- 7 From Thee my Health and Safety springs;
 And, shadow'd by thy glorious Wings,
 I'll all thy Works with Joy relate.

- 8 To Thee my steady Soul adheres;
 Thy Hand my strong Support appears.
 9 But those who would my Life betray
 Shall sink in Death's Eternal Shade:
 10 Their Lives to cruel Swords be made,
 And Wolves, and savage Beasts, a Prey.
 11 Then in his God the King shall be
 Exalted high; the World shall see
 His flowing Joys: and all who swear
 To him, shall in their Oaths be bless'd;
 And Lying Lips, with Shame suppress'd,
 No more to blast his Crown appear.

P S A L. lxiv.

- 1 **L**ord, hear my Voice in Pray'r; secure
 My Life from angry Foes!
 2 From Sinners Plots ô hide me sure,
 And wicked Workers Blows!
 3 Sharp though they whet their temper'd Swords,
 Their Tongues are sharper far;
 And out they shoot their bitter Words,
 Like Shafts prepar'd for War,
 4 In dark Retreats the Plotter lies,
 To wound the perfect Heart;
 And, fearless, there, with bold Surprise,
 He throws his deadly Dart.
 5 Mischief's their Life, to mischief they
 Encouragements apply;
 And talk of spreading Snares, and say
 Who can our Snares descry?
 6 Deep are their Hearts, their Counsels deep,
 And all their Thoughts profound;
 And all a Search for Mischief keep,
 And practise Mischief found.

- 7 But God, with more surprizing Darts,
 Their wounded Hearts shall reach :
 8 Their Tongues shall soon betray their Hearts ;
 Themselves, themselves impeach.
 9 Aloof the wond'ring World shall stand ;
 And all around, with Fear,
 Acknowledge God's revenging Hand,
 And all his Acts revere.
 10 Then shall the Just in God rejoice,
 Their Faith more strongly raise ;
 And each good Man exalt his Voice,
 To sing his Maker's Praise.

P S A L. lxv. *as the 100th.*

- P**Raise, Lord, in *Sion* waits for Thee ;
 To Thee our holy Vows we pay.
 Thou hear'st us ; whence, in Misery,
 2 To Thee the suppliant World shall pray.
 3 My Sins are, Lord, too strong for me :
 But Thou shalt all my Sins forgive.
 4 O happy's he, whose Eyes may see
 Thy House, and in thy Presence live :

When him Devotion kindly warms,
 His inward purer Joys abound ;
 His Soul with bless'd Religion's Charms,
 Is in thy sacred Temple crown'd.

- 5 What though a Thousand Dangers rise
 To us ? our sure Salvation springs
 From Thee : thy Flock for Shelter flies
 To thy protecting Mercy's Wings

For us thy dreadful Judgments move,
 And scatter all our Fears and Woes.

Whence

- Whence all in Thee their Trust improve,
Where Earth extends, or Water flows.
- 6 Thy Might the lofty Mountains rais'd,
And Pow'r thy wondrous Throne surrounds;
And at thy Voice, the Seas, amaz'd,
Laid down their Billows roaring Sounds.
- 7 Thy Terrours smooth the Wat'ry Plain,
And all the murm'ring Nations quell;
When ruffling Storms disturb the Main,
And stubborn Hearts with Madness swell.

Part 2.

- 8 When earth is shock'd, and Comets blaze,
And thy prodigious Signs appear,
At them the trembling Nations gaze,
And them at ut most distance fear.
- The blushing Dawn, the Morning-Skies,
Through all the World thy Praise proclaim;
And when Night's gloomy Shadows rise,
They celebrate thy glorious Name.
- 9 Thy Eyes the lower World survey,
Thy Hand their various Need supplies;
Thy Dews and Rains prepare the Way
For Grass, and Herbs, and Plants to rise.
- What mighty Treasures, Lord, hast Thou
Within thy wat'ry Chambers laid?
Whence all our vast Provisions now,
Our Corn, and Wine, and Oil's convey'd.
- 10 The rising Grounds thy Fountains make;
Their wealthy Crops and Fatness yield:
The lower Lands thy Smiles partake;
Thy Blessing warms the springing Field.

- 1 The joyful Year, with Goodness crown'd,
Owes all its Plenty, Lord, to Thee:
Thy Clouds with fat'ning Drops abound,
And we their large Production see.
- 2 The barren Wi'ds, the burning Sands,
Those cooling Drops in Season bless:
The dancing Hillocks join their Hands,
And Mirth and Gratitude express.
- 3 Huge Flocks the fruitful Pastures yield,
Huge Crops the burthen'd Valleys bring;
Joys eccho through the chearful Field,
And all their Maker's Praises sing.

Another Metre, to the old 104th proper Tune.

- 1 **I**N Sion's b'ess'd Gates,
Lord, Praise waits for Thee:
To Thee holy Vows
Shall justly be paid.
- 2 Thy Goodness creates
All our Confidence: we
By't mov'd in thy House,
Our Petitions have made.
- 3 Man's impious Art
Against me prevails;
O purge, O remove
Our Follies away!
- 4 How happy's his Part,
Whom thy Mercy ne'er fails!
Thy Choice can approve,
And thy Service can stay!
- That Man in thy Sight
And Temple may dwell;

Thy

Thy Altars draw near,
 Thy Favours enjoy ;
 And in Thee delight,
 And be satisfy'd well
 With Goodness : and there
 All his Service employ.

5 By terrible Things
 In Righteousness shown,
 Thou'lt answer our Cares,
 Our Saviour to be.
 Our Confidence springs
 From thy Goodness alone :
 Whence Strangers make Pray'rs,
 And rough Sailers, to Thee.

6 The Mountains stand fast,
 Fix'd strongly by Thee ;
 Thy powerful Arm
 Has girt 'em secure.

7 Loud Storms are soon past,
 For thy Fury, we see,
 Mad People can charm,
 And their Quiet procure.

8 Thy Wonders and Signs
 All Nations afright,
 Where Comets e'er blaze,
 Or Earth-quakes can tear,
 The Morning, which shines,
 And the dark gloomy Night,
 Rejoice in thy Praise,
 And thy Glories declare.

9 Thou visit'st the Earth,
 Its Waters abound ;
 Vast Rivers, with Wealth,
 The Countries o'erflow :

Thence

Thence Corn has its Birth;
 And the Fields, with it crown'd,
 New Vigour and Health
 On the Nations bestow.

10 The highest ridg'd Field
 Thy Water partakes;
 The Furrows, laid low,
 Are drench'd with the same:
 The Clods quickly yield,
 Earth its Hardness forsakes;
 The Crops, which they show,
 Then God's Blessing proclaim.

11 By Thee the rich Year
 With Goodness is crown'd;
 And all thy bless'd Ways
 Pure Fatness distil:

12 Rich Pastures appear
 All the Desarts around;
 All ecchoing Praise
 From each neighbouring Hill.

13 With Thousands of Sheep
 The Pastures are clad;
 The Valleys with Corn
 Are cover'd quite o'r:
 Hence Nature may keep
 Now its Revels; and glad,
 With Praise adorn
 Both her Lord, and her Store.

P S A L. lxxvj. as the 113th.

1 **I**N God, ô all ye Lands, rejoice;
 2 **L**et ev'ry Man's triumphant Voice
 Advance his Name, his Glories sing.

- 3 How dreadful, Lord, thy Works appear!
Thy Terrours make thy Foes, with Fear,
To Thee their forc'd Submissions bring.
- 4 To Thee the Nations round shall bend;
Thy Name shall in their Songs ascend
Above the Clouds, above the Skies.
- 5 Come, see God's Operations here;
How when his dreadful Works appear,
Their Terrours Humane Hearts surprize.
- 6 When from *Egyptian* Bondage He
His *Israel's* happy Race set free,
God through the Seas contriv'd a Road;
Where, fenc'd by Watry Walls, they went
Safe o'er a spacious Continent,
And all their Hearts with Joys o'erflow'd.
- 7 God, by his Pow'r Eternal, reigns;
His Look the Rebel-World restrains,
And beats their swelling Humours down.
- 8 O all ye serious People, bless
That God, whose Name our Tongues confess:
His Name with lofty Praises crown.
- 9 The Lord our Souls in Safety keeps;
He never slumbers, never sleeps;
He ne'er permits our Feet to slide:
- 10 Yet, as the Silver's oft refin'd,
When for the noblest Works design'd,
Our Sou's as oft his Hands have try'd.
- 11 We fell in strong, perplexing Snares;
Our Strength sunk down with weighty Cares;
Our Heads we bow'd to conqu'ring Foes.
- 12 But through Affliction's scorching Heat,
Through Floods of Tears, thy Mercies great
Convey'd us to a sweet Repose.

Part 2.

- 3 My Thanks his Temple now shall see.
 4 I'll pay my Vows, dear Lord, to Thee;
 My Vows in Times of Danger sign'd.
 5 My upright Mind, my Heart sincere,
 My guiltless Hands, shall Favour there,
 More than a Thousand Oxen, find.
 6 Come, hear me, all that fear the Lord;
 O hear, while I, with Praise, record
 What for my Soul his Hands have wrought:
 7 I cry'd, his Name I rais'd on high;
 8 Yet, had my Heart been faulty, I
 His Smiles, alas! had vainly fought.

- God reads the inward Parts, and views
 What Ways the righteous Soul pursues,
 And hears his earnest Pray'rs and Cries:
 But Hypocrites, whose various Arts
 Divide their glosing Tongues and Hearts,
 Are odious to his piercing Eyes.
 9 But God has heard my Pray'rs, and He
 With Favour gently answer'd me;
 His Ears to my Petitions bow'd.
 10 O bless'd be He, whose gracious Ear
 His suppliant Servant's Pray'rs would hear,
 And Mercy to his Pray'rs allow'd!

P S A L. lxvij.

- T**O us, with Mercy free,
 Lord, shew thy glorious Face:
 O let thy happy Servants see
 Thy Blessing, and thy Grace!
 That all the Earth may know
 Salvation's certain Way,
 Thy Truth to all the Nations show,
 Thy saving Health display.

- 3 Let all the World, ô God,
Exalt thy glorious Name :
O let the Nations all abroad
Thy wondrous Praise proclaim !
- 4 To Thee, with loud Applause,
The govern'd World shall sing,
When Thou shalt all, by equal Laws,
To righteous Judgment bring.
- 5 Let all the World, ô God,
Exalt thy glorious Name :
O let the Nations all abroad
Thy wondrous Praise proc'aim !
- 6 Then shall the fruitful Land
Its ancient Burthen show ;
And on our selves, from God's free Hand,
Shall endless Blessings flow.
- 7 Then God shall bless us all ;
And at his awful Feet,
With Fear the farthest Tribes shall fall,
And to his Laws submit.

P S A L. lxviij. *As the 100th.*

- 1 **L**ET God arise, his angry Foes
Will quickly turn themselves to Flight :
Their Malice can't his Wrath oppose,
Nor bear the Terrours of his Sight.
- 2 But as Smoak flies before the Wind,
As Wax dissolves before the Fire,
So Impious Men their Weakness find,
And, by his Frowns consum'd, expire.
- 3 But holy Men, with joyful Hearts,
Before their God shall Praises sing.

Sing then, ye Saints; sing all your Parts;
Exalt the great Celestial King.

- 4 See where your God triumphant rides;
His Name with boundless Glory shines.
In Him each raptur'd Soul confides,
And gladly in his Praise combines.
- 5 For Widows Tears, and Orphans Cries,
God, like a Judge and Father, cares;
- 6 Starves Rebels, makes the Captives rise,
And fills the lonesom House with Heirs.
- 7 Lord, when thou led'st thy People o'er
The barren Wilds, and Desert-Lands,
Earth's Bosom strong Convulsions tore,
And Heav'n, dissolv'd at thy Commands,
- 8 A Thousand Dewy Sweats distill'd.
Nay, *Sinai* too, supremely bless'd,
Great *Israel's* God with Terroures fill'd,
With Light's immoderate Beams oppress'd.
- 9 But cooling Dews, and fruitful Rains,
On thy exhausted *Canaan* flow'd;
- 10 Which now thy People entertains,
Thy Goodness on thy Flock bestow'd.

Part 2.

- 1 God gave the Word, and out in haste
All Nature's ready Armies flew,
And spoke God's Will; and as they pass'd,
Did all opposing Force subdue.
- 2 God's Household then, with Spoils, grew fair,
Of routed Hosts, and flying Kings;
As Doves, which seem to cut the Air
With Silver Plumes, and Golden Wings. 13 On

- 13 On that great Day, though black before,
 Among the Brick-Kilns newly laid;
 14 They more than *Sal'men's* Whiteness bore,
 When in his Snowy Robes array'd.
 15 God's *Sion*, *Bashan's* Pride out-vies;
 And God in *Sion's* Hill delights.
 16 Why then should other Hills despise
 What God's own Residence invites?
 17 A Thousand Thousand Chariots, steer'd
 By fiery Angels, round Him wait;
 As once in *Sinai's* Mount appear'd,
 When there, enthron'd, his Glory sat.
 18 Lord, when thou took'st thy Seat on high,
 Both Death and Hell were Captives led:
 Thy Gifts made stubborn Hearts comply,
 And Rebels own their sacred Head.
 19 O blest'd be God, from Day to Day,
 Who us with bounteous Goodness loads:
 20 Our Saving Health, our Lord, our Stay,
 Our Guide from Death's obscure Abodes!
 21 But sinful Fools, his thoughtless Foes,
 God in their Heads, their Vitals, wounds.
 22 I too, says God, will rescue those
 Whom *Bashan*, or the Sea, surrounds.
 My Friends shall live at large, and free;
 Ill us'd, restrain'd, oppress'd no more.
 23 Their Steps o'er bleeding Foes shall be,
 Where Dogs shall lick the streaming Gore.

Part 3.

- 24 My God, my King; thy glorious Ways
Are oft with awful Wonder view'd,
When in thy House, on Holy Days,
Thou meet'st the suppliant Multitude.
- 25 First all the charming Voices move,
Then those who touch the tuneful Strings;
The Damsels next their Fingers prove,
And loud the merry Timbrel rings.
- 26 Praise God in all Assemblies; praise
Your God; ô all of *Israel's* Race!
- 27 Let *Benjamin* his Anthems raise,
Whom first the Regal Ensigns grace.
- 28 With Him let *Judab's* Head combine,
And all the Tribes their Leaders bring,
Till Mid-land Tribes and Coasters join
And All their Maker's Glories sing.
- 29 Strength, Lord, on us thy Hand bestows;
O let our Graces stronger be!
- 30 While Strength from *Salem's* Temple flows,
Great Kings shall offer Gifts to Thee.
- 31 Rebuke th' *Egyptians* Force! confound
The Brutes, in Idol-worship strong;
Those who in Pride and Wealth abound,
And who for Wars and Tumults long.
- To God then mighty Kings shall fly,
From *Egypt*, and *Arabian* Lands;
And cast their Crowns and Sceptres by,
And raise to him their suppliant Hands.

- 32 Sing, sing to God, his Praise unfold,
His Name yee Earthly Kings adore.
- 33 He rides above the Skies of old,
And speaks in Thunders dreadful roar.
- 34 Ascribe to God all Strength and Might,
VVho o're his *Israell's* Lot presides,
VVhose Power, and whose Majestic light,
Above the highest Orb resides.
- 35 VVhat Terrours in that sacred Place,
Israell's Eternal God surround!
The Saints his Might and Courage grace,
His Name be still with Praises crown'd.

P S A L. lxix.

- 1 **O** Save me, Lord! Thy Floods prevail,
The Floods my Strength controul.
- 2 The Mud, the rugged VVaves assail,
And sink my fainting Soul.
- 3 To Thee till weary'd quite I cry,
My Throat grows hoarse and dry,
My very Ey-strings crack, while I
On Thee for Help rely.
- 4 More than my Hairs my Foes increase,
And they whose causeless Hate,
Pursue my Soul, and break my Peace,
Are strong, and Fortunate.
To lay their Spite, I paid with Care,
VVhat ne'er was due from me.
- 5 Thou, Lord, my Follies know'st, nor are
My Faults conceal'd from Thee.
- 6 Thro me let none endure Disgrace,
VVho on thy Love depend,

- None blush thro' me who seek thy Face,
 Or for thy Grace attend :
 7 For thy Name's sake I suffer scorn,
 To all Reproach confin'd,
 8 My Mother's Sons, my Brethren born,
 To me are grown unkind.

Part 2.

- 9 Lord, for thy House with zealous Flame,
 My Soul consumes, and dies,
 And those who dare affront thy Name,
 My Heart with grief surprize.
 10 I fast, my fasting Tears succeed,
 But I'm reproach'd for a l.
 11 I Sack-cloth wear, my Sack-cloth weeds,
 Among their Proverbs fall.
 12 Where all the senseless Rabble sit,
 I'm made their constant Theme,
 Each Drunkard tries his brutish Wit,
 My Glories to blaspheme :
 13 In thy accepted Time, dear Lord,
 Receive my Soul's address,
 With Mercy by thy faithful Word,
 My cruel Foes repress.
 14 From miry Deep, Lord, raise my Head,
 From mighty Waters save,
 15 And from the stormy Tempests dread,
 And from the gaping Grave.
 Let not the Floods devour me quite,
 Nor Whirlpools swallow me.
 16 But in thy Mercies, Lord, delight.
 And hear my Prayers to Thee!

Part 3.

- With Pitty view my mournful Case,
 And ease my dismal Woes.
 17 From me ô never hide thy Face,
 When Sorrows round me close.
 18 Draw near, redeem my Soul from those,
 Who, in my Fall delight.
 19 My shame, reproach, and all my Foes,
 Are ever in thy sight.
 20 Shame breaks my Heart, my panting Soul,
 For Comfort looks in vain,
 No Friends my mournful State condole,
 Nor feel my dreadful Pain.
 21 They gave me bitter Gall to eat,
 Sharp Vinegar to drink,
 22 But let thy Wrath their Joys defeat,
 Their spiteful Pleasures sink.

- O let thy Curse a deadly snare,
 Of all their Plenty make,
 And when their Souls for Mirth prepare,
 All Mirth their Souls forsake.
 23 O let their Eyes be dark, their Loins
 With strange Diseases shake.
 24 Till Wrath with utmost Fury joins,
 And they of both partake.

Part 4.

- 25 Let all their lofty Palaces,
 Their Tents deserted ly,
 26 For they on thy Afflicted press,
 And Wounds to Wounds apply.
 27 Punish their Sins with Sins ; nor let
 Them Righteousness behold!

28 Their

- 28 Their Names i' th' Book of Life unset,
Nor with the Just enroll'd.
- 29 But me, oppress'd with mighty Woes,
Thy Health, dear God, shall raise.
- 30 And Songs I'll to thy Name compose,
And ever sing thy Praise.
- 31 And these shall Thee, my God, much more
Than Firstling Bullocks, please.
- 32 The Humble, who thy Face implore,
Shall see't, and live at Ease.

- Joys shall their happy Hearts possess
At this triumphant Sight:
Their Souls shall wondrous Mirth express;
Their Lives, supream Delight.
- 33 God hears the Poor and Bond-men call,
And sends Deliverance:
- 34 Then let Heav'n, Earth and Seas, and all
Their Hosts, his Praise advance.
- God saves his own, and they, in Peace
Within their Countries rest:
- 6 And there their happy Heirs increase,
Who love their Maker best.

P S A L. lxx.

HAste, Lord; ô haste to aid,
And set thy Servant free!
Assam'd let all those Fools be made,
Who seek to ruin me!
With Shame confound them all,
Who would my Life destroy;
And when they think I'm like to fall,
Express unmanly Joy.

- 4 But where Men seek thy Face,
 Let constant Joys reside :
 Let those who love thy saving Grace,
 Say, *God be magnify'd.*
- 5 But I am weak and poor ;
 O haste to help me, Lord ;
 And, as thou oft hast done before,
 Thy speedy Aids afford !

P S A L. lxxj.

- 1 **I**N Thee, dear Lord, I only trust :
 From Shame ô keep me free !
- 2 And, as thy Promises are just,
 Hear, help and rescue me !
- 3 Be thou my mighty Fortrefs, where
 I, when oppress'd, may fly.
 Thou art my Rock, my Fort ; in Fear
 I on thy Word rely.
- 4 Save me, my God, from impious Hands
 From Fraud and Violence.
- 5 In Thee my Hope, my Safety stands ;
 My Lord, my Youth's Defence !
- 6 I from my Mother's Womb, at first,
 By Thee was brought to light ;
 And by thy Providence was nurs'd,
 And in thy Praise delight.
- 7 Though I a Monster seem to most,
 In Thee my Hopes are strong.
- 8 O let thy Honour be my Boast ;
 Thy Praise, my daily Song !
- 9 Cast me not off when elder Days,
 When Age comes creeping on :
 O leave me not when Strength decays,
 And youthful Years are gone !

- 10 My Foes, who watch my Soul, declare,
 Where they in private meet,
 11 See now how God withdraws his Care,
 And leaves his Favourite !
 Up ! let us seize him now ; pursue
 Where-e'er the Dastard flies :
 He has, alas ! no Help in view ;
 None to his Aid will rise.

Part 2.

- 12 Haste then, my God ; to help me, fly ;
 No more thy Helps delay !
 13 But let my Foes confounded lie ;
 Their Spite, with Shame repay.
 14 On Thee I'll still with Patience wait,
 And praise Thee more and more ;
 15 And all thy righteous Acts relate,
 And thy Salvation's Store.

These all Accounts so far transcend,
 That none their Numbers know.

- 16 But, Lord, I'll on thy Strength depend,
 Thy Justice only show.
 17 As taught by Thee from Childhood, I
 Thy wond'rous Works have shown
 18 O let me not deserted lie,
 When weak and ancient grown !

Lord, leave me not when hoary Hairs
 Invest my aged Head :
 Till to this Age, and future Heirs,
 I've all thy Wonders read.

- 19 On high thy righteous Actions shine,
 And great thy Judgments are.
 What Being, Lord, though call'd Divine,
 Can e'er with Thee compare ?

20 Thou show'st me mighty Grievs and Woes,
 Yet shall thy Smiles revive ;
 And from Earth's hollow Deeps below,
 Present my Soul alive.

21 My Head thy Loves shall greatly raise,
 Thy Comforts guard my round :

22 And I thy Truth with Songs shall raise,
 And Harp's melodious Sound.

23 O *Israel's* holy God, to Thee
 My Lips will gladly sing ;
 My Soul, redeem'd from Misery,
 Its Tribute-Praises bring.

24 Thy Righteousness my Tongue shall trace,
 And daily talk of thee,
 Since they are crush'd with dark Disgrace,
 Who fought to ruin me.

Psal. 72. As the 100th. or Mr. Sandys's 14th.

1 **L**ord, to the King thy Judgments give,
 Thy Justice on his Son bestow,

2 Then shall the Wor'd his Judgments know ;
 The Humble, by his Justice live.

3 Then those advanc'd to noblest State
 Shall all for publick Peace declare :
 The meanest Officers, with Care,
 Their Princes Goodness imitate.

4 He'll judge the Poor, their Off-spring save,
 And break the bold Oppressor's Force.

5 While Sun and Moon maintain their Course,
 His Fear shall ev'ry Heart enslave.

6 His Goodness, like soft Rains and Dews

Which on the new-mown Grass descend,

7 Shall

- 7 Shall to the Moon's last Age extend,
And Peace, abundant Peace, diffuse.
- 8 The Righteous, in his happy Reign,
Shall thrive; his mighty Empire stretch
As far as Lands or Waters reach,
Or farthest Springs their Streams maintain.
- 9 To Him th' *Arabian* Troops shall bow;
His Enemies the Dust embrace.
- 10 And *Saba's* Kings, to court his Grace,
Their noblest Gifts and Off'rings vow.
- The Isles, the Continent, shall send
Their Kings, to kiss his sacred Feet.
- 11 All Kings shall in his Worship meet,
And Nations to his Service bend.
- 12 For He'll the praying Poor discharge;
Th' Oppress'd, who no Assistance find.
- 13 He'll to the needy Soul be kind;
And He'll the humble Heart enlarge.
- 14 From Violence He'll set them free;
From shameless Fraud, and base Deceit.
And in his Sight in Value great
The Blood of all his Saints shall be.
- 15 Long shall He live; pure Gold as long
To Him th' *Arabian* Bands shall pay:
To Him th' obedient World shall pray,
And Him with daily Blessings throng.
- 16 And though his Truth at first may seem
Of meanest Worth, and smallest Force,
'Twill soon, with a resistless Course,
Command the wiser World's Esteem.

Its Fruit to nobler Heights shall grow
 Than *Lebanon's* immortal Heads :
 More thick than Grass the Valleys spreads,
 Vast Crouds shall to his Doctrine flow.

17 His Name Eternity possess'd,
God's Son, before reflecting Streams,
 Threw back the Sun's first Infant-Beams ;
 And in Him ev'ry Nation's bless'd.

18 All Lands shall bless his sacred Name.
 O bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
 Whose Name old *Jacob's* Tribes record,
 Whose Name his wondrous Works proclaim !

19 With Blessings let his Name be crown'd,
 Till Time's run out ; and ev'ry Day
 His Glories through the World display ;
 And loud Amens, Amens resound !

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's 5th.

1 **L**ord, let the King thy Judgments find !
 Enrich the Prince's Royal Mind,
 For Crowns and Governments design'd.

2 Then sha'l He Sentence wisely give ;
 And safe in his Prerogative
 Shall all the Poor, Afflicted, live.

3 Then Righteousness and Peace shall reign,
 The mighty Men sha'l Peace maintain,
 And Justice all the Vulgar gain.

4 He'll vindicate and save the Poor,
 And all their Race from Harms secure ;
 But Tyrants must his Wrath endure.

s Him

- 5 Him all, from Age to Age shall fear,
As long as Mid-day's Suns appear,
Or Moons the gloomy Mid-night chear.
- 6 Sweet be his Rule, and soft his Reign,
As gentle Dews which cool the Plain,
Or Show'rs which Grasse and Herbs maintain:
- 7 The Just shall flourish in his Days;
Abundant Peace her Head shall raise,
While Moons shall shine, or Stars shall blaze.
- 8 His Empire shall be vast, and wide;
As far as Seas can feel the Tide,
Or Rivers flow, or Winds can ride.
- 9 In him th' *Arabians* wild shall trust:
His Foes, beneath his Foot-stool thrust
Shall fall, and humbly lick the Dust.
- 10 Him shall the Island-Kings obey;
To Him Black *Æthiopians* pray,
And Off'rings on his Altars lay.
- 11 Their Kings, by Truth convinc'd, shall be
His Servants, and his Slaves; and He
All Nations at his Feet shall see.
- 12 For He the poor Man's Cries shall hear;
The Suff'rers and Afflicted chear,
When neither Help nor Friends appear.
- 13 He'll to the Weak in Want be kind:
The humble and submissive Mind
Shall always his Assistance find.
- 14 Where

- 14 Where Fraud and Wrong triumphant seem;
He'll all their fainting Souls redeem,
And dear their precious Lives esteem.
- 15 Long may He live; and long may they
To Him their Golden Tributes pay,
And daily praise, and daily pray!
- 16 Where little Hope or Seed was found,
May mighty Crops adorn the Ground;
Like *Libanus*, with Cedars crown'd.
Their Towns, before with Widows fill'd,
A new and num'rous Off-spring yield,
Thick as the Grass which shades the Field.
- 17 To Him may all the Nations haste;
His Name, with endless Blessings grac'd,
Beyond the Sun, Eternal last.
- 18 Bless'd be the Lord, our God! May He,
Whose wond'rous Works we daily see,
Prais'd by his grateful Churches be!
- 19 Bless'd, ever bless'd his glorious Name!
May all the World advance his Fame!
While we Amen, Amen proclaim!

P S A L. lxxiiij.

- 1 **I**T's true, God to his *Israel*'s kind,
To those whose Hearts are pure:
- 2 Yet all my Confidence declin'd,
My Faith was scarce secure.
- 3 Envy, uneasie Envy gain'd
An Empire in my Breast,
To see how impious Mad-men reign'd,
With Peace and Plenty bless'd.

- 4 No racking Pains their Deaths fore-show'd,
Their Strength no Sickness broke :
5 They never bore Grief's common Load,
Nor felt God's angry Stroke.
6 Hence are they crown'd with haughty Pride,
And rob'd with Violence :
7 Their Looks are high ; their Lusts supply'd,
Beyond their utmost Sense.
8 They in excessive Leudness walk,
And in Oppressions boast ;
And with their thund'ring lofty Talk
O'er-awe the neighb'ring Coast.
9 Nay, Heav'n it self their Words defy,
And trembling Earth subdue :
10 And, while they make their Treasures fly,
Allure the hungry Crew.
11 And yet they cry, " Can God above
" Our secret Practice know ?
" Can God our gallant Acts reprove,
" Or greater Wisdom show ?
12 Such are the wicked Workers, who
Can, with a prosp'rous Gale,
And still increasing Riches, through
The World's rough Ocean sail,

Part 2.

- 13 This I observing, fondly cry'd,
" I've cleans'd my Hands in vain ;
" In vain my Heart I purify'd,
" And Innocence maintain.
14 " In vain, alas ! my strugling Lust
" I've daily mortify'd ;
" And grovel'd in Affliction's Dust,
" By sharp Temptations try'd.

- 15 But soon I this Reflection made,
 "Should I such Thoughts embrace,
 "I must God's Providence upbraid,
 "And damn his chosen Race.
- 16 In vain I trod, without a Guide,
 The dark, perplexing Maze:
 In vain by Reason's Methods try'd
 Thy Wisdom's secret Ways;
- 17 Till I could to thy Holy Place,
 With humble Thoughts, ascend;
 And there their wretched Fortunes trace,
 And read their dismal End.
- 18 Oh, on what slip'ry Ground they stand!
 How quickly ruin'd all!
- 19 And, crush'd by thy destroying Hand,
 With Terrours wasted, fall!
- 23 As Dreams fly off from drowzy Eyes
 When Sleep the Man forsakes,
 So Thou their Image shalt despise
 When once thy Fury wakes.
- 21 Thus now my Thoughts are satisfy'd,
 Though long perplex'd before;
 Though Grief did then my Heart divide,
 And Pains my Bosom tore.

Part 3.

- 22 Such Ignorance and Folly then
 My untaught Soul betray'd:
 And I, beneath the Rank of Men,
 With senseless Beasts was laid.
- 23 I see I'm always now with Thee;
 Thy Hand my Life supports:
- 24 Thy Counsels, Lord, my Guide shall be,
 To thy All-glorious Courts.

- 25 On whom but Thee, dear Lord, above,
Can my Affections be?
And none on Earth my Soul can love;
O none, compar'd with Thee!
- 26 Though here my Flesh my Heart decline,
Thy Strength my Heart supplies.
Thou art my God, my Part Divine,
When Time, expiring dies.
- 27 Loe, those whose vain Affections rove
From Thee, shall sink, and die:
Those Fools who doat, with wanton Love,
On curs'd Idolatry.
- 28 But when I draw to God, how nigh
His flowing Mercies are!
On Him I've fix'd my Trust, that I
Might all his Works declare.

P S A L. lxxiv.

- 1 **O** Why thus absent, Lord! Shall we
No more thy Smiles obtain?
Shall thy poor Flock eternally
Thy Fury's Weight sustain?
- 2 O think on those redeem'd of old;
Those Lands, by Thee possess'd:
With Pity *Sion's* Mount behold,
Which once thy Presence bless'd!
- 3 O Thou Eternal God, to ease
Our Desolations, haste;
For cruel Foes thy Temple seize,
Thy sacred Dwellings waste.
- 4 Hark! how their Bands, insulting, roar,
Where thy Assemblies met!
And their triumphant Banners o'er
Thy mournful Altars set!

- 5 When safe thy glorious Temple stood,
 The curious Carver rais'd
 Rare Figures on the yielding Wood,
 For Art and Softness prais'd.
- 6 But now those noble Works are all
 By barb'rous Axes spoil'd :
- 7 In Flames those sacred Buildings fall,
 With ruin'd Heaps defil'd.
- 8 Nay, in their cruel Hearts they say,
 Let's all at once destroy !
 And on each Place of Worship they
 Devouring Flames emp'oy.
- 9 We see our Mystick Signs no more ;
 No Prophets speak thy Will :
 And none our Term of Woes explore,
 By Wisdom's sacred Skill.

Part 2.

- 10 How long, Lord, shall Reproaches rise
 From thy insulting Foes ?
 How long shall horrid Blasphemies
 Thy glorious Name expose ?
- 11 Rouse, Lord, thy Might ! make bare thy Arm !
 Stretch out thy dreadful Hand !
 Their bloody Insolence alarm !
 And their Designs withstand !
- 12 For Thou'rt our King of old ; from Thee
 The World's Salvation flows ;
 To Thee its ancient Liberty
 Poor *Jacob's* Portion owes.
- 13 From Thee, of old, the parting Seas
 With sudden Haste recoil'd
 And *Israel*, marching through, with Ease,
 The ransack'd Ocean spoil'd.

- 14 'Twas there the furious Monarch's Heat,
 In mighty Waters, dy'd :
 Nor would the rolling Waves retreat
 From *Pharaoh's* haughty Pride.
 The King, his Lords, his Troops were thrown
 Around the Purple Shore ;
 A Prey to Wolves and Vultures grown,
 But to be fear'd no more.
- 15 Thy Word unseal'd the Springs, and made
 The Rocks their Waters yield :
 And through old *Jordan's* Bosom laid
 A spacious, Sandy Field.
- 16 Thou bid'st the smiling Morning rise,
 And draw'st the gloomy Night ;
 And mak'st the Sun adorn the Skies,
 The Moon advance her Light.
- 17 Thy Hand has fix'd Earth's utmost Bounds,
 With winding Seas embrac'd :
 And Heat, and Cold, in Yearly Rounds,
 Thy wondrous Wisdom plac'd.
- 18 Such were thy wondrous Acts of old :
 O now revive the same !
 Since Foes in Scorn thy Wisdom hold,
 And Fools blaspheme thy Name.

Part 3.

- 19 Thy mournful Turtle, Lord, no more
 To cruel Hands resign ;
 Nor pass the poor Afflicted o'er,
 As if they ne'er were thine.
- 20 Thy ancient Covenant re-call,
 With our bless'd Fathers made ;
 For Rapine now our Quarters all,
 And barb'rous Force invade.

- 21 To Thee alone thy Suff'ers cry ;
 Dear Lord, remove their Shame ;
 And, though in Woes and Poverty,
 They'll still exalt thy Name.
- 22 Rise, Lord ! thine own great Cause maintain !
 Think how the scoffing Crew,
 How Fools each Day, with deep Disdain,
 Thy glorious Name pursue.
- 23 Oh, ne'er forget th' insulting Voice
 Of thy triumphant Foes !
 Who Thee, with fierce advancing Noise,
 And growing Spite, oppose.

*To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
 One God, in Persons Three,
 Be Glory paid, and Homage done,
 Through all Eternity.*

P S A L. lxxv.

- 1 **T**O Thee, great God, to Thee,
 We offer Thanks and Praise ;
 Thy Goodness we so near us see,
 In all thy wond'rous Ways.
- 2 When I, at thy Command,
 The Royal Crown shall wear,
 Through all the Land my righteous Hand
 With Justice shall appear.
- 3 See what Convulsions shake
 The Tribes, and all the Lands !
 And when they shake, I only make
 Its Pillars firmly stand.
- 4 I said to Fools, of old,
 O cast your Follies by !
 I Sinners told, O be n't so bold,
 Nor set your Horns on high !

- 5 Ne'er set your Horns so high,
 With such a lofty State ;
 Nor stubbornly your God defy ;
 Nor so perversely prate :
 6 For Pow'r and great Renown,
 Not Chance, but God bestows :
 7 He gives the Crown, and he casts down
 Who Justice only knows.
- 8 Ne'er strive, with God to fight ;
 He holds the deadly Bow ! !
 The dreadful Sight may well affright
 The wretched guilty Soul.
 What horrid Drugs compound
 The Crimson baleful Draught !
 The Nations round, as guilty found,
 To th' very Dregs are brought.
- 9 But still I'll praise the Lord ;
 To *Jacob's* God I'll sing :
 And my sharp Sword, o'er those abhorr'd
 For wicked Actions, bring.
 10 I'll make their Stiffness bend,
 While all the Just around,
 Through God, their Friend, shall high ascend,
 With Mirth and Glory crown'd.

Psal. lxxvj. as the 148th. or as Mr. Sandys's 47th.

- 1 **G**OD's Name in *Judah's* known,
 It's great in *Israel* :
 2 His House in *Salem's* shown ;
 His Smiles on *Sion* dwell ;
 3 For there his Stroke,
 Swords, Bows and Shields,
 For Martial Fields,
 And Arrows broke.

4 Thy glorious Name's more bright
 Than theirs, whose num'rous Bands
 In Violence delight,
 And spoil their Neighbours Lands;
 Who proudly boast,
 No Force can stay
 Their conqu'ring Way,
 Or guard our Coast.

5 But Desolation now
 Their daring Hearts attends;
 And on each drowsie Brow
 An heavy Sleep descends.
 The Men of Might
 Grope, but in vain,
 Their Swords to gain,
 In that dark Night.

6 At thy Rebuke they fall;
 And Horse and Charriot lie,
 Profoundly bury'd all,
 In one deep Lethargy.
 7 Thou, on'y Thou,
 Deserv'st our Fear:
 For, who can bear
 Thy angry Brow?

8 When we thy Judgments heard,
 With Terrours from the Sky,
 The World, to what it fear'd,
 Submitted s'iently.

9 Then God arose,
 To save and seek
 The patient Meek,
 And crush their Foes.

10 Man's hottest Wrath thy Name,
 Great God of Hosts, shall praise :
 And though the raging Flame,
 With spreading Fury, blaze ;
 Yet suddenly
 Their Rage, restrain'd
 By thy just Hand,
 Shall sink, and die.

11 Ye who the Lord adore,
 Your Vows before him lay ;
 And what was vow'd before,
 With grateful Gladness pay.
 To that great King,
 Whose angry Brow
 Aws all be'ow,
 Your Off'ring bring.

12 For his victorious Arm,
 With unresisted Force,
 Fierce Monarchs shall disarm,
 And stop their head-strong Course.
 His Awful Frown
 Strange Terrour brings
 On Earthly Kings,
 And casts them down.

*Another Metre, applied to our own Cases in
 this Nation.*

GOD's Name i'th' *British* Isles is known,
 And is in *England* great :
 Blest'd *England* is his happy Throne,
 His highly favour'd Seat.
 Here, with his pow'rful Arm, He broke
 The Bow, the Sword, the Shield :
 His Word alone, without a Stroke,
 Secur'd the Martial-Field.

- 4 Though mighty Tyrants mighty Fame
With Scandal mix'd, may gain,
Yet, Lord, thy more illustrious Name
No base Reproach can stain.
5 But sudden Desolations now
Those daring Hearts pursue ;
And Sleep on ev'ry drowsie Brow
Distils its weighty Dew.

In vain, alas ! the Man of Might
Dreams o'er his former Broi's :
In vain i' th' Dark he strives to fight,
And for a Conquest toils.

- 6 At thy Rebuke, great God, they fall ;
And Horse and Chariots lie
Confounded quite, and bury'd All
In one deep Lethargy.

- 7 Thou, only Thou, art justly fear'd :
Thy Fury, who can stand ?

- 8 VVhen we thy Heav'nly Judgment heard,
It hush'd the trembling Land.

- 9 VVhen God, the patient Meek to save,
VVith Rising Judgment reign'd,

- 10 To Him Man's Rage new Glories gave,
And He their VVrath restrain'd.

- 11 O ye, who *Britain's* Lord adore,
Your Vows before him lay !

And what your just Engagements bore,
VVith grateful Gladness pay.

- 12 Your Off'rings make to Him, whose Frown
Resistless Terrour brings ;
Bold Princes daunts, and batters down
The proudest Earthly Kings.

P S A L. lxxvij.

TO God I cry'd, I strongly cry'd ;
 And He receiv'd my Pray'r.
 The Lord, when by Afflictions try'd,
 I sought with earnest Care.
 All Night my wretched Soul was pain'd,
 With mighty Woes oppress'd ;
 And Sorrows, unresisted, reign'd
 In my afflicted Breast.

On God I fix'd my thoughtful Mind,
 But was perplex'd the more :
 My Soul, to sad Complaints resign'd,
 Its Burthen hardly bore.
 Thy Terrours hold my wakeful Eyes,
 And banish needful Sleeps.
 My wretched Soul Grief's strange Surprise
 In heavy silence keeps.

I all my former Years survey'd,
 Those happy Days of old :
 Those Songs, in better Seasons made,
 Which God's great Name extoll'd.
 Distractions still, by Nights, by Days,
 Confus'd my weary'd Mind :
 I mus'd, and sought the secret Ways
 Of Providence to find.

But still unsatisfy'd, I cry'd,
 " Is God for ever gone ?
 8 Will God his Presence always hide,
 " His former Loves disown ?
 9 What ! Are his Days of Mercy past ?
 " His sacred Promise void ?
 " His Smiles with angry Clouds o'er-cast ?
 " His Goodness all destroy'd ?

- 10 At last, I said, " My Follies all,
" These faithless Thoughts create,
" But God can yet my Hopes recall,
" And change my mournful State.

Part 2.

- 11 I'll now thy ancient Actions, Lord,
Thy Miracles of old.
12 And all thy wondrous Works record,
Thy wise Designs unfold.
13 Thy Ways, tho' dark to Humane Eyes,
Are holy, Lord, and pure.
What God with Thee in Greatness vyes,
Or can thy Frowns endure.
14 Thy Works so many Wonders are,
Thy Might the Nations know.
15 Thy Arms blest Freedoms welcome Air,
On Jacob's Race bestow.
16 The Waters, Lord, the Waters saw
Thy Face, and parting fled.
The Deeps with one prodigious flaw
Display'd their sandy Bed.
17 The Land unceasing Rains o're-flow'd,
At thy commanding Voice,
The pointed Lightnings went abroad,
With Thunders roaring noise.
18 Thy ratling Thunders roar'd around,
And streaks of dismal Light
Shot thro' the Air; the trembling ground
Quak'd with the dreadful fright.
19 Thy Road was thro' the Seas; thy way
Thro' mighty Waters made,
Thy secret Paths could none survey,
Or where thy steps were laid.

o Moses and Aaron thro' the Deep,
And trackles Deserts lead
Thy Tribes, and them, like tender sheep,
Securely kept and fed.

P S A L. lxxviii.

MY People mark my Precepts well,
Your Ears to my Discourses bow,
My mouth shall weighty Matters tell,
And Truths obscure and ancient show.

Which we their happy Sons have known,
From what our hoary Fathers told.
That we with Praise to all our own,
Might God's miraculous Acts unfold.

God gave his Laws to Jacob's race,
And bade our Fathers teach their Seed,
That each descending Age might trace
His Will, and his Injunctions heed.

That so his sacred Worship might,
Unmix'd from Age to Age descend.
All trust in God, and with de'ight,
His Works declare, his Laws attend.

That they their Father's Guilt might fly,
Whose Hearts perversly false rebell'd,
Let God's prodigious Wonders dy,
And neither Faith nor Conscience held.

What broke arm'd Ephraim's Archers? what
So turn'd their coward Backs in fight?
God's Covenant they quite forgot,
And from his Laws began their flight.

- 11 They soon forgot his tender Care,
And all his mighty Wonders shown;
12 Which *Ægypt's* Ruines still declare,
And *Zaan's* fields have dearly known.

Part 2.

- 13 He led them thro' the parted Seas,
While all the crouding Waters gaz'd,
14 His Cloud by Day contriv'd their ease,
By Night bright Flames before them blaz'd.
15 He burst the desert Rocks, and thence
Sweet Waters as from Fountains drew,
16 Made Springs from stubborn Flints commence
Which soon to spacious Rivers grew.
17 Yet they, who saw it, trespass'd still
And in a Desert hungry Land,
18 Ask'd Meat aloud to eat their fill.
Yet question'd God's Almighty Hand.
19 To urge his Wrath, the faithless Crew,
Thus, with a taunting boldness, said,
"Can God his Wonders here renew?
"Full Tables in a Desert spread?
20 "He smote the stony Rocks indeed,
"And out the wholesom Waters broke:
"But can his Magick Rod proceed,
"Will Bread and Flesh attend the stroke?
21 With Anger God their murmurings heard,
And at them soon his Fury smok'd,
22 When *Israei's* seed so false appear'd,
And faithless Fools their God provok'd.

Part 3.

23 To try them more, He bade the Skies,
 From their unbounded Treasures rain,
 24 Streight heavenly Wheat before them lyes,
 And tastful Manna fills the Plain.

25 The Bread of Angels there they find ;
 To glut their hungry Appetite.
 26 Then God commands the Eastern Wind,
 And Southern fruitful Gales excites.

27 Less Dust in rapid Whirlwinds flies.
 28 Then Flesh within their Trenches rain'd,
 Less Sand around the Ocean lies,
 Then Fowls about their Tents remain'd.

29 They fed, and fill'd themselves, and He,
 On them their utmost wish bestow'd :
 30 But they no inward Guilt could see,
 Nor feel their Lusts confounding load.

31 Hence, e'er their Meat was down, their Pride
 God with a dismal blast surpriz'd,
 Their noblest Youth, and Princes dy'd,
 All to his Anger sacrific'd.

32 Yet unreclaim'd from sinful Ways,
 They'd still his wondrous VVorks oppose,
 33 And He consum'd their Years and Days,
 In fading Joys, and lasting VVoos.

34 If Death among their Armies flew,
 For God they'd seek, to God they'd fly,
 35 Then God was all their Strength they knew,
 Their great Redeemer, God most high.

- 36 Their God with fawning Tongues they prov'd
 VVith lying lips to Him they pray'd,
 37 But still their Hearts perversly mov'd,
 Their Hearts their faithless VVorks betray'd.
 38 Yet He forgave their Sins, and spar'd,
 Their Tribes, and laid his Anger by ;
 39 He knew they common Frailties shar'd,
 VVould quickly change, and quickly dy.

Part 4.

- 40 How oft in desert Lands they mov'd,
 And urg'd, and vex'd his Heav'nly mind !
 41 How oft, relaps'd, his Patience prov'd,
 And *Israel's* Holy God confin'd !
 42 They quite forgot that powerful Hand,
 VVhich them from slavish Bonds redeem'd,
 43 VVhen *Zoan's* Field, and *Ægypt's* Land,
 VVith dreadful Signs and VVonders teem'd.
 44 How He their pleasant VVaters chang'd,
 To nauseous Blood, and mystick Gore,
 45 Mix'd Swarms in all their Quarters rang'd,
 And Frogs their Royal Chambers bore.
 46 Their Fruit-trees blasting VVhirlwinds peel'd,
 And Locusts all their Toils enjoy'd,
 47 Their Vines, Figs, Cattel, and the Field,
 48 Hot storms of fiery Hail destroy'd.
 49 Since still the stubborn Land rebel'd,
 VVith fiercer flames his Fury glow'd ;
 And as his burning Fury swell'd,
 The Coals malignant Angels blow'd.

Thick thro' the solid Dark they flew,
 With horrid shrieks, and dismal Cries,
 And laid Hell's endless Pains in view,
 Before their Intellectual Eyes.

No Torch, no Star, no Middays Beams,
 No peaceful Thought, no comforts Light,
 But Ghosts with frightful Howls and Screams,
 Could pierce th' unfathomable Night.

No sleep could seal their labouring Eyes,
 But dreadful Dreams of following Woes,
 And roaring Storms, and rattling Skies,
 And trembling Earths convulsive throws.

Part 5.

80 While thus with weighty Gloom o're thrown,
 Lost *Egypt* lay; God's dreadful Hand,
 Heavy with ripening Vengeance grown,
 Does newer Wounds and Plagues command.

Now a thick pestilential Air,
 Is rais'd from late corrupted Gore,
 And sullen Stars malignant glare,
 And Locusts rotting round the shore.

From Fens and Bogs, and poisonous Lakes,
 And what rank venomous Weeds produce,
 From Scorpions, Basilisks and Snakes,
 And Toads and Hemlocks baleful Juice.

A'l these in One, with dead'y skill,
 Infernal Spirits temper sure;
 That every Atomes force may kill,
 And neither Art, nor Nature, cure.

Out streight commanded *Michael* flies,
 A thousand Spirits round him wait,
 And on his Spear the mixture tries,
 And loads it with resistless Fate.

- 51 No wretched Shed, nor homely Stall,
 Where Men repos'd, or Beasts were laid,
 But Death at once attack'd 'em all,
 And one continued Slaughter made.

The first-born Prince, the first-born Slave,
 Of Flocks and Herds the Firstlings dy'd,
 Each Floor assign'd its Heir a Grave,
 Each Roof entomb'd its Owner's pride.

With dying Shrieks, and Groans, and Cries,
 The frighted Hills and Walls resound,
 All *Agypt* now in mourning lies,
 In Sorrows boundless Ocean drown'd.

Part 6.

- 52 But while Heaven's warlike Prince at large,
 Thus ravag'd all the sinful Land,
 God of his *Israel* took the Charge,
 And led them with a gentler Hand.

- 53 He was their Shepherd, He their Guide,
 His Flock, his own Peculiars they,
 His Care their growing Wants supply'd,
 And led them safely all the Day.

- Those Foes, who, with a furious Will
 Pursu'd, beneath the Seas He drown'd;
 54 And brought them to his Holy Hill,
 With his protecting Presence crown'd.

55 He all the Nations round expel'd,
And gave their Lands to *Jacob's* Race;
Who, then their Towns securely held,
And in their Cities took their place.

56 Yet still they tempted God, and still
To Anger mov'd their mighty Lord,
Nor would their holy Vows fulfil,
But his Commands, and Laws, abhorr'd.

57 They sinn'd, as all their Fathers us'd,
And like an ill-set Bow they broke.

58 Their Lord with graven Gods abus'd,
Which might his jealous Rage provoke.

Each lofty Hill, each shady Grove,
They with their gaudy Idols fill'd,
Against their Maker boldly strove,
And there their Sacrifices kil'd.

59 God heard of all; his Anger flam'd,
And off th' ingrateful Nation threw.

60 And *Shilo's* Holy Place disclaim'd,
That Ark which once his Glories knew.

Part 7.

61 Now God, their Strength, and all their Pride,
Resign'd to their insulting Foes.

62 Who with their Blood their Javelins dy'd,
And fill'd his Heritage with Woes.

63 Hot feverish flames their Youth consum'd,
Their mateless Virgins, Virgins dy'd.

64 Altars their mangled Priests entomb'd,
Their own sad Widow's Tears deny'd.

65 Thus Justice rang'd the Field ; at last,
 On Golden Wings bright Mercy rose ;
 And God, his hotter Fury past,
 Made Love her ancient Smiles disclose.

Like some fierce Giant, rous'd from Sleep,
 Or high with sprightly Wines inflam'd ;
 66 God struck his Foes, their Wounds were deep,
 And their Eternal Shame proclaim'd.

67 Yet, for their Sins, He *Joseph's* Fields,
 And *Ephraim's* Tribe, though fruitful, scorns
 68 His Rest more happy *Judah* yields ;
 His House lov'd *Sion's* Mount adorns.

69 There high his lofty Turrets rise,
 And all the Town beneath command :
 And deep the vast Foundation lies ;
 As Rocks, the solid Buildings stand.

70 Then from his Sheep, and meaner Cares,
 71 Our God, his Servant *David* takes ;
 And him his *Israel's* King declares,
 His holy Nation's Pastor makes.

72 That nobler Flock, with faithful Art,
 He watches, feeds, and safely folds ;
 And with an upright, prudent Heart,
 Our happy Church and State upholds.

P S A L. lxxix. *As the 130th.*

1 **L**ord, the Heathen-Troops have spoil'd
 Thy blest'd Inheritance ;
 And thy holy House defil'd,
 And still their Arms advance.

- 1 *Salem's* Walls on Heaps are laid :
 2 Thy murther'd Servants lie,
 Preys to Wolves and Vultures made,
 Beneath the open Sky.
- 3 See a spacious Crimson Flood,
 By dying Martyrs shed :
Salem's Streets, with flowing Blood,
 And mangled Corpſes ſpread.
- 4 *Jacob's* Tribes, alas ! are grown
 Their neareſt Neighbour's Scorn ;
 Out to vile Deriſion thrown,
 By cruel Scoffs o'er born.
- 5 Ah ; how long, dear Lord ! how long
 Shall thy fierce Fury burn !
- 6 O, on all the Godleſs Throng
 Thy weighry Vengeance turn !
 Let the Gentile-Nations all,
 Who ne'er acknowledge Thee,
 Underneath thy Judgments fal',
 And juſt Severitie.
- 7 They, with cruel Teeth, devour
 Poor *Jacob's* wretched Race ;
 And Deſtruction's Tenſe pour
 On *Hebron's* Dwelling-place.
- 8 All our Sins, bleſſ'd God, forgive,
 And ſpeedy Mercy ſhow ;
 For by Thee alone we live,
 Though now reduc'd ſo low.

Part 2.

- 9 Lord, to our Aſſiſtance fly ;
 From Thee our Safety ſprings :
 Honour to thy Name, Moſt High,
 Such Saving Mercy brings.

- 10 Why, ô why should Heathens cry,
 "Now where's their mighty God?"
 Let them now the Lashes try
 Of thy revenging Rod!

Grant that, Lord, our longing Eyes
 Thy just Revenge may see!
 While the Blood of Martyrs cries
 So loud, great God, to Thee!

- 11 Let the Pris'ners Sighs ascend
 Before thy Majesty;
 And with mighty Power defend
 The Souls, condemn'd to die.

- 12 To our Neighbours, Lord, repay
 Their base, reproachful Spite;
 Such who in the Scorners Way,
 And Blasphemies, delight.

- 13 So shall we, thy Flock, thy Sheep,
 For ever praise thy Name;
 And, through endless Ages keep
 Thy everlasting Fame.

Or thus,

- 1 **D**ear Lord, the Heathen Bands have spoil'd
 Thy bless'd Inheritance;
 And have thy holy House desl'd,
 And still their Arms advance,
 Poor *Salem's* Walls in Heaps are laid:
 Thy murther'd Servants lie,
 As Preys to Wolves and Vultures made,
 Beneath the open Sky.

- 3 See, Lord, a spacious Crimson Flood,
 By dying Martyrs shed;
 And *Salem's* Streets, with flowing Blood,
 And mangled Corpses spread.

- 4 Sad *Jacob's* Tribes, alas! are grown
 Their barb'rous Neighbours Scorn;
 And to Derision vilely thrown,
 By cruel Scoffs o'er-born.
- 5 But, ah!-how long, dear Lord! how long
 Shall thy fierce Furies burn!
- 6 At last, on all the Godless Throng
 Thy weighty Vengeance turn!
 O let the Gentile Nations all,
 Who ne'er acknowledge Thee,
 Beneath thy heavy Judgments fall,
 And just Severity!
- 7 For they with cruel Teeth devour
 Poor *Jacob's* wretched Race;
 And total Desolation pour
 On *Israel's* Dwelling-place.
- 8 O all our Sins, blest'd Lord, forgive,
 And speedy Mercy show;
 For by thy Mercy, Lord, we live,
 Though now reduc'd so low.

Part 2.

- 9 Now, Lord, to our Assistance fly;
 From Thee our Safety springs:
 For G'ory to thy Name, Most High,
 Such saving Mercy brings.
- 10 And why, ô why, should Heathens cry.
 "Now where's their boasted God?"
 Let them too all the Scourges try
 Of thy revenging Rod!
- Permit, blest'd Lord, our longing Eyes
 Thy just Revenge to see!
 While yet the Blood of Martyrs cries
 So loud, great God, to Thee!

- 11 O let the Pri'sners Sighs ascend
Before thy Majesty !
And with Almighty Pow'r defend
The Souls condemn'd to die.
- 12 And to our Neighbours, Lord, repay
Their base reproachful Spite,
To such as in the Scorners Way,
And Blasphemies delight.
- 13 And so shall we, thy Flock, thy Sheep,
For ever praise thy Name;
And, through E'ternal Ages keep
Alive thy glorious Fame.

P S A L. lxxx.

- 1 **H**ear, gracious Shepherd ! Thou, whose Love,
Like Flocks, thy *Israel* guides !
Shine forth, ô Thou, whose Strength above
The Cherubs Wings resides !
- 2 Before our drooping Nation, rouse,
Great God, thy wondrous Might ;
And with thy saving Strength espouse
Thy ancient People's Right !
- 3 Change, Lord, ô change our mournful State,
And let thy Beams Divine,
Our Health and Safety to create,
With doubled Lustre shine.
- 4 How long, great God of Hosts, shall we
Thy Fury's Heat sustain ?
How long thy People, Lord, to Thee
Address their Pray'rs in vain ?
- 5 Tears are our Meat, our Drink is Tears ;
6 When they our Spoils divide,
Our Neighbours quarrel ; and our Fears
Malicious Foes deride.

- 7 Change, Lord, ô change our mournful State;
 And let thy Beams Divine,
 Our Health and Safety to create,
 With doubled Lustre shine!

Part 2.

- 8 Of old, from *Egypt's* fruitful Soil,
 Thy Hands a Vine remov'd;
 And made the *Ganaanites* recoil;
 And here the Plant improv'd.
 9 Large was its Room, and large its Root,
 Through all the Country spread:
 And with the weighty Purple Fruit,
 It bow'd its noble Head.
 10 Its Shade the Mountains cover'd o'er;
 Its Arms, like Cedars stood;
 11 Down to the Seas its Branches bore,
 And reach'd *Euphrates* Flood.
 12 Oh, why are all her Fences gone?
 Her Fruits by all destroy'd?
 13 Her Roots by Forest-Boars o'erthrown,
 And savage Beasts annoy'd?
 14 Turn, Lord of Hosts! ô turn at last!
 And, from thy lofty Skies,
 On thy poor Vineyard, void, and waste,
 O cast thy gentler Eyes!
 15 The Vineyard which thy mighty Hand
 In *Canaan* planted first;
 And made its Branches strongly stand,
 By Peace and Favour nurs'd.
 16 But now the Boughs are scorch'd, the Trunk
 By cruel Hands cut down:
 Thy People's Hopes and Vigour sunk
 Beneath thy angry Frown.

- 17 Smile, Lord! ô turn thy gracious Eyes;
 On him that's rais'd by Thee,
 With Strength to ease our Miseries,
 And set the Bond-men free!
- 18 So we'll no more from Thee decline;
 Nor thy Commands transgress:
 Our Hopes, our Lives, shall all be thine;
 Thy Name we'll daily bless.
- 19 Change, Lord, ô change our mournful State,
 And let thy Beams Divine,
 Our Health and Safety to create,
 With doubled Lustre shine.

Psal. lxxxj. As the 100th. or Mr. Sandys's 8th.

- 1 **T**O God, our Strength, your Voices raise!
 Aloud the God of *Jacob* praise!
- 2 A Psalm to th' merry Timbrel suit,
 The pleasant Harp, or charming Lute.
- 3 The Moon her Infant-Horns displays:
 Let's feast on these appointed Days;
 And with the shriller Trumpet's Voice,
 In God, our Strength, our King, rejoice.
- 4 For this, by his supream Commands,
 A Statute firm in *Jacob* stands;
 A Monument of Love, since He
 From *Egypt*'s Bondage set them free.

There we, when God, our Help, appear'd,
 An unknown, awful Language heard.

- 6 "Through Me, *said God*, thy Burthen ceas'd;
 "And I thy Hands from Pots releas'd.
- 7 "Thou pray'dst in suff'ring Times to me;
 "And I, in Mercy, answer'd thee

"From

" From the dark Closets of the Sky,
 " Where Thunder's secret Treasures lie.

" At *Meribah* thy native Pride

" I with prodigious Waters try'd.

8 " Hear then, my People ; hear the Law,

" Which I, for thy Direction, draw.

Part 2.

9 " With thee no Foreign God shall be :

" To such thou ne'er shalt bend the Knee ;

" To such no guilty Worship pay,

" Nor Off'rings on their Altars lay.

10 " For I'm the Lord, thy God ; my Hand

" First led thee out from *Egypt's* Land.

" Let me thy largest Wishes know,

" My Gifts shall still as largely flow.

11 " But they, my People, disobey'd ;

" And *Israel* no Submissions paid :

" Their Hearts no kindest A&ts could gain ;

" No Love, their wandring Steps restrain.

12 " I then the wilful Fools resign'd,

" To Ways to which their Hearts inclin'd,

" Such Ways as they'd themselves invent ;

" At once their Crime, and Punishment.

13 " Oh, had my People wisely weigh'd

" My Laws, and my Commands obey'd,

14 " My Hand had quickly humbl'd those

" Who durst their thriving State oppose.

15 " Those Men who durst affront their Lord,

" Had been, as Lyars, all abhorr'd ;

" Consum'd, destroy'd, and bury'd quite

" In dark Oblivion's gloomy Night.

But

- “ But *Israel*, of my Love possess’d,
 “ Had been to endless Ages bless’d.
 16 “ Their Bellies purest Wheats had fill’d;
 “ And Honey from the Rocks distill’d.

*To Father, Spirit, Son, bless’d Three,
 One only God, one Trinity,
 As is, as was e’er Time begun,
 Be Praise, and endless Homage done. Amen.*

Another Metre: Proper Tune.

- 1 **A** Loud to God, our Strength, aloud,
 With chearful Voices sing!
 To *Jacob*’s God, through all the Croud,
 Let hearty Praises ring!
- 2 A Psalm to merry Notes compose,
 And let the Timbrels sound!
 While pleasant Harps their Sweets disclose;
 And Lutes maintain the Round!
- 3 See where the Moon her Horns displays,
 With Infant-Beauty dress’d!
 Your solemn Joys with Trumpets raise,
 At that appointed Feast.
- 4 For this your God ordain’d of old
 To *Israel*’s faithfol Race:
 And we must still the Laws, enroll’d
 By *Jacob*’s God, embrace.
- 5 This was to them, from Bondage clear’d,
 His Pledge of endless Love,
 When they an unknown Language heard
 From rending Clouds above.
- 6 “ Thy Shoulders I, *said God*, releas’d,
 “ And made from Labours free:
 “ Through me thy weary’d Fingers ceas’d
 “ From Bricks and Slavery. “ To

- 7 " To Me thou pray'dst, and I appear'd,
 " And ready Aids apply'd :
 " And thee, through gloomy Thunders heard,
 " At *Masrah's* Waters try'd.
- 8 " Hear me, my dearest People ! hear !
 " To thee I'll testify :
 " If *Israel's* Race my Words can bear,
 " And with my Laws comply.
- " Thy Seed no other God shall own ;
 " No Sacrifice allow
 " To Gods by other Nations known,
 " Nor to their Idols bow.
- 10 *I only live* ; thy Lord, thy God,
 " Who thee from *Egypt* freed :
 " And I'll my largest Stores afford ;
 " To serve thy utmost Need.
- 11 " But they, my People, careless, all
 " My just Commands refus'd :
 " My *Israel* from their Vows could fall,
 " And all my Loves abus'd.
- 12 " So I their Sight with Slight repay'd,
 " And let the Fools pursue
 " Their foolish Ways ; and as they stray'd,
 " Return'd their Wages due.
- 13 " Oh, had my People's Thoughtless Seed
 " my kind Advice obey'd ;
 " Nor, by their own false Hearts mis-led,
 " From Ways of Wisdom stray'd !
- 14 " I then had quickly crush'd their Foes,
 " And turn'd my dreadful Hand
 " Against the wretched Heads of those
 " Who durst against them stand !
- 15 " God's Haters soon had sunk, betray'd
 " By Lyes themselves had fram'd :

- “ But Mine had been a Nation made,
 “ Through endless Ages fam’d.
 16 “ I had their hungry Souls supply’d,
 “ With Wheat’s pure Fatness fill’d;
 “ And them with Honey satisfy’d,
 “ From flowing Rocks distill’d.

P S A L. lxxxij.

- 1 **G**OD sits the Judge, where mighty Kings
 Their secret Counsels hold :
 2 How dare ye then unrighteous Things,
 And wicked Laws uphold ?
 3 The Weak, the Orphans Cause decide ;
 Th’ afflicted Soul relieve :
 4 The Poor, by long Oppressions try’d,
 From wicked Hands retrieve.
 5 To Fools, alas ! I vainly speak,
 Who on in Darkness reel ;
 Through whom Earth’s strong Foundations break
 And strange Convulsions feel.
 6 I’ve said, “ You all are Gods, and all
 “ The Sons of God, most High ;
 7 “ But must like meaner Princes fall,
 “ Like common Mortals die.
 8 Arise ! thy Justice, Lord, declare !
 And o’er the World advance !
 For all the scatter’d Nations are
 Thy just Inheritance.

P S A L. lxxxiiij.

- 1 **L**ord, unconcern’d no longer prove,
 Nor wrap’d in Silence lie :
 2 Our Foes, who hate Thee, fiercely move,
 And bear their Heads on high

- 3 Against thy People all combin'd.
 Their secret Counsels take ;
 And those who thy Protection find,
 Their hated Objects make.
- 4 " Come on ! *they cry* ; let *Israel* bear
 " No more a Nation's Name !
 " Let's from Time's largest Records tear
 " Their long-detested Claim !
- 5 In Mischief thus their Hearts agree,
 And horrid Plots design ;
 Leagu'd in a strong Conspiracy,
 Against thy self, and thine.
- 6 See, Lord, What Tents o'er-spread the Field,
 Where *Edom* takes his Place ;
 What Bands fierce *Moab's* Countries yield,
 And *Agar's* slavish Race !
- 7 *Gebal* and *Annon's* Companies
 Curs'd *Amalek* commands ;
 And *Palestine's* Battalion lies,
 With *Tyre's* assisting Bands.
- 8 With these, proud *Assur's* Forces join,
 And *Amor's* Side embrace ;
 And Desolations all design
 On *Abraham's* faithful Race.

Part 2.

- 9 Bless'd Lord, for us at last appear ;
 And let thy daring Foes
 The Lot of ruin'd *Midian* bear,
 Who durst the Saints oppose ;
 As *Sisera's* and *Jabin's* Hosts,
 Near *Kishon's* Torrents dy'd,
 In *Endor* slain ; and all the Coasts
 With Blood, for Dung, supply'd.

- 11 Let all their valiant Captains slain,
 With Zeb and Oreb, dwell
 Where Zeba's and Zalmunna's Train,
 With all their Princes, fell.
- 12 For thus the boasting Wrethes said,
 "Come, let's at once go seize
 "The Tents their God inhabited,
 "His sacred Palaces !
- 13 Lord, hurl them off, as Chaff before
 The rapid Whirlwind flies :
- 14 As Flames through ancient Forests roar,
 Or Mountain-Shrubs surprize ;
- 15 So them with fiercest Storms pursue,
 With Tempests terrifie !
- 16 Till they with Shame their Errours view,
 And to thy Service fly !
- 17 Else let them all confounded lie,
 Crush'd with Eternal Shame ;
 And know God only rules on high,
 By Great *Jehovah's* Name.

P S A L. lxxxiv.

- 1 **A**H, how my Soul thy Dwe'lling-place,
 Great Lord of Hosts admires !
 Ah, how thy Courts, thy glorious Face,
 My longing Soul desires !
- 2 In Thee, the God of Life, alone,
 My Fleſh, my Heart rejoice
 To ſee thy ſacred Earthly Throne,
 And hear thy Heav'nly Voice.
- 3 Around each Houſe the Sparrows find,
 The Swallows build their Neſts ;
 Where, with their yet unfeather'd Kind,
 The Dam in Safety reſts.

But,

But, ah, thine Altars! wretched I
 Near them: no more can sing,
 While, banish'd from thy House, I fly,
 Dear Lord, my God, my King!

Ah, happy Souls! who in thy House
 Can live, and praise thy Name!
 Whose Arms thy Heav'nly Strength endows;
 Whose Hearts thy Ways can frame!
 Though through the Vail of Tears they go,
 Their Eyes with Sorrows drown'd;
 Yet Blessings on their Teachers flow,
 With Fruit their Pains are crown'd.
 From Strength to Strength, from Grace to Grace,
 Th' improving Learners go;
 Till them the God of Gods embrace,
 And Rest on them bestow.

Part 2.

8 My Pray'r, great God of Hosts, receive,
 And kind Assistance bring:
 9 Consider, O our Shield; relieve
 Thy once anointed King!
 10 For in thy Courts, one Day appears
 More bless'd, more sweet to me,
 Than could a Thousand Thousand Years,
 At any Distance, be.
 I'd rather keep thy Temple's Door,
 And find thy Presence there;
 Than in a Palace reign secure,
 Where Sins unchecked appear.
 11 For God, their Sun, their Shield, to those
 Will Grace and Glory give,
 Who with his Laws sincerely close,
 And on Obedience live.
 12 Happy

- 12 Happy, ô happy that good Man,
Great Lord of Hosts, must be,
Who, through all Worldly Changes, can
Unmov'dly trust in Thee !

*To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
One God, in Persons Three,
Be Glory paid, and Homage done,
Through all Eternity.*

P S A L. lxxxv.

- 1 **T**HY Favours, Lord, have kind at last
To *Israel's* Captives been ;
2 And all thy People's Follies past,
And cover'd all their Sin.
3 Thy gentler Thoughts, with tender Love,
Thy Jealous Furies eas'd :
And He who pleads for us above,
Has all thy Wrath appeas'd.
4 To us, ô God, our Saviour, now
From Anger kindly turn !
Some Limits to thy Wrath allow,
Which, else, would always burn.
5 On us, dear God, new Life bestow,
To us new Vigour give ;
6 That we our Joys in Thee may show,
And in thy Favour live.
7 To us thy Mercy, Lord, extend,
And thy Salvation show !
8 What God shall answer, I'll attend,
Who will his Peace bestow
On all his own : His Saints shall find
The Sweets of Heav'nly Peace,
When they, from Sin's foul Dross refin'd,
From careless Follies cease. 9 God

- 9 God's kind Salvation's always nigh
The Wise, who fear his Name;
That Glory o'er our Land may fly,
And raise our ancient Fame.
- 10 Kind Peace and Righteousness embrace,
And Truth and Mercy close:
- 11 Truth springs from Earth; from Heav'n, her Face
Impartial Justice shows.
- 12 All Good on us shall God bestow,
Our Land shall fruitful prove:
And Justice, with a wondrous Flow,
Before his Face shall move:
While we, who err'd so oft before,
Bless'd with so sure a Guide,
From God shall never wander more,
But in his Paths abide.

Another Metre: As the old 125th, proper Tune.

- B**less'd Lord, thy kinder Thoughts at last
Did Jacob's Captive-Tribes restore:
And, all the People's Follies past,
Their Sins with Mercies cover'd o'er;
Thy Jealous Furies eas'd,
And all thy Wrath appeas'd,
- To us, ô God, our Saviour, now,
From thy tempestuous Anger, turn! A
Shall thy fierce Wrath no Bounders know,
But through Eternal Ages burn?
Us, Lord, again revive,
And in thy joys we live!
- To us thy Mercy, Lord, extend!
To us thy bless'd Salvation show!
To God's kind Answer I'll attend;
For Peace he'll on his Saints bestow.

His

His Servants shall have Peace
When they from Follies cease.

- 9 To pious Men Salvation's near,
That Glory may possess the Land.
10 Mercy and Truth conjoin'd appear;
And Peace and Justice, Hand in Hand.
11 From Earth, Truth; from the Sky,
Fair Justice casts her Eye.
12 Our God on us shall Good bestow.
Our happy Land shall fruitful prove;
13 And Justice, with a wondrous Flow,
Before his glorious Presence move.
And we, with such a Guide,
Shall in his Paths abide.

P S A L. lxxxvj.

- 3 **L**ord, to my Pray'r thine Ears incline,
For I'm distress'd, and poor!
2 I'm wholly, Lord, and only thine:
Bless'd God, my Soul secure!
3 My God, thy faithful Servant save,
Who hopes thy Grace to see:
Mercy, thy Mercy, Lord, I crave;
And daily cry to Thee.
4 To Thee alone my Heart I raise:
O make my Soul rejoice!
6 Love, Pardon, Mercy are thy Ways;
Thou hearst my humble Voice.
6 Lord, hear my Pray'rs, receive my Cry,
7 In Woes address'd to Thee!
8 Thy Might, thy wondrous Works out-vye
The Gods of Vanity.

- 9 All Nations, whom thy Hands have made,
 Shall fall before thy Face ;
 And, with pure Worship, duly pay'd,
 Thy glorious Name embrace.
- 10 For Thou art God, thy Works are great ;
 Thy self art God alone !
- 11 To me, blest'd God, thy Ways repeat,
 And make thy Doctrines known !

- I'll walk in Truth ; then, Lord, unite
 My Heart to fear thy Name !
- 12 My Heart shall then thy Praise recite,
 And all thy Praise proclaim.
- 13 Thy Mercy's great to me ; from Hell
 Thou brought'st my sinking Soul ;
- 14 Though Tyrants at me proudly swell,
 And would my Life control.

- No Sence of Thee the Rebels show :
- 15 But Pity, Lord, welfee,
 Grace, Patience, Mercy, Truth, we know,
 In plenty dwells with Thee.
- 16 To me, dear God, with Mercy turn !
 Thy Strength on me bestow !
 To him who's of thy Hand-maid born,
 Thy kind Salvation show.

- 17 With me some Mark of Favour leave,
 And shame my spiteful Foes,
 When they thy Aid to me perceive,
 And all thy Love disclose.

P S A L. lxxxvij. as the 113th.

- 8 **W**hen God, in his All-searching Mind,
 To fix his Church on Earth design'd,
 Deep he her strong Foundations laid.

- 2 But *Sions* Mount, that sacred Place.
 (Tho' well He lov'd a'l *Jacob's* Race)
 He his peculiar Darling made.
- 3 How vastly wide, how wondrous high,
 Shall thy Immortal Glories fly.
 Blest City of th' Eternal King !
- 4 When *Egypt*, *Affar*, *Palestine*,
 And all th' *Arabia's* shall be thine,
 And Vows to thy Protector bring !
- Envy in Them no more shall reign,
 But Saints to fill thy blisful Train,
 Shall come from each converted Land.
- 5 In *Sion* yet those Sons of Peace,
 Shall more than other Lands encrease,
 And in her God securely stand.
- 6 When God shall all his Saints enrol,
 The *Gentiles* Tribes shall fill the Scroul,
 From Thee, blest God ! our Joy shall spring
- 7 And all the Sons of Harmony,
 Shall tune their chearful Strings to Thee,
 And thy Eternal Praises sing.

P S A L. lxxxviiij.

- 1 **B**lest God of my Salvation ! I
 Call Day and Night to Thee,
 2 O hear my Prayer, accept my Cry,
 And kindly answer me !
- 3 My Soul alas ! is fill'd with Woes,
 The Grave attends my Fate.
- 4 I'me left by Life and Sense, like those,
 Just in a dying state.
- 5 Among the slaughter'd dead I ly,
 Ith' Grave from Sorrows free,
 Where Men thrust out from Memory,
 Are cut from Earth by Thee.

- 6 Down in the Pits unfathom'd Night,
Thou throw'st my trembling Soul,
7 On me thy angry Judgments light,
And all thy Tempests roul.
8 Thou mak'st my Friends aloof remain,
And less than Strangers kind,
Nor can I Liberty obtain.
By Chains of Hate confind.
9 Whole Seas of Tears my mournful Eyes,
Thro' deep afflictions shed.
To thee I send my daily Cryes,
My Hands submissely spread.

Part 2.

- 10 What? Shall thy mighty Works be shown,
Where Death triumphant Reigns?
The Dead to make thy Wonders known,
Shake off their Icy Chains?
11 What? shall the Grave, the silent Tomb.
Advance thy Mercies Fame?
Or shall Destruction's utmost Doom,
Thy Faithfulness proclaim?
12 Or shall thy wordrous Works appear,
Where all thick Darkness hides?
Thy Righteousness be publish'd where
Forgetfulness presides?
13 To Thee, dear Lord, I cry, to Thee
My morning Prayers are made.
14 O why's my Soul cast off? to me
Thy Beams no more displaid?
15 From my first Youth afflicted I
With constant weakness prest,
Have born thy Terrors constantly,
In my Distracted Breast,

- 16 Like breaking Seas with mighty Force,
Thy Terrours bear me down.
- 17 And with a vast united Course,
My baffled Comforts drown.
- 18 Thou mak'st my Friends, who lov'd me too,
To mighty Distance fly,
And those I intimately knew,
In unknown Darkneſs ly.

PSAL. lxxxix. *Metre first; as the 113th.*

- 1 **I**'Le ever ſing thy Mercy Lord
Thy Truth from Age to Age record,
My Lips ſhall praiſe thy glorious Name,
- 2 Thy Mercies everlaſting are,
Thy Truths with Heaven it ſelf compare,
Thy Faithful Promise I'll proclaim.
- 3 "A Covenant long ſince I made,
"And to my Servant *David* ſaid,
"(My choſen King,) and firmly ſwore.
- 4 "Thy ſeed Eternally ſhall ſtand,
"Thy Royal Scepter'd Heirs command,
"Till Sea and Earth and Times no more.
- 5 The Heaven's, thy Wonders Lord ſhall praiſe,
Thy Holy Congregation raiſe,
Thy Faithful Works above the Skys.
- 6 For who above's compar'd with Thee?
What God-like Man thy Mate can be?
What Lord to equal Glories riſe?
- 7 Gods Preſence ſtrikes a reverend Fear,
Where his Aſſembling Saints appear.
And his attending Angels aw.
- 8 Great God of Hoſts whole ſtrength like Thine,
Whoſe Truth ſo breaks with Beams divine:
Receiv'd by every Worlds applauſe.

Part 2.

- 9 Thy Hands the mighty Ocean sway,
And make its angry Waves obey,
Thy Word its stormy Tempest quells.
- 10 By that th' *Egyptians* wounded dy'd,
Thy dreadful Arm the gathering Pride,
Of all thy fiercest Foes dispells.
- 11 Thy Hands Heaven's vaulted Arches made.
Thy Hands this Earth's Foundations laid,
And all the World with Plenty stor'd :
- 12 The North and South thy Creatures are,
Tabor and *Hermon* both declare,
Thy Name, and Thee, their mighty Lord.
- 13 Thy Arm All-mighty strength endues,
Thy Hand resistless vigor shews,
Thy glorious Hand's exalted high.
- 14 Justice and Judgment make thy Throne,
Thy truth, and ancient mercy known,
Thy Steps to all the World descry.
- 15 Thrice happy they, whose Souls are warm'd,
By holy Trumpets sounds alarm'd,
And live enlightned, Lord, by Thee !
- 16 They'll always in thy Name rejoice,
With solemn Musicks moving voice,
Thy Righteousness their strength shall be.
- 17 Such happy Men securely stand,
And with a settled strength Command,
But God is still their Strength and Pride,
Thy Goodness, and thy boundless Love,
Has rais'd our happy Strength above,
Since thou hast own'd our sinking side.
- 18 The Lord is our Defensive shield,
That Holy One can shelter yield,
Who's *Israel's* God, and *Israel's* King.

- 19 But, that thou might'st our Hearts uphold,
 A smiling Vision, rais'd of old,
 Did thus of thy Anointed sing.

Part 3. Metre 2. As the 100th.

- 20 " Help on a pow'rful Arm I've laid,
 " A Man above the Vulgar plac'd;
 " My King my Servant *David* made,
 " His Head with holy Unction grac'd.
- 21 " Him shall my strength'ning Hand secure,
 " My Arm his strong support shall be:
- 22 " No En'my shall his Hurt procure;
 " No Sinner, his Destruction see.
- 23 " I'll dash his Foes before his Face,
 " And batter those who hate him down:
- 24 " With him my Truth and Mercy place,
 " And in my Name exalt his Crown.
- 25 " No River's Bank, no Ocean's Wall,
 " Shall his unbounded Reign confine:
- 26 " He'll me his God, his Father call,
 " His Saving Health, his Rock Divine.
- 27 " And him, my First-born Son, I'll make
 " Above Earth's Kings, exalted high:
- 28 " With him my Mercy ne'er shall flake,
 " Nor my immortal Cov'nant die.
- 29 " His Seed shall ever last; his Throne
 " Out-shine, out-wear the Rolling Skies.
- 30 " But if his Sons my Laws disown,
 " Or e'er against my judgments rise;
- 31 " If they my stated Laws prophane,
 " My Precepts or Injunctions slight,

- 32 " With Rods their Follies I'll restrain ;
 " Their Sins, with Strokes deserv'd, require.
- 33 " Yet not my Mercies quite remove,
 " Nor break my faithful Word of old ;
- 34 " Expose my Covenanted Love,
 " Nor change what Prophets once foretold.
- 35 " Once by my Holiness I've sworn,
 " And can't my *David's* Hopes deceive ;
- 36 " His Seed, to Crowns and Scepters born,
 " No Time shall of their Rights bereave.
- 37 " The Sun, the Moon, which guild the Skies,
 " Those faithful Signs, to Mortals known,
 " May cease to set, and cease to rise ;
 " But nothing shock his glorious Throne.

Part 4. *Metre 3.*

- 38 Such was thy Promise, Lord, of old :
 But, at a distance, now
 Terrours thy dear Anointed hold
 From thy contracted Brow.
- 39 Thou'st thrown thy sacred Cov'nant by,
 Desil'd his trampled Crown ;
- 40 Let all his Walls in Ruins lie,
 And trod his Fences down.
- 41 Him, all who pass, may spoil ; and all
 His neighb'ring Foes despise :
- 42 On him their Troops, insulting, fall,
 And high their Forces rise.
- 43 No Wounds his Edgeless Sword bestows,
 He flies the Martial Field :
- 44 His Throne's cast down ; nor can his Brows
 Their former Lustre yield.

- 45 His youthful Bloom now fades with Woes,
 And he's o'erwhelm'd with Shame.
 46 How long shall we thy Favour lose,
 And feel thy Fury's Flame?
 47 Think, Lord, how vain is Man: How I
 Have but a While to live.
 48 What Man now breaths, but once must die?
 What Art can Lives retrieve?
 49 Where are thy Mercies, Lord, of old,
 By Oath to *David* due?
 50 Think how our Lives to Shame are so'd;
 What Scorns thy Friends pursue!
 51 Think how thy Foes black Scandals raise
 On thy Anointed King;
 52 While we, to thy immortal Praise,
Amens devoutly sing.

P S A L. xc.

- 1 **T**Hou, Lord, from Age to Age, hast been
 Our certain Resting-place,
 2 Before the lofty Hills were seen
 On Earth's extended Face:
 Before this Earth to Shape was grown,
 Before the World was fram'd,
 Thee, Lord, the mighty God alone,
 Eternity proclaim'd.
 3 When Man, fix'd in a glorious State,
 With thriving Beauty shines,
 His proudest Shows thy Frowns abate,
 And he to Dust declines.
 When grov'ling in the Dust he lies,
 Thy Smiles his Fortunes raise.
 "Weak Man, say'st Thou, return, and rise!
 Weak Man thy Word obeys.

A Thousand Years no longer last
 In thy unbounded Sight,
 Than Yesterday, so lately past,
 Or its succeeding Night.
 So Floods, with rapid Swiftneſs, ſlide ;
 So Dreams, in Slumbers, fly ;
 So Meadow-Greens, with chearful Pride,
 Salute the Morning-Sky.

They flourish with the Morning's Tears,
 And ſhoot their Branches high ;
 But e'er the ſhady Night appears,
 Are mow'n, and ſcorch'd, and die.
 When thy impetuous Anger burns,
 Our Lives are ſoon conſum'd ;
 And by thy Wrath's ſevere Returns,
 To deep Afflictions doom'd.

Thou view'ſt our wretched Actions o'er ;
 And thy All-ſearching Eyes
 Examine all that ſecret Score
 Which now in Darkneſs lies :
 Far off our flying Days are blown,
 Before thy Fury's Baſt :
 Our Years, like empty Tales, are gone
 Which ſcarce one Moment laſt.

Part 2.

o Through Seventy Years our common Lives
 May hold their conſtant Courſe ;
 And if to Eighty one arrives,
 By Nature's rarer Force,
 Yet his declining, batter'd Strength
 Meer Pains and Sorrow brings,
 And fails, and ſwiftly flies at length
 On Time's impatient Wings.

- 11 But, ô, what wretched Man can know
 Thy Anger's utmost Might !
 Which, as thy Fear, through all must go,
 With an unbounded Flight.
- 12 O teach us, Lord, to count our Days,
 And so our Hearts apply,
 That we, through Wisdom's peaceful Ways,
 May reach Eternity.
- 13 Turn, Lord, at last, and grant some Rest
 To all thy Servants Woes !
- 14 Our Hearts, with early Mercies bless'd,
 To holy Joys dispose !
- 15 O let us now thy Favours share,
 Thy gentler Smiles obtain ;
 Proportion'd to our long Despair,
 And Years of constant Pain !
- 16 Lord, to thy happy Servants now,
 And a' l thy faithful Race,
 Thy Works, thy wond'rous Glories show ;
 And send thy quick'ning Grace !
- 17 O let our Maker's Beauty here,
 On all our Labours rest,
 Till all our Handy-works appear
 By thy Protection bless'd !

P S A L. xcj.

- 1 **H**E's safe from Death, secur'd from Harms,
 Who to his Maker flies ;
 And on his kind, protecting Arms,
 For Help and Health relies.
- 2 " Thou, Lord, art all my Hope, my Trust !
 To God I'll freely say,
 " My strong Defence ; on Thee it's just
 " My Hope shou'd firmly stay.

- 3 Do Thou the same ! He'll rescue thee
From Death's surprizing Snare ;
And keep thee from th' Infection free
Of Pestilential Air.
- 4 He'll shade thee with his gracious Wings,
His Feathers o'er thee spread,
While his unfailing Promise brings
A Shield to guard thy Head.
- 5 What though strange Terrors fill the Night ?
Death's Shafts obscure the Day ?
He'll guild them both with wholsom Light,
To keep thy Fears away.
- 6 What tho' fierce Plagues, through horrid Gloom,
With wild Destruction reign ?
- 7 Though Thousands, nay, the gaping Tomb
Ten Thousand Morfels gain ?
- Though Death the Day and Night command,
And gasping Corpses lie,
Heaps upon Heaps, on either Hand,
And almost Mountain-high ?
- 8 Thine Eyes shall still securely see
How God's revenging Stroke
Distinguishes, where carelessly
Vile Men their God provoke.

Part 2.

- 9 Since now thy Heart, my God alone
Thy sacred Refuge made ;
And has it self, for Shelter, thrown
Beneath his saving Shade ;
- 10 No Mischief shall attempt thee there,
Nor Mischief-boding Chance ;
No cruel Plague, to give thee Fear,
Shall near thy Tents advance.

11 For if in those delightful Ways
 Where God and Nature lead,
 Thy Feet, through all thy mortal Days,
 With Care exactly tread.
 He'll give his Angel-Armies Charge
 About thy Paths to wait ;
 To lay their watchful Guards at large,
 And to secure thy State.

12 Their Hands shall waft thee gently o'er
 The Rocks of Sin below,
 Where strong Temptation's fatal Store
 And daily Scandals grow.

13 Let Hell's old Lion roar, enrag'd,
 With all th' Infernal Crew ;
 And Men, in Hell's vile Work engag'd,
 Their pois'nous Arts pursue.

His Feet shall quickly tread them down,
 Whose Heart my Loves inflame ;
 And Freedom shall with Honour crown
 The Man who knows my Name.

15 To Me shall he, in Dangers, cry :
 His Cries I'll kindly hear ;
 Be with him, and exalt him high,
 And rid his Life from Fear.

16 Long Life, with ever peaceful Days,
 I'll on my Friend bestow ;
 And to him, by a Thousand Ways,
 My kind Salvation show.

P S A L. cxij.

1 **H**OW bless'd are we, thy Praise to sing
 On all thy Holy Days,
 Great God, when all thy Churches ring
 With thy exalted Praise.

- 2 To shew thy Mercies e'er the Sun
Unfolds the Morning-Light ;
Thy Truth, e'er Clouds have first begun
To form the gloomy Night.
- 3 When, with the Harp and Lute, the Voice
Its chearful Notes can raise ;
And Organs can with Shalms rejoice,
To sound thy lofty Praise ;
- 4 Thy Works, thy wondrous Works inflame
My Soul's triumphant Joys.
- 3 To show thy deeper Counsels, Fame
Her shrillest Notes employs.
- 6 Poor Brutish Man can never know
This wondrous Happiness ;
Nor can the Blessing's Balmy Flow
The foolish Heart possess.
- 7 His Thoughts to meaner Subjects move ;
And watch the Sinner's Race,
How they like Summer-Plants improve,
Their Branches thrive apace :
- Yet think not how, when pleasant Blooms
Have spread the Wicked o'er,
They sink beneath their weighty Dooms,
And live on Earth no more.
- 8,9 Thy Foes, since, Lord, Thou reign'st above,
Thy wretched Foes, shall die :
And those who wicked Actions love,
Dispers'd, confounded, lie.

Part 2.

- 10 But, Lord, Thou'lt raise my humble Head,
With Strength exalt it high ;
On me fresh Oil of Gladness shed,
And fill my Heart with Joy.

- 11 My happy Eyes my Wish shall see
 On all my angry Foes :
 My Ears shall hear their Doom, who me
 With envious Spite oppose.
- 12 The Righteous, with a thriving Pride,
 Like Palms, their Heads shall raise :
 Their Seed, like Cedars, multiply'd,
 Which *Libanon* displays.
- 13 Those whom their Maker's skilful Hand
 His House has p'anted round,
 Shall in his Courts securely stand,
 With constant Verdure crown'd.
- 14 Their Sappy Trunks, in Hoary Age,
 Shall spring with lively Shoots ;
 Their thrifty Leaves long Life presage
 To their extended Roots ;
- 15 That they the Lord, my Rock, may show,
 His Righteous Works declare ;
 And make the wiser Nations know
 How just his Actions are.

P S A L. xciiij.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the great *Jehovah*, reigns,
 With Majesty and Glory crown'd ;
 The Lord Almighty Strength retains
 With that, like Garments girt around.
- His Hand the World's vast Frame secures ;
 He stays it with his Awful Nod.
- 2 Thy Throne from Days of old endures ;
 Thy Self an everlasting God !
- 3 The Floods, great God, the rolling Croud,
 At Thee, like mighty Waters, roar ;
 And dash, like breaking Waves, aloud,
 Which threaten all the neighb'ring Shoar.

- 4 And let tempestuous Passions raise
 Their Hearts, their swelling Furies high;
 Their utmost maddest Rage obeys
 That God who rules above the Sky.
- 5 Thy Promises, dear Lord, are true,
 And all thy Testimonies sure:
 Thy Flocks pure Holiness pursue,
 And ever, like thy Self, endure.

Another Metre: As the 111th, proper Tune.

- 1 **T**HE Lord a King remains,
 The great *Jehovah* reigns,
 With Awful Glories crown'd:
 As with a Robe of Light,
 The Lord with wondrous Might
 And Strength is girt around.

By his Divine Commands
 The World securely stands,
 From Alterations free.

- 2 Thy Throne was fix'd of old,
 Thy Deity extoll'd
 From all Eternity.

- 3 Great God, th' uncertain Croud
 Against thy Kingdom, loud,
 Like mighty Waters, roar;
 And with a surly Spite,
 As breaking Billows, fight,
 And shock the neighb'ring Shoar.

- 4 But let tempestuous Rage
 Their furious Hearts engage,
 And Heav'n it self defy:

His stern Command alone
Can beat their Madness down,
Who ever rules on high.

- 5 Thy Testimonies true
Thy Promises renew ;
Both faithful, both secure.
Thy Saints, with Holiness,
Shall tow'rds thine A'tars press,
And ever blest'd endure.

P S A L. xciv.

- 1 **G**reat God, to whom Revenge belongs ;
Great God of Vengeance, rise.
2 The Proud, thou mighty Judge of Wrongs,
With just Rewards surprize.
3 How long shall wicked Workers, Lord,
Uncheck'd, triumphant reign ?
4 Their impious Words, and Pride, abhorr'd,
With haughty Boasts maintain ?
5 Lord, shall they crush thy People still ?
Afflict thine Heritage ?
6 Their Widows and their Strangers kill ?
Nor spare their Orphans Age ?
7 Yet thus they do ; and thus they cry,
" Can God our Actions see ?
" We *Jacob's* unknown God defy :
" From his Observance free.
8 But think, ye stupid Fools, a while !
Think well, ye senseless Crew !
9 Can you his sacred Ears beguile,
Who Ears bestow'd on you ?
What, can't he see, whose Hands the Eyes,
Those Orbs of Wonders, made ?
10 He, whose Hand the World chastise,
From Your Correction stay'd ?

Can't

- Can't He who Sense on Man bestows,
 Their secret Thoughts descry?
 Men's Hearts, alas! He throughly knows,
 And knows their Vanity.
 Lord, happy's he, who, taught by Thee,
 Has all thy Laws obey'd!
 He, in ill Times, at Rest, shall see
 The Pit for Sinners made.

Part 2.

- 4 Our God his Servants can't desert,
 Nor his Inheritance:
 5 But Judgment will to Right convert,
 And upright Souls advance.
 6 Who'll me from wicked Workers save,
 Or my Assistant be?
 7 God only help'd me, or the Grave
 Had quickly silenc'd me.
 8 My Foot, ô Lord, which seem'd to slide,
 Thy Mercy's He'p ensur'd:
 9 In Cares and Fears thy Comforts try'd,
 My Soul's Delight procur'd.
 10 Wilt thou support the Tyrant-Crew,
 Who settle Sin by Law?
 11 Whose Armies righteous Souls pursue;
 And Blood of Martyrs draw.
 12 Though such their cruel Practice be,
 My God will raise my State:
 My solid Rock, my Refuge He;
 Whose Loves my Faith create.
 13 Our God observes their Wickedness;
 Their Malice He'll repay:
 With sudden Strokes their Pride repress,
 And cut their Hopes away.

P S A L. xcv.

- 1 **O** Come your chearful Voices raise,
 To our Eternal King!
 The Lord, our strong Salvation praise,
 His Goodness loudly sing!
- 2 With Thanks approach his awful sight,
 And pleasant Anthems sing.
- 3 The Lord's, a God of boundless Might,
 O're all the Gods, a King.
- 4 Earth's secret Deeps, and Mountains high,
 His powerful Hand commands.
- 5 The Seas were made by Him, and dry,
 He laid the rising Lands.
- 6 O come let us our Lord adore,
 And at his Foot-stool low,
 Our humbly bending Knees before,
 Our great Creator show!
- 7 For he's our God; his People we,
 And in his Pastures feed,
 Those wandring sheep which kindly He,
 From Death and Darkness freed.
 To day, ô hear his Voice, to day!
- 8 For thus th' Almighty spoke.
 No more your own false Thoughts obey,
 My Wrath no more provoke!
- " No more with hardned Hearts refuse,
 " My necessary Grace;
 " Nor, as in former times, abuse
 " My Word, or Holy Place!
- 9 " Such Arts your Fathers us'd of old,
 " Who all my Wonders saw,
 " And many Years perversly bold,
 " Despis'd my righteous Law.

10 " At last thus, by my self, I swore,
 " With just Displeasure mov'd,
 " This wretched Nation sin the more,
 " The more by Goodness prov'd.
 " They neither know my self, nor know
 " Those Rules to them address,
 " Nor will I e're their Souls bestow,
 " In my Eternal Rest.

Another Metre: As Mr. Sandys's 15th.

- 1 **C**ome, ô come, and let us sing,
 To our Lord, and to our King !
 Let us make a joyful Noise,
 To that God whose Love employs,
 All his saving Health, and Grace,
 To protect his faithful Race.
- 2 Let us all, with Thanks, and Praise,
 Come before his Glorious Face,
 And our Psalms, and cheerful Airs,
 Join with Vows and humble Prayers!
- 3 For the, Lord, our God, is great,
 Lofty his Eternal Seat.
 Every God to Him submits,
 He a King above them sits.
- 4 All the Earths Foundations deep,
 Solid Rocks and Mountains steep,
 All their strength's by Him possess'd,
 And by his Protection blest.
- 5 Him, the rolling Seas regard,
 By *his* mighty Hands prepar'd,
 Earth to Him, submissly bows,
 And his forming Power avows.
- 6 Come, ô come, let's all adore,
 And his Footstool kneel before!
 Let us kneel, and prostrate all,
 To our Lord, and Maker, fall!

- 7 Hee's our God, our Lord, alone,
 We are all his People known;
 Us His Hands securely keep,
 Hee's the Shepherd, we the Sheep,
 Hear, ô hear, his voice to Day,
 And that sacred Voice obey!
- 8 Humble let your Hearts appear.
 Let no Hardness center there,
 As of o'd your Father's pride,
 All my kindest Cares defy'd,
 When their wandring Armies past,
 Tho' the Deserts sandy waste.
- 9 Oft they tempted, oft they try'd me,
 Often to Believe deny'd me.
 Tho' my Wonders all they saw,
 Knew my Power, and heard my Law.
- 10 All their Follies large Arrears,
 Forty tedious rolling Years,
 I with wondrous patience bore,
 But at last in Fury swore.
- " 11 These a wretched People are,
 " All involv'd in Error's snare.
 " Soon they have my Laws forgot,
 " Seen my Works, but know them not;
 " By my Self, my Self alone,
 " (That's the greatest Oath that's known)
 " These shall never, never blest,
 " Enter my Eternal Rest.

P S A L. xcvj.

- 1 **N**EW Songs to great Jehovah sing!
 Sing all the Earths around!
 Your Blessings to his Altars bring,
 His saving Health resound!
- 2 Each Day your active Tongues employ,
 To spread his glorious Name!
- 3 Thro' all the Nations round with Joy,
 His wondrous Acts proclaim!
- 4 Our

Our Lord is great, and greatly prais'd,
More to be feard then those.

6 Who by Vain Men to Godhead rais'd,
On Vainer Fools impose.

Our God stretch'd out the lofty Syes ;
How glorious Majesty,

How strength with lovely Beauty vyes,
We in his Temple see.

O give to God, ye Nations all,
Give strength and Glorys due!

On his great Name with Honour call ;
To him with Offerings sue !

Before his Seat of Holiness,
Let all devoutly bow,

And Fear before his Face express ;
And to his service vow !

Among the Nations round proclaim,
The great Jehovah reigns!

Through Him the World's establish'd frame,
Unmov'd and Firm remains.

Hee'l Judge the People righteously ;
Then let the Skys rejoice ;

Let Earth be glad, the Ocean high,
Exalt its roaring Voice!

2 Let all the Flocks, and Fields their Joys,
Express in various ways ;

And Forrests with a murmuring Noise,
Their great Creator praise!

3 He flies to judge the Earth! He flies
To make the World confels,

All Justice in His Bosom lies,
And Truth and Righteousness.

P S A L. xcviij. *As the 100th.*

1 **T**HE Lord, the Great *Messiah*, reigns;
 No more to *Jewish* Bounds confin'd.
 Since all the World the Blessing gains,
 Let all express a grateful Mind!

O let that spacious Continent
 Which *Adam's* num'rous Heirs possess,
 And all the Isles, with sweet Consent,
 Their Saviour's wond'rous Love confess!

2 Thick Clouds and gloomy Darkness hide
 The God from Faithless, curious Eyes.
 On Judgment too, by Justice try'd,
 His Throne's Eternal Pillars rise.

3 Bright Flames before his Presence fly,
 And melt the Hearts of angry Foes.

4 His Beams the World with Light supply;
 And trembling Earth its Master knows.

5 Vain Men, blown up with lofty Pride,
 Like Wax, before his Flames appear:
 And those whose Thoughts their God defy'd,
 The mighty God of Nature fear.

6 His Righteousness the bending Skies,
 Aloud, with wond'rous Signs declare:
 His glorious Works before the Eyes
 Of all th'astonish'd Nations are.

7 Shame be their Lot who Images
 Adore, and in their Idols boast!
 Our God with humblest Worship please;
 Bow to Him, all ye Heav'nly Host!

- 8 Zion's and Judah's Daughters true
 With Joys thy Judgment, Lord, embrac'd :
 9 The Earth her mighty Maker knew,
 With more than Angel-Glorys grac'd.
 10 O ye who love our Saviour, hate
 All Sin for Him, in each Degree !
 He'll Safety for his Saints create ;
 And from the Wicked set them free.
 11 Light's largely for the Righteous sown,
 And Joys for upright Hearts prepar'd.
 In Him ô let our Joys be shown ;
 His Holiness, with Thanks, declar'd !

Another Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the great *Jehovah*, reigns ;
 Let all the Earth rejoice !
 Let all those Isles the Sea contains
 Exalt a chearful Voice !
 2 Thick Clouds and heavy Darknefs hide
 Our God from Humane Eyes :
 On Righteousness, by Justice try'd,
 His Throne's Supporters rise.
 3 Fierce Flames before his dreadful Face
 Consume his angry Foes.
 4 His Lightnings fright the World : His Place
 The Earth, with trembling, shows.
 5 The Hills, before Earth's mighty Lord,
 Like Wax, dissolving, flow :
 6 The Heav'ns declare his righteous Word ;
 And All, his Glory know.
 7 Shame be their Lot who Gods can make,
 And in their Idols boast.

But

But for your God our Saviour take,
 Ye bright, Angelick Host!
 8 Zion's and Judah's Daughters heard
 Thy judgments, Lord, with Joy:
 9 For Thou, above the Gods, art fear'd;
 O'er Earth, exalted high.

10 O ye who love the Lord, with Hate
 All wicked Works pursue!
 For He'll secure his Servants State
 From all the sinful Crew.
 11 For upright Hearts, true Joys and Light
 Are sown: Ye Righteous, all
 Rejoice; and God's All-sacred Might,
 With grateful Thoughts, re-call.

*Another Metre, to the Notes of the 114th,
 as translated by Mr. Cowley.*

1 **T**HE Lord, a King triumphant reigns!
 Let all the Earth around,
 The Isles with Joys resound!
 God alone a King remains!
 2 Thick Clouds, and heavy Darknes, round him fly;
 Justice severe, and Judgment, waiting by.
 His glorious Throne prepare.
 3 Bright Flames before his Face,
 With dreadful Flashes, rake the Air;
 And all his Foes malignant Race, (embrace.
 With all their impious Works, one burning Pile
 4 See how the pointed Lightnings roll;
 With what a dismal Glare
 They fill the glowing Air,
 Soaring tow'rd the frighted Pole!
 Shock'd with the Vision, trembling Nature quakes;
 The shatter'd Earth a strong Convulsion shakes:

- 5 The lofty Mountains melt,
Like Wax before the Fires :
Whate'er his scorching Fury felt,
Before the World's great Lord retires ;
And by his awful Frown dissolv'd, at once expires.
- 6 The Heav'ns his Righteousness declare ;
And all the People see
His glorious Majesty,
How it fills the Purpled Air.
- 7 May Shame deserv'd, and dark Confusion seize
Those Fools, whose Thoughts their empty Idols
Fools, who absurdly boast (please !
In Gods themselves can frame !
But, ô ye bright, Ange'ick Hosts,
Adore our Great *Jehovah's* Name ; (claim !
And on your bended Knees, the God of Gods pro-
- 8 His Condescensions *Sion* heard,
And *Judah's* Daughters too ;
And at the wondrous Shew,
Extasy'd with Joys, appear'd :
Thy Goodness then before the Nations shone ;
Thy sacred Judgments through the World were
- 9 But, though so lowly now, (known.
Thy glorious Godhead still
Makes a' the World submissly bow ;
Bless'd Angels thy Commands fulfil :
And All Subjection yield to thy Immortal Will.
- 10 Ye who the Great *Jehovah* love,
With God-like Hatred due,
All wicked Works pursue :
Fix your happy Souls above !
He, like a Father, guards his faithful Souls ;
And all their Foes, and all their Force, controls.
- 11 But Mirth and Light to all
The Just and Good shall shine :

- 12 O, then your ancient Joys re-call!
 In your *Jehovah's* Praise combine;
 And all his holy Acts record in Songs Divine!

P S A L. xcviij.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, who wondrous Works hath wrought
 With Anthems new proclaim!
 His Hand, his holy Arm, hath brought
 Himself the Conqu'ror's Name.
- 2 He makes his great Salvation known,
 To give the Nations Light:
 His Righteousness the Lord hath shown,
 In all the People's Sight.
- 3 His Mercies he hath call'd to mind,
 His Truth to *Israel's* Race:
 And all those Bounds which Earth confin'd,
 His Saving Health embrace.
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ô Earth! aloud!
 Sing chearful Notes around!
 The Lord, among the grateful Croud,
 The Lord's just Praise resound.
- 5, 6 To God, with Harps, your Voices raise,
 And Trumpets Martial Sound:
 With ecchoing Cornets let the Praise
 Of God, the King, be crown'd!
- 7 Let Seas, with all their Fulness, roar!
 The World, and all its Host!
- 8 In Him each River's sounding Shoar,
 And lofty Mountain boast!
- 9 For now the Lord to Judgment's near,
 And Earth its Doom shall know:
 His Righteousness the World shall hear,
 His Truth and Justice show.

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's 13th.

- 1 **O** Sing to God, the Lord:
His wond'rous Works record!
Sing, sing an Anthem new.
Return his Praises due,
Whose Hand, whose ho'y Arm
Dissolv'd Hell's fatal Charm:
Whom we triumphant see,
And crown'd with Victorie!
- 2 The Lord's Salvation
Is now more clearly known:
His Truth and Justice He
Makes all the Nations see.
- 3 But with his *Israel*
His Mercies ever dwell:
And though a while a Cloud
His Truth and Mercy shroud
From their expecting Eyes,
Off soon the Shadow flies,
And both, with Beams Divine
More bright and strongly shine.
So all the Nations round
Have our Salvation found;
How God about us waits,
And all our Health creates.
- 4 Let all the Nations round
Their Maker's Praises sound:
O let the Earth rejoice,
And raise its chearful Voice;
And all the World combine
In Thanks, and Songs Divine.
- 5 Sing to the Lord! ô sing
To our Eternal King!
To well-tun'd Harps ô raise
Your Notes of Heav'nly Praise!

- 6 O let the Trumpets sound,
Let Cornets Notes rebound,
And with them loudly sing
To our Eternal King!
- 7 Let the loud Ocean roar
Its Joys from Shoar to Shoar:
Let Angels, bless'd on high,
With Earth in Praises vye!
- 8 O let the Waters sound,
The ecchoing Hills rebotind;
And with a chearful Noise,
Express their boundless Joys!
- 9 Let All their Joyfulness
Before the Lord express!
For, loe! He comes with Haste,
And Awful Glories grac'd:
His dreadful Summons all
To his Tribunal call:
His Judgment then sha'l bless
The World with Righteousness:
Truth from his Lips shall flow;
And all the World shall know
Their glorious Judge, and see
His Love and Equity.

P S A L. xcix.

- 1 **C**Hrist reigns! Let all the People round
Beneath his Empire quake!
He sits above the Cherubs, crown'd:
Let Earth's Foundations shake!
- 2 The Lord in *Sion's* great, and high;
Above the People rais'd.
- 3 O may his dreadful Majesty,
His holy Name, be prais'd!
- 4 Judgment our mighty Monarch loves,
And Equity prepares:

And Judgment with his Justice moves
In *Jacob's* blest'd Affairs.

5 O then exalt the Lord our God,
Before his Foot-stool bow ;
And spread his wond'rous Works abroad,
His holy Nature show !

5 So *Moses* once, and *Aaron* so
Among his Priests appear'd ;
And *Samuel* with his Prophets, who
The God of *Jacob* fear'd.
These at his Footstool bow'd, and there
To him devoutly pray'd ;
And always found his Answers near,
And all their Faith repaid.

They kept his Testimonies sure,
His Statute-Laws obey'd ;
And He to Them from Clouds obscure
His gentle Answers made.
Sometimes indeed his Wrath severe
Their Follies would pursue,
Yet oft their Cries He'd kindly hear,
His Mercies oft renew.

O praise our God's exalted Name,
Before his Altars bow !
Our God, our holy Lord proclaim,
With Praise his Glory show !

P S A L. C.

YE who enjoy Salvation's Light,
To God your Voices raise ;
Appear with Gladness in His Sight,
And Sing your Saviour's Praise !
Our Lord is God indeed ; it's He,
Not We our selves have made ;

Our Shepherd, He; his People, we;
And in his Pastures laid.

- 4 O then approach his Courts, his Gates,
With Thanks, and hearty Praise;
For Praise on his Assembly waits
On all his holy Days.
- 5 O b'ess his Name, for God is good,
And all his Mercies sure:
His Truth from Age to Age has stood,
And shall unchang'd endure.

Another Metre. As the old 100th.

- 1, 2 **O** Ye enlighten'd Souls, with Praise
Before our mighty Lord appear!
To Him your chearful Voices raise;
Adore his Name with humblest Fear.
- 3 He's our Almighty God; not we,
But He, to us our Substance gave:
He's ours, we His, those Sheep which He
Di'd, by his own pure Blood to save.
- 4 O then approach his Gates with praise,
And in his Courts his Glories sing:
On all his own appointed Days,
Your Sacrifice of Praises sing.
- 5 He's always kind, and always good,
His Favour great, his Mercy sure;
His Truth has ever firmly stood.
And shall from Age to Age endure.

P S A L. cj.

- 1 **M**ercy I'll sing, and Judgment praise,
And sing my God to Thee.

And wisely walk in perfect Ways:

O come, dear Lord, to me!

Then with an undissembling Heart,

I'll ever justly move;

And in my Court, in every part

Thy sacred Rules improve.

No wicked Actions shall mine Eyes

With Satisfaction see.

And those who things perverse devise,

Shall ne're be great with Me.

From Me all froward Fools shall part;

I'll none that's wicked own:

But cut off those whose sland'rous Art

Against their Neighbour's shown.

The Heart that's proud, the Look that's high,

I'll ne're at Court endure,

But through the Land my searching Eye

Shall faithful Friends procure.

That Man who treads a perfect Path

My Favourite shall be;

But Cheats, and those who break their Faith

Shall never dwell with Me.

I'll bear no Liar in my sight,

The wicked I'll destroy,

Till Salem freed from Sinners quite,

Shall perfect Peace enjoy.

P S A L. cij.

A Soul with mighty Woes oppress,

May thus complaining pray:

And in deep Sorrows Language dress,

His weighty Grievs display.

- 1 Hear Lord, O hear my Prayers and Cries!
To Me thy Face disclose!
- 2 My Soul, lost in Affliction, dies.
O hear! O ease my Woes!
- 3 Grief wafts my Days like Smoke, and dries
My Bones, like Hearths, with heat.
- 4 My Heart, like Grass quite wither'd, lies,
And I forget my Meat.
- 5 My Bones break through my shriveling Skin:
Through my unceasing Groans:
- 6 I'm like those doleful Birds, which in
Wild Deserts vent their moans.
- 7 Like little Birds, which spent with Grief
About their Nestlings mourn;
- 8 While taunting Foes against my Life,
With bloody Oaths are sworn.
- 9 Ashes my Bread, my Drink was Tears,
While I endur'd thy frown.
- 10 Thy Love once rais'd me up from Fears;
Thy Wrath now hurls me down.
- 11 The Shaddow falls, my Lifes weak Flame
So sinks; like Grass it wains;
- 12 But still *thou art*, thy glorious Name,
From Age to Age remains.
- 13 Rise Lord! for *Sions* help return;
In time her Woes relieve!
- 14 Thy Servants o're her Ruins mourn,
And for her Ashes grieve.
- 15 All Nations then thy Name shall fear;
All Kings thy Glory see:
- 6 When *Sions* Walls new built appear,
And Glory springs from thee.

Part 2.

God hears the silent Mourner's Prayer:

O write his Goodness down!

So shall Posterity declare

Their mighty God's renown.

God from his Holy Throne, his Eye

Turn'd down on Earth below.

To save the Men condemn'd to die,

And let the Prisoners go.

That they in Sions Walls might show

His Praise, his Name record,

When thither Kings and Kingdoms flow,

To serve their Mighty Lord.

My Strength, my shortned Days he broke,

Then, " spare me Lord! I pray'd.

" Suspend, dear Lord, thy deadly stroke!"

" Thy Years can never fade.

Thy Hands this Earth's Foundations cast,

And stretch'd the lofty Skies.

They perish, but thy Nature lasts,

And Time it self defies.

They like a worn-out Garment fail,

And shall be chang'd for new.

Thou'rt still the same, Age can't prevail,

Nor time thy Steps pursue.

Our Lands sha'll quickly be suppli'd

With thy obedient Race,

And their well-settled Heirs abide.

Secure before thy Face.

P S A L. ciiij. *As the 100th.*

1. O Praise the Lord with grateful Joy!
My Tongue my Soul his Praises sing!
2. O let his Praise thy Powers employ!
His Loves to kind Remembrance bring!
3. 'Tis He forgives thy Sins, 'tis He
Thy Weakness heals, thy Plagues removes,
4. Redeems thy Life from Misery,
And crowns thee with his tenderest Loves.
5. With good He fills the Youth and Age;
Thy Age with vigorous Youth renews.
- 6 His Arms for Saints oppress'd engage;
His just Revenge their Foes pursues.
- 7 He to his *Israels* Race of old,
By *Moses* made his Precepts known:
He, by *our Jesus*, still unfolds
His Will and Goodness towards his own.
- 8 Our Lord is kind, his Mercies great;
His Vengeance, not his Mercy slow.
- 9 He'll not too oft his Strokes repeat.
Nor let his Anger always glow.
- 10 So with our selves He dealt, our Crimes
Though foul, with Rods he gently lash'd.
His pitying Eyes a thousand times,
Our still repeated Follies past.
- 11 His Goodness so surrounds his own,
As Skies enclose our humbler Earth.
- 12 From us our Sins are farther thrown,
Then Sun-set's from the Mornings Birth.

Part 2. 229

- 13 More love to pious Souls he shows,
 Then Fathers to their Darling Heirs:
 14 Our frailer Constitution knows,
 Our mouldring Dust as gent'y spares.
 15 Weak Man, like early Birds may rise,
 Or Grass which shades the cheerful Plains:
 16 But struck with blasting Winds he dies,
 And neither House nor Name remains.
 17 But Gods unfailing Grace pursues
 The Just, and all their faithful Seed:
 18 Who on his Sacred Covenant muse,
 And all his righteous Precepts heed.
 19 On high our God has fixt his Throne,
 And thence his boundless Empire guides;
 And o're the Subject World, alone,
 His Arbitrary Will presides.
 20 Praise Him, ye Angel-flames, whose Might
 Does in compleat Obedience shine!
 21 O praise Him all ye Sons of Light:
 Bless'd Ministers of Love Divine!
 22 O all his Works your Maker praise!
 Praise through his spacious Empire sing!
 While I with grateful Anthems raise
 New Honours to my Glorious King.

P S A L. civ. As the 100th.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, my tuneful Soul!
 How great, blest God, how wondrous great.
 What Majesty, what Glories roll
 About thy Everlasting Seat!

- 2 Light robes Thee with her Radiant Streams;
Thy Curtains are th' expanded Skies.
- 3 Floods bear thy Chambers weighty Beams:
On humble Clouds thy Chariot flies.
- 4 God walks on groaning Winds in State,
Attended with his Angel-Bands;
And Servant-Flames around him wait,
And fly to bear his great Commands.
- 5 He Earth's Foundations strongly laid;
A well-pois'd never moving Load.
- 6 A wavy Deep its Covering made,
Which o're the highest Mountains flow'd.
- 7 But off the head-long Waters flew,
When his commanding Thunders roar'd.
- 8 They took their place, and strait in view,
Sweet Plains appear'd, and Mountains soar'd.
- 9 The Floods their Bounds appointed know;
Earth fears no more th' encroaching Deep:
- 10 Through Valleys Crystal Fountains flow,
And round the Mountains softly creep.
- 11 To Them the Savage Creatures fly,
And kindly cool their thirsty Flame.
- 12 The Birds above them sing on high,
And there their curious Buildings frame.

Part 2.

- 13 His Rains refresh the parching Hills,
And make our Earth with Fruits abound.
- 14 Thence Grass the hungry Cattel fills,
And Herbs for Men are useful found.

Through

- Through Him rich Corn o're-spreads the Fields,
 5 And Wine to chear our drooping Hearts.
 Fat shining Juice his Olive yields;
 His Bread a vital Strength imparts.
- 6 Sap feeds the lofty Cedar-Groves,
 7 Where Birds of Prey their Eeries raise.
 8 The Goat on Rocky Mountains roves;
 Through Rocks the Coney breaks her Ways.
- 9 The Moon, the Sun, their Seasons know:
 And when to rise, and when to fall;
 10 Nights gloomy Clouds our World o'reflow,
 And out the Forrest-Rangers crawl.
- 11 The Wolves, the Tygers, howl for Prey,
 And loud the hungry Lions roar.
 God for their Diet finds a way,
 And feeds them with his secret Store.
- 12 But when the Sun appears, they fly,
 And to their unknown Dens repair;
 13 And Men their business safely ply,
 Till Night again o're-clouds the Air.
- 14 How various, Lord, how wisely fram'd;
 Great God, thy Works of Wonder are!
 Thy Riches are through Earth proc'aim'd;
 15 Thy Wealth th' unfathom'd Seas declare.

Part 3.

- There Fishes, great and small, in strange
 Unnumber'd Numbers cut their Way.
 16 There Navies float, and Monsters range,
 And Whales in boundless Oceans play.

- 27 These All, blest God, depend on Thee;
Of Thee they beg their timely Food:
- 28 Thy Gifts they catch, thy Hands are free,
And All are fill'd with needful Good.
- 29 Thou hid'st thy Face, affrighted, They
Sink down to Dust, and Dust remain:
- 30 Thy Spirit commands, the Dead obey,
And rise and fill the World again.
- 31 God's Glory lasts; He, pleas'd, reviews
His Works; his Looks, his dreadful Stroke
- 32 Convulsions through the World diffuse,
And make the trembling Mountains smook.
- 33 To God, my mighty Lord, I'll sing,
While Health, or Life, or Breath remains:
- 34 My Heart in Him with Joys shall spring;
I'll praise his Name in lofty Strains.
- 35 He'll soon confound the Sinner's Race,
And impious plotting Fools control,
And all their Stock on Earth deface.
O bless, ô praise the Lord, my Soul!

PSAL. CV. as the 100th. or Mr. Sandys's 8th.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord! invoke his Name!
His Acts through ev'ry Tribe proclaim!
- 2 Sing, sing aloud; your Anthems raise:
Through all the World his Wonders praise!
- 3 Him, and his holy Name adore;
His Smiles, with chearful Hearts, implore:
- 4 And seek the Lord, his Strength embrace;
And ever seek his glorious Face.

- 5 O ye of *Abr'ham's* faithful Seed,
 O ye of *Jacob's* chosen Breed,
 6 His strange, his dreadful Acts relate,
 And on his Judgments meditate!
- 7 He's our great God, our Lord alone;
 His Judgments through the World are known:
 8 His Covenant, his Word of old,
 Shall through a Thousand Ages hold.
- 9 What He to *Abraham* spoke before,
 What He to *Isaac* firmly swore,
 10 And as a Law on *Israel* laid,
 And thus his lasting Cov'nant made.
- 11 " To you rich *Canaan's* Land I'll give,
 " Where you, its lawful Heirs, shall live.
 12 Though then their Seed were weak and small,
 And despicable Strangers all.
- 13 When they a Thousand Movements made,
 And round the neighb'ring Countries stray'd,
 14 He them, against the World, maintain'd;
 And Ill-deligning Kings restrain'd.
- 15 " From Wrongs be my Anointed free:
 " Let no malicious Injurie
 " My Prophets or my Friends approach,
 " Or on my chosen Sons encroach!

Part 2.

- 16 Sharp Famine *Canaan's* Land annoy'd,
 And God the Staff of Bread destroy'd;
 And *Jacob's* House, among the rest,
 The long-continu'd Want oppress'd.

- 17 Yet *Joseph*, sold a Slave, he sent
 Before, who might their Fates prevent.
 18 Chains were the wretched Captive's Dole,
 The pinching Fetters reach'd his Soul.
 19 Till Time might for his Help provide,
 God's Word his faithful Wisdom try'd:
 20 Then sent the King, and eas'd him; He
 Who rul'd the People, set him free.
 21 Him o'er his Royal House preferr'd,
 To him his weighty Cares referr'd,
 22 That Lords and Senators might know
 His God-like Sense, and wiser grow.
 23 Then down to *Egypt* *Israel* went,
 And there his Hoary Age was spent.
 24 There God his fruitful Seed increas'd;
 With Strength, above their En'mies blest'd.
 25 But then their ancient Hate reviv'd,
 And they his People's Fate contriv'd.
 26 But, to divert their spiteful Blows,
 God *Moses* sent, and *Aaron* chose.
 27 They God's fear'd Will, at ev'ry Stroke,
 In Signs and dreadful Wonders spoke:
 28 And Hellish Gloom, at his Command,
 Imprison'd all the groaning Land.
 29 Their Streams were turn'd to pois'nous Gore;
 The poison'd Fish o'er-spread the Shoar.
 33 Their Roads Frogs freckled Armies choak'd,
 And round their Royal Chambers croak'd.

Part 3.

- 31 He spoke, his Word the Dust alarm'd,
 And Lice in all their quarters swarm'd.
 32 He hurl'd down Monstrous Hails for Rains:
 And burning flashes rak'd the Plains.
 33 Their Vines, their Figs, their Trees, the stroke
 Of his prodigious Thunders broke,
 34 He spoke, the Locusts marching round,
 And unknown Insects swept the Ground.
 35 Their Herbs and Grass, no more appear'd,
 The Land of all its Fruits was clear'd.
 36 Their First-born fell, Gods fatal stroke,
 Their early strength and Glory broke.
 37 Then out their Vig'rous Tribes he led,
 With Jewels, Gold and Silver sped,
 38 Tho' pillag'd Egypt joy'd to see,
 Themselves from Plagues and Terrours free.
 39 He cool'd them with a Cloud by Day;
 By Night Flames pointed out their Way.
 40 They ask't, He gave them Quai's for meat;
 And let them Bread of Angels eat.
 41 He struck the Rock, the Waters flow'd;
 And streams on parching Lands bestow'd,
 42 For now his sacred Oath re-curr'd,
 To *Abraham* his unchanging Word.
 43 He therefore bade his People be
 From Bonds, with joys triumphant, free.
 44 And then consign'd to *Isaac's* Hands,
 The Neighbouring Towns, and Heathen Lands.

- 45 He freely all on them bestow'd,
That, sensible of what they ow'd,
Their Seed, his Statutes might record,
And keep his Laws: O praise the Lord!

Psal. cvj. As the 100th. or Mr. Sandys's 14th.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord! his Goodness praise!
For sure his Boundless Mercy stands,
2 The strength of his Almighty Hands,
His Honour, who can justly blaze?
3 Thrice happy they, who Judgment keep,
And always righteous Laws pursue:
4 Lord, let me, as thy People do,
By thy Salvation guarded, sleep!
5 To me thy Favour then shall show,
That good thy chosen Friends partake,
That Mirth thy happy People make,
Those Joys thy dear Possessions know.
6 We, Lord, have, with our Fathers, sinn'd;
Their Crimes, their impious Crimes renew'd,
7 Who thy *Egyptian* Wonders view'd,
But to Forgetfulness resign'd;
Forgot his Mercies stores, and near
The Sea, so late'y pass'd, rebel'd:
8 Yet still He all their Fears dispel'd,
To make his Name and Power appear.
9 He cut the Seas, and dry'd the Sands,
While they through Deeps as Desarts, pass'd;
10 And brought them safe to shoar at last,
Redeem'd from Persecuting Hands.

- 11 Their Foes the loosned Waves o'erflow'd;
 Not one his wretched Life retriev'd;
 Then, they his Word a while believ'd,
 And Gratitude with Praises show'd.
- 12 But soon they all his Works forgot,
 Nor his Divine Advice improv'd;
 13 Their raging Lusts his Anger mov'd,
 And made it in the Desert Hot.
- 14 And tho' he gave their Proud request,
 Their Stomachs easeless Hunger tore;
 15 On *Moses* then their Envy bore,
 And *Aaron*, God's Anointed Priest.
- 16 Then *Dathan's* and *Abiram's* Crew,
 Earths hollow gaping Womb devour'd;
 17 Fierce Lightnings on th' Assembly pour'd;
 And Flames the Godless Rebels flew.

Part. 2.

- 18 Next, They the Calf in *Horeb* fram'd;
 And to the senseless Idol bow'd;
 19 A grazing Brutes dead shape, aloud,
 They both their God and Guide proclaim'd.
- 20 They ne'er on God, their Saviour, more,
 Nor *Egypt's* Slavish sufferings, thought;
 21 What Wonders there his Hand had wrought,
 And on the Ocean's Purple shore.
- 22 He then their Ruin had decree'd,
 But in his chosen *Moses* came,
 He stay'd th' approaching dreadful Flame,
 And sacred Wrath, impetuous speed.

- 24 Yea, they the promis'd Land disdain'd,
His Word with them no Credence found;
25 Base Murmurs fill'd their Tents around,
And off they threw their Lords command.
- 26 Then God against them rais'd his Hands,
That they in Desart-Wilds might die;
27 Their scatter'd Race confounded lie,
And perish all in barb'rous Lands.
- 28 Yet, unreclaim'd, the senseless Crew,
Their Souls to *Phe's* God betrayd.
And eating Sacrifices made,
To him; an Idol's Servants grew.
- 29 Thus they, with studied Art, rebell'd,
And out the Plague among them broke;
30 Till *Pinneas*, with a righteous stroke,
The Plagues infectious Rage repell'd.
- 31 That gallant Action rais'd his Fame,
When God's just Wrath his Zeal atton'd;
His God the Righteous Action own'd,
And blest him with a Deathless Name.
- 32 Nay, more they durst their God provoke;
At *Mosses's* springs they mischief made:
33 *Moses*, that meekest Soul betrays,
Till Passion in him rashly spoke.

Part 3.

- 34 The Nations, to Destruction doom'd,
By God's Command, they fondly spar'd;
35 And for their Pity's just Reward,
Their Sins, and all their Plagues, assum'd.

- 6 Among a Thousand snares they fell,
While to their graven Gods they bow'd:
7 Their wretched Sons, and Daughters, vow'd
To Devils, they sacrific'd to Hell.
- 8 The Blood of Sons and Daughters round,
Poor Innocents, to Idols flow'd:
Canaan a dismal shambles show'd,
And Infant Gore the Country drown'd.
- 9 Their Works, and vile Inventions, both,
Them to polluting Whoredoms drew,
10 Till God incens'd against them grew,
And could his own Possessions loath.
- 11 But God, with just Revenge, resign'd
Them to their domineering Foes;
12 Where, vex't with long oppressing Woes,
Their Pride and lofty Thoughts declin'd.
- 13 Oft sav'd they sinn'd as oft, and made
His Vengeance prosecute their Crimes:
14 Yet in their darkest suffering Times,
He saw and heard them while they pray'd.
- 15 He call'd his Covenant to Mind,
And Sympathiz'd with all their Woes;
16 And soon their stubborn-hearted Foes,
Grew gentle, pittiful, and kind.
- 17 O save us, Lord! our Captiv'd Race
From Heathen Chains and Lands recall,
That we may sing thy Praise, and fall
With Thanks before thy Glorious Face,
- 18 The God of *Israel*'s Name record,
His Praise from Age to Age resound;
And let the joyful Tribes around
Sing out Amen: O praise Lord!

P S A L. cvij. Part 1. Metre 1.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord! Exalt his Name;
 His Goodness celebrate!
 Let Age to Age resound his Fame,
 His bounteous Acts relate!
- 2 Sing to His Name, ye whom from Chains
 His peaceful Arm redeem'd:
 O be his Praise in grateful Streins,
 His glorious Works esteem'd.
- 3 He from Earth's utmost Quarters drew
 His *Israel*'s scatter'd Race;
 4 And the wild Desarts wandring thro',
 They found no Resting-place,
 5 Tho' pinch'd with Hunger, scorch'd with Thirst,
 Their wasting Spirits fail'd;
 Yet with their pittyng God at first
 Their humble Cries prevail'd.
- 6 Thro' all their Streights his careful Hand
 Was their unfailing Guide,
 7 And smooth'd their Ways, and made their Bands
 In well-built Towns reside.
 8 O praise his Goodness! Praise his Name!
 His wond'rous Mercies praise!
 Thro' all the World his Acts proclaim!
 His boundless Glories raise!

Part 2. Metre 2.

- 9 Praise God! His Springs we see
 Relieve the thirsty Soul;
 The hungry Wretch revives, when He
 Bestows his plenteous Dole!
- 10 But when they, foolish all,
 His gracious Laws abus'd,
 Despis'd

Despis'd their Maker's gentlest Call,
And Love's soft Voice refus'd.

11 Then he the stubborn Crew
In weighty Fetters chain'd;
Death's Chains around the Rebels flew,
And Woes their Souls restrain'd.

12 Yet, when oppress'd, they bow'd
Beneath the dismal Weight;
And when, in vain, they begg'd aloud
For Men to ease their State.

13 When to their God they cry'd,
And at his Footstool laid
Their pressing Griefs, and mortify'd,
The softning Rebels pray'd.

14 He clear'd the Skies above,
And every Slave unchain'd,
And with warm Beams of gentlest Love
The Sufferers entertain'd.

15 O praise, O praise his Name,
His bounteous Acts declare!
Let all Mankind with Thanks proclaim
How great his Mercies are!

Part 3. Metre 3. As the 100th.

16 Praise God! At his Command the Gates
Of massive Brass their Leaves unfold;
No Bars of Steel, nor sturdy Grates
Against his powerful Words can hold.

17 When Fools, for Sins afflicted, griev'd,
And with their Sins their Judge provok'd,

18 No Meats their Appetites reliev'd,
Nor eas'd their Hunger's sickly Stroke.

blead, was I weary of

Their

Their Stomachs loath'd blest'd Angels Food;
 Sweet Manna dropping from the Skies;
 And Quails disturb'd their curdling Blood,
 Till Nature funk without Supplies.

19 Yet when the fainting Sinners pray'd,
 He heard, and heard them when they cry'd;
 God's Word their dying Swoons allay'd,
 And Appetites and Food supply'd.

20 New Life, new Spirits he bestow'd
 Where fading Nature's Force declin'd;
 To them his healthful Favours shew'd,
 And their distemper'd Blood refin'd.

21 O praise our God! Exalt his Name!
 Above the Skies exalt his Name!

22 Your Thanks with Sacrifice proclaim,
 And Trophies to his Goodness raise!

Part 4. Metre 4. as the 148th.

23 Such whose bold Courage o're
 The restless Ocean flies,
 And sail from Shore to Shore,
 For wealthy Merchandise

24 Such Men may see
 How wondrous there
 God's Works appear,
 How powerful He.

25 For if in Storms he speak,
 The swelling Tempest roars;
 And foaming Billows break,
 And lash the bounding Shores.
 While Wind and Tide
 On rolling Seas,
 Where-e'er they please,
 Triumphant ride.

- 26 Now high the towring Fleet
On Watry Mountains rise,
As if the Clouds they'd meet,
Or brave the threatning Skies.
Now down they come,
Steep tumbling all,
With dreadful Fall,
To meet their Doom.
- 27 Strait every shatter'd Sail
Reels here, and staggers there,
While horrid Storms prevail,
And Courage yields to fear.
All Hopes are lost,
And in Black Night,
Ships guideless quite,
At random toss'd.
- 28 But when on God they call,
He hears their mournful Cries,
29 Loud Storms in Silence fall,
And Light remounts the Skies :
Rough Billows flake,
And gentle Gales
Swell all their Sails
Their Port to make.
- 30 There with Delights unfeign'd
The wearied Sailers rest :
New Life and Safety gain'd
Warms every fainting Breast.
Joys sweeter tast,
And the dear Shore,
Is va'u'd more
For Dangers past.

- 31 O praise, O praise the Lord,
 His Bounteous Actions praise!
 Let all the World record
 His Mercy's wond'rous Ways.
- 32 In thickest Throngs
 Where Princes are,
 His Loves declare
 With grateful Songs.

Part 4. Metre 4. As the 113th.

- 33 O praise the Lord; At his Commands
 Fair Streams desert the thirsty Lands,
 And Springs no more their Waters yield.
- 34 His Curse for Humane Crimes destroys
 Their blooming Hopes and ripening Joys,
 And sows with barren Salt the Field.
- 35 Yet for his own dear Servant's sakes
 He turns vast Lands to standing Lakes,
 And makes the Sands with Waters flow.
- 36 And then their hungry Troops he guides,
 And thro' the new-rai'd Fields divides,
 And makes new Towns and Cities grow.
- 37 With noblest Grains they sow their Fields,
 Rich Wines the grateful Vineyard yields;
 Their Crops are full, profound their Peace;
- 38 God's Blessing on their Labours waits,
 Their crowding Offspring throng their Gates,
 And all their pregnant Flocks encrease.
- 39 But when his ancient Love's abus'd,
 His Counsels, his Commands refus'd,
 A suddain Change o'returns their State.
 Down falls their haughty Pride, their Race!
 Incessant Wars and Plagues deface,
 Expos'd to every Neighbour's Hate.

- 10 Their Princes with Contempt he treats,
 Confounds them in their proud Conceits,
 And lets their Hopes bewildred fall:
 11 Then to the Poor despis'd before,
 Transfers his favouring Mercies store,
 And feeds, and multiplies them all.
 12 Admire ye living Saints with Joy,
 (While silent impious Atheists ly)
 Admire his Providential Ways!
 13 Let wise Men all their Thoughts confine,
 To meditate on Works Divine,
 And sing their great Protector's praise!

P S A L. cvij. *As the 110th.*

- 1 **M**Y Heart is fix'd, ô God, my Heart
 Is fix'd, thy lofty Praise to sing,
 I'me ready with my noblest part,
 To praise my everlasting King.
 2 Awake my Harp, awake my Lute,
 While I prevent the Morning's light.
 3 And thy dear Praises prosecute,
 In all the wondring Nations sight.
 4 Swift are the Clouds, and high the Skies,
 Above our Thoughts and Measures far:
 But higher, Lord, thy Mercies rise,
 More swift thy Truths vast Conquests are.
 5 Lord, o're the Skies thy Brightness show,
 Let all the Earth thy Glories see.
 6 O hear, ô save thy Servant! so
 I'll rescue those belov'd by Thee.
 7 God swore once by his Holiness,
 And by his Oath my Joy maintains,

I'll quick *Shechem's* Fields possess,
And measure *Succoth's* fruitful Plains.

8 Fair *Gileads* mine, *Manassés* too,
My Head on *Ephraim's* strength relies,
The Scepter's Royal *Judah's* due,
My Kingdom He with Laws supplies.

9 *Moab*, my meanest Slave shall be,
And *Edom* prostrate at my Feet,
And conquer'd *Palestina* me
With humble Tribute gladly meet.

10 Who e'l me thro' Cities fortify'd,
Or *Edom's* rocky Frontiers lead?

11 Lord, let thy Help so long deny'd,
At last our fainting Armies head.

12 Up Lord! in times of Danger aid!
For Humane Helps are only shows,

13 And valiant thro' thy Influence made,
Wee'l trample o're our vanquish'd Foes.

P S A L. cix.

1 O Thou, dear God, of all my Praise,
No longer silent go!

2 For sinful Men, in sinful Ways,
And Traitors bolder grow.

Against me they their Rage excite,
Their Tongues with Falshood whet.

3 And me with Words of deadly spite,
And causeless Hate beset.

4 They, for my kindness, prove my Foes,
But I in silence pray.

5 Malice to Goodness they oppose,
And Love with Hate repay.

- 5 Make Him some wicked Tyrant's slave,
 Let Satan bind his hands !
 7 And Sins severest Sentence have,
 When He in judgment stands !
 8 Nay, let his very Prayers be Sin !
 9 His Days be dark, and few !
 That Office fix another in,
 Which to himself was due !
 No Father let his Children see,
 His widow'd Wife go mourn !
 10 His Off-spring common Vagrants be,
 Expos'd to Want and Scorn !

- Their Bread from cruel Hands intreat,
 11 The Gripping-Usurers trade,
 Seize all his Wea'th, and every Cheat,
 His Pains and Gains invade !
 12 No Mercy let his Cries engage,
 Nor all his Orphan race,
 13 But sink 'um all ! in one short Age,
 Their very Names deface !

Part 2.

- 4 In God's revenging Presence let,
 Their Father's Crimes remain !
 No length of Time, or Years, forget
 Their Mother's viler slain !
 5 Let them God's sleeping Vengeance move,
 Their Memory to destroy.
 6 Since Grace could ne'er his Soul improve,
 Nor Love his Thoughts employ.

But the dear Man, to Sorrows born,
 With humblest Thoughts indu'd ;
 The broken Heart with Anguish torn,
 His bloody Hate pursu'd.

- 17 Cursing, and hellish Words he lov'd,
His Lot may Curses be!
His Heart no Blessings e'er approv'd,
Let him no Blessing see!
- 18 He Curses for a Garment us'd,
And with their poisonous draught
His Bowels washt, like Oil diffus'd,
Quite thro' his Bones they wrought.
- 19 May He no other Garments wear
But Curses closely bound;
And Curses for a Girdle bear
To gird him duely round!
- 20 Be this the Just reward of those,
From God's revenging Hand;
Whose spiteful Words my Life oppose,
And who against me stand.
- 21 But Lord for thy Names sake appear!
My Party kindly own!
Thy Mercy's Good; ô let it here
To rescue Me be shewn!

Part 3.

- 22 For wretched and afflicted I
With inward Wounds decay,
23 And like an Evening Shadow fly,
Or Locusts hurl'd away.
- 24 My Knees with tedious Fastings fail,
And all my Leanness see,
25 My Foes with brutish scorn assail,
And shake their Heads at me.
- 26 Help ô My God! ô save Me! shew
Thy former Mercies now!
27 That all thy Love to me may know
Thy Helps dear Lord allow!

- 28 Then let them Curse me still! on me
 Thy Blessings Lord bestow!
 Let Them, their own Confusion see,
 But me thy gladness know!
- 29 When great they seem, like some large Cloke
 Let Shame be round them roul'd!
- 30 And I'll thy Name in Crouds invoke,
 Thy Praise at large unfold:
- 31 For God still by the Poor Mans side,
 With sure assistance stands:
 His Soul with saving Wings to hide,
 From partial Judges Hands.

P S A L. cx.

- 1 "SIT here on my Right Hand! the Lord
 Thus to my Lord, has said
 Till thou shalt see thy Foes abhor'd,
 Beneath thy Footstool lay'd;
- 2 From *Sions* Hill thy regal claime,
 Thy Scepter first shall rise,
 Thence Reign and with thy awful Name,
 Command thy Enemies.
- 3 When thy Prodigious Might appears,
 Thy ready Armies move;
 And Preach those happy gladsome years,
 The Reign of boundless Love:
 Tho' at a mighty distance now,
 The careless People stand,
 To Thee they'll then as swiftly flow,
 And own thy ruling Hand.

Wash'd from their Crimes and snowy white.
 Their Tempers undefild,
 And cloth'd with Innocence and Light,
 And like their Master mild.

These Conquests first belong'd to Thee,
 E're dewy Mornings rose,
 Or Time could thro' Eternity,
 Thy sacred Birth disclose.

- 4 Then by himself thy Father swore,
 And shook his awful Throne,
 And when swift Time shall be no more,
 He'el that Engagement own.
 "Thou'rt an Eternal Priest, to Thee
 "There's no succeeding Heir.
 "And like *Melchisedec* shalt be,
 "And Crown, and Miter wear.
- 5 The Lord shall in his angry Day,
 Rebellious Kings destroy.
- 6 Among the Gentiles fierce'y sway,
 And fill his own with Joy.
 But where bold Opposition reigns,
 The slaughter'd Corpses round,
 And *dying* Kings shall spread the Plains,
 And stain the purple Ground.
- 7 But he before the Conquest gain'd,
 The Rage of Thirst shall know,
 With Sorrow's streams be entertain'd,
 And drink of deadly Woe;
 Till, all those Difficulties past,
 His Glory's largely spread,
 And all shall see the Crown at last,
 On his victorious Head.

P S A L. cxj.

○ Praise the Lord! my Heart, prepare
 To praise the mighty Lord!
 Where-e'er his bless'd Assemblies are
 Will I his Name record.

- 2 Great are his Works, and earnestly
By Men of Wisdom sought :
3 His Works are all with Majesty,
And comely Beauty wrought.

- His Righteousness eternally
4 Shall, with his Works, endure
In grateful Minds ; his Clemency,
And his Compassions sure.
5 For those who fear his sacred Name,
The Lord at large provides :
His ancient Covenant the same
Still in his Thoughts abides.

- 6 The Might wherewith his Works are wrought
He to his People shows ;
And Portions, from the Gentiles brought,
On them at large bestows.
7 His Works in Truth and Judgment done,
His Precepts just and sure ;
8 As first in Righteousness begun,
Through ev'ry Age endure.

- 9 The Lord his People once redeem'd,
And gave them lasting Laws ;
And still his holy Name, esteem'd,
Our Veneration draws.
10 True Wisdom springs from Godly Fear :
An Understanding pure
Will in Obedience best appear,
And its just Praise endure.

P S A L. cxij.

- 1 O Praise the Lord ! All Blessings wait
On him who fears his Name ;
In whom his just Commands create
Pure Love's immortal Flame.

- 2 Mighty on Earth his Seed shall be,
His Generation blest'd :
- 3 His Righteousness shall last, and he
In Wealth and Plenty rest.
- 4 To Men of upright Hearts the Light,
Through gloomy Darkness, shines.
Mercy's the righteous Man's Delight :
To Love his Soul inclines.
- 5 He's pitiful to Men distress'd,
And lends to those in Need :
In Judgment, from his milder Breast
No cruel Words proceed.
- 6 He ne'er shall move ; his Memory
Shall ever sweetly last :
- 7 From Fear, through heavy Tidings, free ;
His Heart in God be fast.
- 8 His Heart, from cold Despair secur'd,
Can on his God repose,
Till of the Down-fall he's assur'd
Of all his angry Foes.
- 9 With plenteous Doles his lib'ral Hand
The needy Poor supplies :
His Righteousness shall ever stand ;
His Strength, with Honour rise.
- 10 Ill Men, enrag'd, his Happiness
With envious Eyes shall view ;
And gnash, and pine ; and deep Distress
Their blasted Hopes pursue.

P S A L. cxiiij. *Proper Tune.*

- 1 O Praise the Lord ! his Praises sing,
Ye Servants of th' Eternal King !
- 2 Bless, ever bless his sacred Name !

- 1 From the first B'ushes of the Day,
 Till Night her sable Wings display,
 His Name's immortal Praise proclaim!
 4 The Lord o'er all the Nations reigns:
 The Lord's illustrious Glory stains
 The brightest Star, the clearest Sky.
 5 What Man, what God, would we compare
 With Him, whose lofty Dwellings are,
 Above all Heav'ns, exalted high?
 6 Yet thence his Providential Eyes
 Survey the never-resting Skies,
 And all our humble World below.
 7 He helps the Wretched from the Floor;
 And from the Dung-hill lifts the Poor;
 His Goodness, and his Strength to show.
 8 Thence, He exalts their meaner Fate
 To Majesty, and Princely State;
 And bids 'em Crowns and Sceptres claim.
 9 He makes the barren Womb conceive,
 O'er-joy'd a youthful Race to leave.
 O praise! ô ever praise his Name.

Another Metre.

- 1 **P**RAISE God! ô praise the Lord,
 Ye Saints, with one Accord!
 His holy Name, with Praise, proclaim;
 His holy Acts record!
 2 His Name with Praise attend,
 Till Time it self shall end!
 3 His Fame display, from dawning Day,
 Till Night's dark Shades descend.
 4 God's o'er the Nations, high:
 His Glories pass the Sky.
 5 What God's ador'd as our great Lord;
 Or with his Height can vye?

6 Yet, condescending, He
Through Heav'n and Earth can see,
7 The Poor to raise, who spend their Days
In Want and Miserie.

8 His Smiles with Honour grace
Those who the Dust embrace ;
With Kings to vye in Majesty,
And rule his chosen Race.
9 At his All-quick'ning Word
The barren Womb's restor'd,
With Joy t' embrace a lively Race.
Praise then, ô praise the Lord !

P S A L. cxiv.

1 **W**Hen *Israel's* Tribes, when *Jacob's* Race
From barb'rous *Egypt* went,
2 Then *Judah* was his holy Place,
Israel his Government.
3 The Seas and *Jordan* saw their God,
Advancing in their Head :
The Seas, amaz'dly parting, flood,
And *Jordan* backward fled.
4 The Mountains, at the dreadful Sight,
Leap'd up like frighted Rams :
The Hills, with the surprizing Fright,
Skip'd like the trembling Lambs.
5 What terrify'd the parting Seas,
That they divided stood ?
What Fears could *Jordan's* Currents seize,
Or turn his hasty Flood ?
6 What made the lofty Mountains leap,
So like the frighted Rams ?
The little Hills on crouded Heaps
To run, like trembling Lambs ?

Ne'er ask the Cause ! When *Jacob's* God
 Appears, with Glories crown'd,
 His dreadful Looks, his awful Nod,
 The trembling World confound.

And when his thirsty Nation prays,
 He turns the Rocks to Springs :
 And from dry Flints, by wond'rous Ways,
 Unceasing Fountains brings.

Another Metre : As the 113th.

1,2 **I** *Srael*, of old; their Maker chose,
 His Empire, and his Name's Repose ;
 And, more than all the Nations lov'd :
 And with his own Almighty Hand,
 From cruel *Egypt's* barb'rous Land,
 Their happy Tribes in Peace remov'd.
 3 The Sea his marching Armies view'd ;
 The Sea a while, as doubtful, stood ;
 But soon, with wild Amazement, fled.
 Old *Jordan's* Streams, with headlong Haste,
 Astonish'd *Merom's* Waves re-pas'd,
 And backward flew, to find their Head.

4 The Mountains vast, which proudly bore
 Their Heads above the Clouds before,
 Like Rams, from their Foundations leap'd.
 The lesser Hills, as frighted Lambs
 Run trembling to their helpless Dams,
 Beneath their Parent-Mountains crept.
 5 What made the Seas, divided, fly ?
 What made old *Jordan's* Waters try,
 With backward Streams, to find their Spring ?
 6 What made the Mountains leap, like Rams ?
 The lesser Hills, like trembling Lambs,
 Close to their Parent-Mountains cling ?

- 7 Slightly, alas ! they mov'd or fear'd !
 At him the World amaz'd appear'd !
 The World before its Maker quakes ;
 His look who now in *Jacob* reigns,
 And there his holy House maintains ;
 The settled frame of Nature shakes.
- 8 Let then the Seas desert the Shore,
 Let *Jordan's* Banks be fill'd no more,
 Let barren Sands around us ly,
 Our God can change with wondrous ease
 The Flints to Springs, the Rocks to Seas,
 And all his Peoples Wants supply.

P S A L. CXV.

- 1 **T**O us, dear Lord, to us no Praise,
 But to thy Name is due ;
 For Mercy lays thy gracious Ways,
 And all thy Words are true.
- 2 Why should the foolish Gentiles cry,
 Where's He whom God they call ?
- 3 Our God's on High above the Sky,
 And acts his Pleasure all.
- 4 Their Gods of other Tempers are,
 Fine Silver, weighty Gold :
 And Men with care such Gods prepare,
 And then their Gods uphold.
- 5 They ne're could speak, and ne're could see,
 Tho' made with Mouths and Eyes.
- 6 And louder he than Storms must be,
 Who can their Ears surpise.
- 6 The strongest Stench, the noblest Sweet
 Their Nostrils can't invade ;
- 7 Their Hands can't meet, nor feel ; their Feet
 Were ne're for walking made.

With

With all abusive Scorns appear
 Before their Deities,
 Yet shan't you there one Murmur hear,
 So still their Anger lies.

8 Wise as their senseless Gods are those
 Who first advanc'd the Trade,
 And such are those whose Souls repose
 On what their Hands have made.

Part 2.

9 O ye of *Jacob's* wiser Seed,
 On God securely trust !
 He'll help with speed in times of need,
 And ever shield the just.

10 O ye of *Aaron's* sacred Breed,
 On God securely trust !
 He'll help with speed in times of need,
 And ever shield the Just.

11 Ye who with Fear your Maker heed,
 In him securely trust ;
 He'll help with speed in times of need,
 And still defend the Just.

12 The Lord has kept us still in mind,
 His Priests shall all be blest.
 Our Tribes shall find his Blessings kind
 On all their Dwellings rest.

13 The Lord will all his Servants bless,
 The Rich, Poor, Young and old ;

14 And Happiness with vast access
 Shall you and yours uphold.

15 You're by that great Creator blest,
 Who bade the World to rise,

16 And who possessest of sacred Rest,
 Lives high above the Skies.

- 17 O're Earth, and all that Earth contains,
 For mortal Men design'd,
 Man freely reigns, and God maintains
 The Gift to them resign'd.
- 18 The Dead, nor those can blaze thy Fame,
 Who sink to silence down ;
- 19 But we thy Name with Praise proclaim,
 And endless Blessings crown.

P S A L. cxvi.

- 1 **T**He Lord who heard my Voice and Prayer,
 My Lord my Love shall be ;
- 2 On him I'll call with constant Care,
 Who bow'd his Ear to me.
- 3 The Chains of Death engag'd me round,
 Me hellish Pains surpriz'd,
 And Troubles oft, and Anguish found,
 And Sorrows exercis'd.
- 4 Then in the Lord's prevailing Name
 To God I humbly pray'd,
 Thy Help, thy Favour, Lord, I claim,
 My Soul, dear Saviour, aid !
- 5 The Lord is kind, and righteous too,
 And Mercy freely shows,
- 6 He helps the weak, and swiftly flew
 To save my Soul from Woes.
- 7 Turn then my Soul, return to Rest !
 The Lord was kind to thee,
- 8 Thro' him I 'scap'd Death's cold Arrest,
 My Eyes from Tears are free.
 He keeps my Feet from Falls, and I
 My Woes, by him, survive,
- 9 And in return I'll gratefully,
 As in his Presence, live.

Part 2.

- 10 So I believ'd, and so I spoke,
 But sore afflicted I
 11 Thus out in hasty Passion broke;
 Men sure are sold to lye.
 12 But what Returns, Lord, shall I make
 For all thy Loves to me?
 13 Thy Blessed Cup with Praise I'll take,
 And duly call on Thee.

 14 My Vows to God I'll offer here,
 Abroad in open Light;
 15 The Death of all his Saints is dear
 In their Redeemer's Sight.
 16 Lord, I'm thy Servant, humbly I
 My self thy Servant own,
 Thy Handmaid's Son, from Slavery
 By Thee discharg'd alone.

 17 To Thee the Sacrifice of Praise
 My Sacrifice shall be;
 And in the Lords great Name I'll raise
 My suppliant Hands to Thee.
 18 Here, Lord, to Thee I'll pay my Vows
 In all the Peoples Sight,
 19 In Salem, in thy holy House;
 O praise the Lord of Might!

P S A L. cxvij.

- 1 O Praise th' Eternal Lord,
 Ye Nations all around!
 His Goodness thro' the World record;
 His glorious Acts resound!
 2 On us, and all our Race,
 His Mercy largely flows,

His Truth no Time can e're deface,
Nor Force his Power oppose.

Or thus.

PRAISE God ! & praise our mighty Lord,
Ye Nations all-around !
His Goodness thro' the Wor'd record,
His wondrous Acts resound !
For on our selves, and all our Race
His Mercy largely flows,
His Truth no Time can e're deface,
Nor Force his Arm oppose.

P S A L. cxviii.

THe Lord, the great *Jehovah* praise,
He's good in all his Ways :
His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
His Goodness ne're decays,
Let *Jacob's* long protected Race
Adore his wondrous Grace,
His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
When Time resigns his Place.
Let *Aaron's* sacred Heirs proclaim
The Lords exalted Name :
His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
His Goodness still the same.
O ye who God's Commands obey,
With grateful Praises say,
His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
His Mercies ne're decay.
In Streights I call'd on Him, and He
From Streights soon set me free.
To God I'm Dear, and ne're can fear
What Man can do to me.

7 The Lord, among my kindest Friends,
His own Assistance sends.
My longing Eye shall soon descry
My Foes expected Ends.

8 In God the Lord it's better far
To trust our Hopes and Care,
Then to repose our Hopes in those,
Who wretched Mortals are.

9 In God the Lord it's better far
To fix our Hopes and Care,
Then to repose our Trust in those
Who mighty Princes are.

Part 2.

10 I, When the Nations round me ply'd,
In God their Strength defy'd;
11 They compassed me, but easily
I so their Force out-vy'd.
12 Tho' me, like Bees, they closely ply'd,
Like blazing Thorns they dy'd:
In Gods great Name I quench'd their Flame,
And all their Strength defy'd.

13 Oft hast thou push'd, unmanly Foe,
To work my overthrow;
But thro' Gods Aid, tho' oft afraid,
I still in Safety go.

14 God by his Might has made me strong,
My God's my daily Song;
Salvation He ordain'd for me,
Who to himself belong.

15 Sweet Tunes of Joy and Health abide
Where righteous Men reside;
Gods Hand is grown renown'd alone,
For Deeds of Valour try'd.

- 17 His Hand's alone deserv'dly nam'd;
His Hand on high proclaim'd,
His Hand is grown renown'd alone,
For valiant Actions fam'd.
- 17 I still shall live, and still declare,
How great his Actions are.
- 18 I felt his Rod, but still my God
My Life would kindly spare.
- 19 Let the wide Gates of Righteousness
Now grant me free access;
I'll gladly there with Thanks appear,
And God my Saviour bless.

Part 3.

- 20 Gods House his holy Gates are near;
The Righteous enter there :
- 21 I'll praise the Lord, his Help record,
Who would his Suppliant hear.
- 22 That Solid Rock, that Noble Stone
Off by the Builders thrown;
Now all the Coines securely joyns,
And makes the Building One.
- 23 The Lords great Work it was, and we
Amaz'd the Wonder see.
- 24 God made this Day, now Joys shall sway,
And Mirth triumphant be.
- 25 Hear, Lord, ô save at last, and make
Our favour'd Actions take,
Our Business bless with kind Success,
Lord, for thy Mercy's sake !
- 26 O blest be He who kindly came
In Gods Almighty Name !
You who before his House adore,
To you we wish the same.

- 7 Us God the Lord with Light supplies,
O bind the Sacrifice !
With Cords it nigh his A'tars tie,
Till there it bleeds and dies.
- 8 Thou, Lord, art God alone to me,
I'll Praises sing to Thee.
By me thy Name, thy glorious Fame
Shall still exalted be.
- 9 The Lord our great *Jehovah* praise !
He's good in all his Ways ;
His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
His Mercy ne're decays.

P S A L. cxix. *Aleph, 1. Beth, 2.*

- 1 **B**lest are the Men whose perfect Ways
Gods purer Laws confine,
2 Who keep his Word, and all their Days
To Him in Heart incline.
3 No Sins to such can pleasing be
As by his Orders move.
4 And thou commandedst, Lord, that we
Thy Rules should keep and love.
- 5 Oh that my Footsteps guided sure,
Could by thy Statutes tread !
6 Then should I live from Shame secure,
When thy Commands I read.
7 I'll praise thee with an upright Heart,
When I thy Judgments know.
8 I'll keep thy Laws ; o ne're depart !
To me no Stranger grow !
- 9 How may a Youth his Ways improve ?
If he thy Word obey.
10 To Thee with all my Soul I move,
O never let me stray !

- 11 I in my Bosom hide thy Word,
From Sin to guard my Heart.
12 To me, b'est God, thy Grace afford,
And all thy Laws impart!
13 Thy Judgments, Lord, my Soul esteems,
My ready Lips declare;
14 To me thy Word more pleasing seems,
Then noblest Treasures are.
15 I on thy Precepts meditate,
Thy Laws before me set;
16 Thy Statutes all my Joys create,
Thy Words I ne're forget.

Gimel, 3. Daleth, 4.

- 17 Oh let me live! my God be kind,
So I thy Words shall keep.
18 Unclose my Eyes, by Nature blind,
To view thy Wonders deep!
19 O don't from me a Stranger, Lord,
Thy Testimonies hide!
20 For constant Cares to get thy Word,
My longing Soul divide.
21 Thy Judgments break the cursed Proud,
Who from thy Precepts stray.
22 Me, Lord, from flouting Scorners shroud,
For I thy Words obey!
23 Great Kings in Council curst my Name,
But I thy Statutes chose.
24 Thy Statutes all my Joys enflame,
My Counsels all compose.
25 My Soul, Lord, for thy Promise spare,
In Dust which prostrate lies.
26 Thou hear'st how I thy Ways declare,
O teach, and make me wise.

- 7 O Make me know thy Precepts, so
I'll spread thy Works the more.
- 8 My Heart, with melting Cares brought low,
Lord, by thy Word restore !
- 9 From me all lying Ways remove,
To me thy Laws impart.
- 10 For all the Paths of Truth I love,
Thy Judgments fill my Heart.
- 11 I to thy Laws adhere, dear God,
From Shame my Life discharge !
- 12 I'll run the Ways thy Saints have trod,
If thou my Heart enlarge.

He, 5. Van, 6.

- 3 Lord, teach me thy commanded way,
And I'll observe it still.
- 4 My Heart let Understanding sway,
Thy Laws my Heart shall fill.
- 5 By thy Commands, ô make me tread,
For them I dearly love.
- 6 Let no false Lusts my Heart mislead,
While by thy Rules I move !
- 7 From Vanity, ô turn my Eyes,
And make me live to Thee !
- 8 Thy Word on which my Soul relies,
And fears, make good to me !
- 9 Reproach from me and Scandal take,
But, Lord, thy Judgments give !
- 10 I for thy Precepts long, ô make
Me by thy Justice live !
- 11 Thy Mercy, thy Salvation too,
As promis'd, Lord, bestow !
- 12 So shall I hush the scornful Crew,
And yet more faithful grow.

- 43 Never, ô never, Lord, withdraw
Thy Word and Truth from me !
44 So thy just Judgments and thy Law
My constant Guides shall be.
45 My happy Course at last I'll steer,
In thy Commands secure.
46 Thy Testimonies Kings sha'l hear,
Yet I no shame endure
47 I'll in thy lov'd Commands delight,
For them my Hands I'll raise.
48 Thy Statutes study Day and Night,
And thy Commandments praise.

Zain, 7. Cbeth, 8.

- 49 Thy Word once pass'd, remember, Lord,
In which thou mad'st me trust.
50 Thy Word my drooping Soul restor'd,
Reviv'd my sinking Dust.
51 The scoffing Proud my Soul deride,
Yet I thy Laws pursue.
52 With me thy Judgments pass'd abide,
And all my Joys renew.
53 I trembled at their dreadful Fate,
Who from thy Precepts stray'd ;
54 But them I in my banish'd State,
My daily Musick made.
55 Lord, on thy Name I muse by Night,
And keep thy Righteous Laws :
56 Such Blessings from thy favouring Sight,
A just Obedience draws.
57 Thou'rt all my Portion, Lord, I said
I'de keep thy sacred Word :
58 And for thy Grace devoutly pray'd,
Thy Grace, Dear Lord, afford !

- 9 I weigh'd my Works, and so thy Ways
 My careful Footsteps trac'd :
 10 And that I might thy Laws obey,
 I flew with winged haste.
 11 Tho' impious Bands my Wealth surprize,
 I can't forget thy Ways
 12 But I, when I at Midnight rise,
 Thy righteous Judgments praise.
 13 I love their Company, who fear
 Thy Name, and keep thy Word.
 14 Thy Mercies round the World appear,
 Thy Statutes teach me, Lord !

Teth, 9. Jod, 10.

- 15 Lord, from thy Hands I Good receive,
 For all thy Words are true.
 16 Teach me, since I thy Laws believe,
 Good Sense and Knowledge too !
 17 I sinn'd, till by Affliction taught
 Thy sacred Words to know.
 18 For me all Good thy Hands have wrought,
 To me thy Statutes show !
 19 The Proud assau't my Soul with lies,
 But I sincerely move.
 20 And while their Hearts with Fatness rise,
 Thy Laws entirely love.
 21 Lash'd by thy Rod, my Heart inclines
 To keep thy Laws with Care.
 22 Those Laws which richer far than Mines
 Of Gold and Silver are.
 23 Thy Hands have made and fashion'd me,
 Thy Judgments make me know !
 24 So thy pleas'd Saints my Care shall see,
 While in thy Paths I go.

- 75 I know thy Judgments Lord are just,
Thy Love afflicted me.
76 Make good thy Word! my Comfort must
Alone descend from Thee.
77 Lord send thy Mercys! quickned so
I'll in the Laws delight.
78 Let shame thy treacherous Proud o're-throw
But I'll thy Laws recite.
79 O let thy Saints, who know thy Will,
With me as Friends appear!
80 When my sound Heart thy Statutes fill,
I no Disgrace can fear.

Caph, 11. Lamed, 12.

- 81 Thy Health my longing Soul desires,
And on thy Promise waits.
82 And while thy Comforts it requires,
My Sight with Woes abates.
83 Dry'd up with Grief my strength appears,
Yet I thy Laws retain.
84 How many are thy Servant's days?
O now my Foes restrain!
85 The Proud for me their Pitts have made,
Against thy righteous Law.
86 Me from their Wrongs by thy kind Aid,
And Faithful Precepts draw!
87 Lord They'd consum'd me quite, but I
Ne're from thy Precepts went.
88 In Goodness raise my Soul! I'll try
To keep thy Testament.
89 Firm Lord as Heaven thy Promise stands.
90 Thy Truth from Age to Age,
The Earth, form'd by thy mighty Hands,
Stands by thy Patronage.

- 1 All by thine Ordinance ensur'd,
 To Thee their Service pay :
 2 But Woes my Ruine had procur'd,
 But that I kept thy Way.
 3 I'll ne'er forget thy Precepts kind,
 Since oft by them reviv'd.
 4 I'm thine, ô save me! for my Mind
 Has on thy Precepts liv'd.
 5 The Wicked watch'd to ruine me,
 But I thy Statutes read ;
 6 And th' end of all Perfection see,
 But those all Bounds exceed.

M. m, 13, Nun, 14.

- 7 Lord, how I love thy Laws! by those
 My serious Studies move ;
 8 By them I far above my Foes,
 In Wisdom's Rules improve.
 9 Thy Testimonies teach me more
 Than all my Teachers know.
 10 I by thy Statutes wise before
 My reverend Elders grow.
 11 My Feet all wicked Ways declin'd,
 To keep thy sacred Word.
 12 Thy Judgments duly us'd my Mind
 With Heavenly Wisdom stor'd.
 13 Honey to those pure Sweets must yield,
 With which thy Words are blest :
 14 So I with thy wise Precepts fill'd,
 All lying Ways detest.
 15 Thy glorious Words my Footsteps guide,
 And fill my Paths with Light :
 16 I've sworn, and as by Oath I'm tied,
 I'll keep thy Judgments right.

107 I'me much distrest : ô by thy Word,
My fainting Soul revive!

108 Accept my willing Praises Lord,
To me thy Judgments give!

109 Tho' in my Hands my Life I bear,
I can't forget thy Law.

110 Nor can the Sinners crafty Snare,
From that my Soul withdraw.

111 Thy Will's th' Inheritance design'd,
For my rejoicing Heart,

112 Which to thy Statutes all inclin'd,
From Them can ne're depart.

Sameck, 15. Gnain, 16.

113 I love thy Laws; but those that own,
All vain Opinions hate.

114 Thou art my Covering Shield alone,
And on thy Word I wait.

115 Begone ye sinful Crew! for I
At pure Obedience aim.

116 With promis'd Help my Life supply,
And guard my Hope from shame!

117 Uphold me, then I'me safe, and I
Shall all thy Laws respect.

118 Trod down by thee those Straglers dy
Who Cheats and Lies project.

119 Thy dear lov'd Word, like Dross, the Bands
Of Sinners purg'd away.

120 And I the Judgments of thy Hands,
With awful Fear survey.

121 I've done what's Just and Right; ô save
Me from Oppressions Force!

122 Thy kind Assurance Lord I crave,
To stop the Tyrants Course:

123 My Eyes for thy Salvation fail,
And promis'd Righteousness,
124 With me, Dear Lord, in Mercy deal,
And with Me Statutes bless!

125 Make Me thy Servant Wise; I'll then
Thy Testimonies know!
126 He'p Lord, its time! lest impious Men,
Thy Law should overthrow.
127 For this I love thy Precepts more,
Then heaps of purest Gold;
128 I know their Justice, but abhor,
The Paths which Lies uphold!

Pe, 17. Tsadi, 18.

129 Thy Testimonies wondrous are!
My Soul to keep them tries,
130 Thy Words explain'd, the Truth declare,
And make the Simplest wise.
131 Thy Words more sweet than cooling Winds;
To fainting Spirits are.
132 That Pitty those who love Thee find,
O let thy Servant share!
133 If by thy Rule thou fix my Ways,
No Sinn shall conquer me.
134 And me from Mans Oppression raise,
Then mine thy Laws shall be.
135 Smile Lord on me, and let thy Laws
Thy Servants Soul convert!
136 Tears drown my flowing Eys, because
Vain Men thy Laws desert,
137 Essential Justice Reigns in Thee,
Thy Judgments all are right.
138 Thy Testimonies faithfully,
To Righteousness excite.

- 139 Zeal burns me up because my Foes,
Thy sacred Word forget.
140 That Word which as it purely flows,
On it my Heart is set.
141 I'm Lord despis'd and mean; but still
My Soul thy Law retains.
142 Thy Laws, the Truth, thy Righteous Will,
From Age to Age remains.
143 Delight to me, tho' compass round,
With Woes, thy Statutes give.
144 Their Justice every Age has found;
O make me Wise to Live!

Keph, 19. Resek, 20.

- 145 I cry aloud; Lord, hear my cry;
I'll keep thy Statutes sure.
146 I Pray, ô save me, and I'll try
Thy Testimonies pure.
147 My Crys Days early dawn prevent,
While for thy Word I Wait.
148 All Night my wakeful Heart's intent,
On them to meditate,
149 O Hear me, and my Spirits by,
Thy Judgments Lord renew!
150 For they approach who virtue Fly,
And Mischief, ways pursue.
151 Thou Lord art ever near to Thine,
And thy Commands are True.
152 I knew long since thy Laws Divine,
Were strong and lasting too.
153 Weigh Lord, my sufferings! set Me free,
Who don't forget thy Laws!
154 And for thy promise quicken me,
O save and plead my Cause!

- 155 Salvations far from Sinners who,
Thy Statutes ne're pursue.
156 But as thy Mercys kindly flow,
My strength, just God, renew!
157 Tho cruel Foes unnumber'd are,
I don't thy Laws decline.
158 But see with Grief how Sinners dare;
Against thy Word combine.
159 See how I in thy Laws delight,
In Love revive my Soul!
160 Truth founds thy Word, thy Judgments right;
Shall Times last Force controul.

Schin, 21. Than, 22.

- 161 Pursued by Kings, with Causeless Hate;
Yet more thy Words I fear'd.
162 In me more Joys thy Words create,
Then Spoils in Battel clear'd.
163 Lies I with Hate and scorn disclaim,
But Love thy Laws to trust.
164 Seven times a day I praise thy Name,
For all thy Judgments Just.
165 They live in Peace, who love thy Word,
No Cares disturb their Rest.
166 I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
With thy Commandments blest.
167 My Soul thy Testimonies takes,
And loves exceedingly.
168 Thy Laws its whole Employment makes;
My ways before Thee lie.
69 Lord, let my Crys approach thy Place,
Thy Statutes make me Wise!
170 My Prayers ascend, and from thy Page
My Promis'd Rescue rise!

- 171 My Lips shall utter Praises well,
When all thy Statutes taught.
172 And on thy Word, my Tongue shall dwell,
And Orders justly wrought.
173 Lord help me with thy gracious Hand,
For I thy Precepts chose.
174 I long for thy Salvation, and
My Joy thy Laws compose.
175 O let me live and praise thy Name,
Thy Judgments help my Cause!
176 And me, poor wandring Sheep, reclaim
Who n'er forget thy Laws!

P S A L. CXX.

- 1 **T**O God in deep Distress, I cry
Who bows his Ear to me.
2 My Soul, Dear Lord, from Lips which lie,
And Tongues deceitful free!
3 What shall be pay'd, what done to Thee;
Thou false deceitful Tongue?
4 Thy Portion burning Coals shall be,
And Arrows from the strong.
5 Wo's me that I constrain'd so long,
In Forreign Tents abide!
Wo's me who banish'd thus among:
Men us'd to Blood reside!
6 My Soul hath sojourn'd long with those,
Who hate the Thoughts of Peace,
7 If I the Name of Peace propose,
Their Quarrels most encrease.

Another Metre, proper Tune.

- 1 **T**O God in Troubles I
And deep Distresses cry,
And He receives my Prayer. 2 Lord

- 2 Lord, save my Soul from those,
Whose Lips with Falshood close;
Whose Tongues deceitful are.
- 3 What shall be paid to Thee,
Or what thy Portion be
Thou while deceitful Tongue?
- 4 Hot Goals of Juniper,
Shalt thou from Justice bear,
And Arrows of the strong.
- 5 Woe's me alas! that I
Must thro' necessity,
In dismal Tents abide!
Woe's me! who must so long
In Banishment, among
Blood-thirsty Brutes reside!
- 6 My Soul has sojourn'd long
With those who live by wrong,
But hate the Thoughts of Peace.
- 7 When I for Peace would move
That Peace I dearly love.
Their Feuds and Jarrs encrease.

P S A L. Cxxj.

- 1 **U**P to the Hills I lift my Eyes,
From whence my Aids descend?
- 2 The Lord who made the Earth and Skyes,
Will sure assistance send.
- 3 Hee'll fix thy Foot secure: No sleeps
Thy Watchman can surprize.
- 4 That God who *Israel* safely keeps,
Ne're shuts his wakeful Eyes.
- 5 The Lord is thy Protector sure,
And he defends thy Head.

- Thy Maker will his shade secure
 O're all thy Dwellings spread.
- 6 So all the Sun's fierce Summer Beams
 Shall never make thee ill.
 On thee the Moons unwholesome Gleams
 No hurtful Dews distil.
- 7 The Lord from Ills shall keep thee free,
 Thy Soul from Harms secure :
- 8 Go out, come in, he'll follow thee,
 His Loves unchang'd endure.

Another Metre : Proper Tune.

- 1 **A**bove the Hills I raise my Eyes,
 And thence assur'd expect,
 That God should me protect.
- 2 From God my certain Aid shall rise
 From that God whose Word gave Birth
 To the Skies, and humbler Earth.
- 3 No stumbling shall thy Feet surprize,
 Thy Guardian never sleeps,
 4 That God who Israel keeps,
 Can never shut his wakeful Eyes ;
 5 But with his Protection blest,
 Thou beneath his Shade shalt rest.
- 6 The scorching Sun's directest Beams
 Unhurt thy Head shalt bear,
 And no Distemper fear :
 Nor shall the Moon's malignant Gleams,
 Poisonous Vapours, us'd to kill
 With her Midnight Dews distil.
- 7 The Lord from Harms shall keep thee free,
 And all those Ills controul,
 Which might affect thy Soul.

- 8 Go out, come in, he follows thee,
And with Goodness thee secures,
Which from Age to Age endures.

P S A L. Cxxij.

- 1 **W**ith Joy I heard the Captives cry,
Gods House is all our Quest.
2 Our wearied Steps shall chearfully
In *Salem's* Entrance rest.
3 As where sweet Peace and Beauty join,
So *Salem's* Buildingss grow ;
4 And there God's holy Tribes combine,
And to his Presence flow.

- There Israels Testimony stands,
And Gods great Name they praise.
5 The Throne of Justice there commands,
And *David's* Offspring sways.
6 O pray for *Salem's* Peace ! may those
Who love thee prosper still !
7 May Peace thy Battlements compose,
Thy Houses Plenty fill !
8 For my dear faithful Brethrens sakes,
O may thy Joys encrease !
And where my God his Dwelling makes,
I'll seek thy Wealth and Peace.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

- 1 **I** Heard with inward Joys
The Captives cheerful Cries,
Gods holy House is a' our Quest.
Our often wand'ring Feet
In one Design shall meet,
And in the Gates of *Salem* rest.

- 3 As where the Sweets of Peace
With curious Arts increafe ;
So *Salem's* happy Buildings rise,
4 For there the Tribes ascend,
And *Israel's* God attend,
And Thanks and Praises sacrifice.
- 5 There stands the Judgment-seat,
There *David* once was great,
And still its to his Offspring due.
- 6 O pray for *Salem's* Peace!
O may thy Friends encrease!
And good Success their Loves pursue!
- 7 May Peace and Wealth abound
Thy Walls and Houses round,
And for my faithful Brethrens sakes,
Thy Cause I'll countenance,
Thy Good and Peace advance
Where God his glorious Dwelling makes.

P S A L. cxxiiij.

- 1 **U**P toward thy Dwelling-place the Skies,
Almighty Lord to Thee
We raise our sad despairing Eyes,
Consum'd with Misery.
- 2 As some poor beaten Slave would watch
His Master's angry Hands,
Or some corrected Maid dispatch
Her Mistresses Commands.
- Yet view each Look, each turning Glance,
To find if *Pitty* there
Would in their smotherer Brows advance,
Or in their Eyes appear.
- So justly we, chastis'd for Sins,
In patient Silence wait,
Till God, once more appeas'd, begins
To raise our mournful State.

- 3 Pity, ô pity, Lord, our Woes!
 O hear our earnest Cries!
 And let thy Vengeance silence those
 Who our sad State despise.
- 4 Enough, dear Lord, enough we've born
 The scoffing World's Abuse,
 And all that Insolence and Scorn,
 Which Pride and Wealth produce.

PSAL. CXXIV.

- 1 **H**Ad not the Lord our Cause maintain'd,
 Sing now, and show a grateful Mind.
- 2 Had not the Lord our Right sustain'd,
 When Men of Blood our Fall design'd.
- 3 Our Land had been at once devour'd,
 All swallow'd by the barbarous Foe ;
- 4 As Brooks by mighty Rains o're-pour'd,
 At once the Neighbouring Meads o'reflow.
- 5 Thus had our happy Days been past,
 Our Hopes, our Joys, our Souls Destroy'd.
 Our Foes yet scarce appear'd at last,
 Or their inhuman Entrails cloy'd.
- 6 But blest, ô ever blest be He
 Whose careful Love our Souls redeem'd !
 And us from cruel Hands set free,
 His Name be prais'd, his Works esteem'd.
- 7 We 'scap'd as little Birds escape,
 When just beneath the Fowler's Hand ;
 Our God disclos'd the Fatal Trap,
 And we, through Him, in Safety stand.

- 8 Let then the cruel World combine,
 And Malice private Plots, devise;
 Our Help's at hand, our Hope divine
 On God, who made the World, relies.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

- 1 **T**HIS grateful Song may shew a grateful Mind.
 Had not the mighty God our Cause maintain'd,
 2 Had not our gracious Lord our Right sustain'd,
 When cruel Men, with barbarous Oaths combin'd,
 And to destroy our hated Land design'd.
 3 Their Rage which for a proper Mortel sought,
 Their bloody Throats wide as Hell's dreadful Gate,
 Had gorg'd our Church, & swallow'd down the State.
 4, 5 The Deeps the swelling Waves which proudly
 wrought
 A Flood quite o're our Souls at once had brought.
 6 O blest be God who sav'd the trembling Prey :
 7 Our Souls as Birds from crafty Fowlers freed,
 And broke the Snares, and our Escape decreed!
 8 Our Souls for Help on Him alone shall stay,
 Who made the worlds, and whom the worlds obey.

P. S. A. L. CXXV.

- 1 **T**HEY fix'd, as *Sion's* Mount, endure,
 Who, in their Maker trust :
 2 As Mountains *Salem's* Walls secure,
 So God secures the Just.
 3 Ill Men shan't o're the Good prevail,
 Or in their Quarters rest,
 Lest they beneath Temptations fail,
 Above their Strength oppress.
 4 Be good and kind, dear Lord, to those,
 Who Peace and Goodness love!

To

- To such thy gentle Smiles disclose,
 Whose Hearts are fix'd above !
 5 But those who tread in Ways perverse,
 Gods just Revenge shall find :
 Who'll Peace among his own disperse,
 And to his Saints be kind.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

- 1 **T**Hose who on God have fix'd their Trust,
 Unmov'd, like *Sion's* Mount, endure:
 2 As Mountains *Salem's* Walls secure,
 So God Himself secures the Just,
 His Mercies endless store
 Shall last when Time's no more.
- 3 He checks the Wicked's angry Course,
 When they his holy Saints assail,
 They may, but never long, prevail :
 Lest Faith crush'd by unequal Force,
 Should faintly quit the Field,
 And to the Tempter yield.
- 4 To those, dear God, who Goodness love,
 To Men of upright Hearts be kind !
 While those the Sinners Portion find,
 Who stubborn and perversely move ;
 But on God's Israel
 Shall Peace eternal dwell.

P S A L. CXXVj.

- 1 **W**HEN Home the Lord his Captives lead,
 At first it seem'd a Dream ;
 2 But Joy was quickly round us spread,
 And Praise our glorious Theam.
 The very Gentile Nations round
 Cry'd out at once, amaz'd :

See how God's Favours there abound,
How soon his Friends are rais'd !

- 3 God's Loves to Us indeed abound,
Our Joys are truly great;
- 4 That Work which, Lord, thy Hands have found,
O let thy Hands compleat !
So Judah's long deserted Lands
Shall more Refreshments know,
Then where soft Streams thro' Southern Sands,
With constant Coolness flow.
- 5 Thus Men may sow in Tears, but hope
To reap their Fields in Joy.
Their precious Seed may give them Scope
For Faith's Divine Employ.
- 6 Long may they wait, and long may fear
Their Seed was vainly sown;
Yet home their Sheaves triumphant bring,
At last a Burden grown.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

- 1 **W**hen God at last
Return'd his happy Captives home,
We all appear'd
Like those who in their Slumbers dream.
- 2 Mirth from our Lips,
Praise from our chearful Tongues would come.
Mirth daily was
Our Food, and Praise our daily Theam.
The very Heathens round us wondring, cry'd,
See how God's Love to them is magnifi'd !
- 3 God's Love to us
Indeed is highly magnify'd.
Our present Joys
Are more than former Sorrows great.

4 Thou

- 4 Thou, Lord, who dost
Full Streams for Southern Lands provide.
O let our Re-
stitution be at last compleat !
5 So Judah's Lands shall more Refreshment know,
Than Sands thro' which thy cooling Rivers flow.

Thus, tho' swell'd Grief
Rouls in with an impetuous Tide,
Yet sliding off,
It soon its Place to Joy resigns.

- 6 And he who pre-
tious Seed on barren Mountains try'd,
And thro' a fond
Mistake to cold Despair inclines :
Comes home at last with Joys triumphant Sound,
With weighty Sheaves his fruitful Harvest crown'd.

P S A L. cxxvij.

- 1 IF God to build the House denies,
The Workmen build in vain ;
And Towns, without Gods wakeful Eyes,
A needless Watch maintain.
2 Before the Mornings Blushes rise,
Your daily Works renew,
And till the Stars remount the Skies,
Your daily Works pursue.

Fare ne're so hard, it's all in vain,
If yet by God unblest ;
Do all, and but his Smiles obtain,
You'll safely, sweetly rest.

- 3 Lo, Children from the pregnant Womb,
By Gods b'lest Influence grow,
4 Like Arrows, in their youthful Bloom,
Shot from some Gyant's Bow.

- 5 O happy's he, whose Quiver's fill'd
 With such bright Shafts resound !
 He'll ne're to Force, nor Malice yield,
 While these his Foes confound.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

- 1 **I**F God to build the House denies,
 The Workmen build, but build in vain,
 And Cities useles Guards maintain,
 If God withdraws his watchful Eyes.
 Gods Help out-does the Builders Art,
 And He performs the Watchman's Part.

- 2 Before the Morning-Blushes rise,
 Your daily painful Works renew,
 Your daily painful Works pursue,
 Till Night again obscures the Skies,
 Support your selves with meanest Fare,
 The Drink of Tears, the Bread of Care.

In vain you toil, and build in vain,
 If God still at a Distance stands,
 And neither bless your Heads nor Hands.
 But if his Love you once obtain,
 Then rise, or watch, or fast, or weep,
 You'll safely live, and sweetly sleep.

- 3 Lo ! Children from the pregnant Womb,
 By God's immediate Blessing grow,
 4 Like Shafts sent from some Giants Bow
 They seem in all their youthful Bloom ;
 They too can hurl their deadly Darts
 With steady Hands, and daring Hearts.

- 5 O happy's he, whose Quiver sounds
 With such important Shafts as these !
 The Man his Foes undaunted sees.

No Fear his Head or Heart confounds,
Nor will he quit the Martial Field,
While these Support and Comfort yield.

PSAL. CXXVIII.

- 1 **H**Appy, thrice happy Thou,
Who in his own best way,
Dost to thy Great Creator bow,
And his Commands obey!
- 2 His Blessings round thee wait,
And on thy Labours rest,
Thy meaner, but contented State,
With Peace and Safety blest.
- 3 Like some fair spreading Vine
With purple Grapes o're-born;
So thy kind Mates chaste Beauties shine,
Her Fruits thy Walls adorn.
The lovely Mother she
With hopeful Issue crown'd,
Her Sons, like Olive Plants, shall be
Thy Tables planted round.
- 4 Thus shall the Lord his Grace
On thee his Friend bestow,
- 5 To thee, from *Sion's* sacred Place,
A thousand Favours show.
Blest with a firm old Age,
Thy happy Eyes shall see
Thy lively fruitful Heirs presage
A long Posterity.
- 6 Thy happy Eyes shall see
The Churches blest encrease,
Secur'd by long Felicity,
And universal Peace.

P S A L. CXXIX.

- 1 **M**E from my Youth may *Israel* say,
My Foes have oft oppress'd.
2 In vain, from Youthful Years have they
Disturb'd my Peaceful Rest.
3 Deep o're my Back the Wicked plow'd,
And long their furrows drew,
And would of short successes proud,
Their spiteful ways pursue.
4 But God, the Righteous Judge, with ease
Their Cords in Pieces tore.
5 May Shame and Fear, these Wretches seize,
Who hate to *Sion* bore!
6 Let them, like Corn on Houses, dy
Which Springs but quickly dyes,
7 Which Mowers pass regardless by
And Reapers, all despise,
8 No Passengers would kindly call,
To such as labour'd there,
Gods Blessing on Your Labours fall,
His Name your Harvest cheer!

P S A L. CXXX.

- 1 **F**rom gloomy Deeps, Dear Lord, to Thee
From gloomy Deeps I cry'd.
2 O hear me! let thy Mercy be
No more to me deny'd!
3 Shouldst thou our Sinns severely weigh,
Who Lord thy Wrath could bear?
4 But Pardon is thy gentler Way,
The Spring of Godly Fear.
5 My Soul, Lord, waits, it waits for Thee,
And on thy Word depends.

- 6 E're I the dawning Morning see,
 My Soul the Lord attends.
 7 To him ô raise your Humble Eies,
 Poor *Israels* scatter'd Race!
 With him kind Mercy treasur'd lies
 And never failing Grace.

From Him Redemption freely flows,
 And Hee'l redeem Thee too.
 From all thy Sinns and all those Woes,
 Which justly Sinn pursue.

P S A L. CXXXj.

- 1 **N**O Prides aspiring Rage,
 No swelling Thoughts engage.
 Dear God my Heart to bear a part
 With this corrupted Age.
 I ne'r at Empire aim'd,
 Nor Crowns, nor Scepters claim'd,
 Nor soar'd above with wanton Love,
 Of Mysteries enflam'd.

- 2 But as some Babe at Rest,
 Wean'd from its Mothers Breast;
 Close Silence keeps with gentle sleeps,
 Or Smiling Slumbers blest,
 So Lord my Soul set free
 From careful Vanity,
 From Earths delights and unknown Flights,
 In Silence waits on Thee.

- 3 O Ye of *Israels* race,
 O seek his glorious Face!
 On Him besure your Faith secure,
 And his Commands embrace!

P S A L. cxij.

- 1 **R**emember *David's* Troubles Lord,
 How in Affliction He;
 2 With faithful Vows engag'd his Word,
 O *Jacobs* God to Thee!
 3 High tho my lofty Palace rise,
 With Cedar nobly ciel'd.
 And Beds with Golden Canopies,
 Would downy Slumbers yield.
 4 I'll ne'r my Rooms of State approach,
 Nor stretch my self at ease:
 No sleep shall on my Brows encroach
 My Lids no Slumbers please.
 5 Till I that happy Place have found,
 By Heavenly Favour blest;
 Where *Jacobs* God on Holy ground,
 Will fix his glorious Rest.

It's done! and as our Meaner Race
 Of old their Maker chose.

So rough and mean's that wondrous Place
 Where hee'l at last repose,

- 6 *Ephrata's* Fields and *Shiloh's* Plains,
 Are all alas! destroy'd!
 And *Sions* Mount unsmooth'd remains,
 And rough, obscure, and void;

Yet there his Arke is fix'd, and there
 His sacred Altars stand;

Till there his Temples roofs appear,
 And all the Mount command.

- 7 Come let's approach the place! before
 His holy Altars bow,
 And at his glorious Feet adore,
 And due Submission shew!

Part 2.

- 8 Rise Lord, thy Arke of Glory raise,
Assume thy chosen Seat!
And on thy flock which humbly prays,
Thy Blessings Lord repeat!
- 9 Thy Priests with Righteousness invest,
Thy Saints for Joy shall sing,
- 10 For *David's* sake his Offspring blest,
To Crowns and Scepters bring!
- 11 The Lord to *David* sware of old,
His Oath in Truth was made,
Thy Seed shall still the Kingdom hold,
From Heirs to Heirs convey'd.
- 12 And if thy Sons with prudent Care
My Covenant observe.
And from those Rules my Laws declare,
Shall never vainly swerve.
- I too will them as Kings support,
And thy continued Line :
On *Salem's* Throne in *Juda's* Court
From Age to Age shall shine.
- 13 *Sion* is Gods Election, where
Hee'l hold his Residence.
- 14 " Here will I always dwell, and here
" My long'd for Rest Commence.
- 15 " I'll their Provisions largely bless,
" Their Poor with plenty cloy.
- 16 " Their Priests with my Salvation dress,
" And fill their Saints with Joy.
- 17 " There *David's* Branches ever strong,
" Shall fill the Regal Line,
The Lamp of my Anointed long
" With settled Lustre shine.

- 18 Shame shall his envious Foes surround,
 But his illustrious Head
 With starry Beams of Glory crown'd;
 Fresh Honours round him shed.

P S A L. CXXXiiij.

- 1 **H**ow sweet, how charming is the Sight,
 Where prudent Christians move
 In peaceful Ways, and all delight
 To wear the Chains of Love?
 Then Kindness fills their tender Hearts,
 And shoots thro' all their Eyes.
 Each Tongue a Love unfeign'd imparts,
 And Love's their Exercise.

- 2 So when those fragrant Oils of old,
 The Head of *Aaron* crown'd,
 And down his Head the Ba'som roll'd,
 And drench'd his Garments round.
 From him the pleasant Odours thro'
 The Tabernacle flow'd,
 And on the sacrificing Crew,
 A thousand Sweets bestow'd.

- 3 And as soft Rains, and pearly Dews
 On *Sion's* Mount distill,
 And Clouds their Silver Drops diffuse
 On *Hermos's* fruitful Hill.
 So God, where Men his Peace maintain,
 His Blessing largely sends,
 And Love to all that heavenly Train,
 From Age to Age extends.

Another

Another Metre, as the 148.

Sweet Peace, blest Charity,
How soft thy heavenly Charms,
When that uniting Tye
The Souls of Brethren arms;
And soars above
Rough Nature's Jars,
And sinful Wars,
On Wings of Love !

2 More sweet than Balsams shed,
By Gods divine Command,
On *Aaron's* sacred Head,
Which all his Garments stain'd :
And thence distill'd,
Gods holy Place,
With heavenly Grace,
And Odours fill'd.

3 More sweet than those soft Dews,
Which ancient *Hermion* crown'd,
Or Drops which Clouds diffuse
Gods holy Mount around.
And all below
Kind warmth prevails,
And pleasant Dales
With Plenty flow.

3 Where such sweet Concord reigns,
The God of Peace descends;
The Church and State maintains,
And every Tribe defends.
His Blessings fall,
And Life and Ease,
And lasting Peace
Extends to all.

P S A L. CXXXIV.

- 1 **Y**E who before the Lord,
In nightly turns adore
With Praise his wondrous Acts record,
His gracious Smiles implore.
- 2 Up toward his holy Place
Your Hands devoutly raise,
And all those happy Hours embrace,
To sing his glorious Praise.
- 3 For he at whose Command
The World from Nothing rose,
Great Blessings with a liberal Hand,
On all his Church bestows.

P S A L. CXXXV.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, ye Saints, his Name,
With grateful Anthems raise,
- 2 Who in his House your Stations claim,
And fill his Courts with Praise!
- 3 Praise ye the Lord, the gracious Lord,
For 'tis a pleasant Thing;
When Men with Thanks his Name record,
With Thanks his Praises sing.
- 4 For God himself his Israel chose,
His own peculiar Care;
- 5 Vain Gods, in vain his Strength oppose,
With him in vain comparé.
- 6 Thro' the vast Deeps, Seas, Earth, and Skies
God acts his pleasure all.
- 7 He bids the cloudy Vapours rise,
And he commands their Fall.

- Fierce Lightnings on his pouring Rains,
 At his Commands attend :
 Rough Winds he from his Treasures dreins,
 VVhich thence in Storms ascend.
 8 God, the First-born, from Man to Beast,
 Thro trembling *Egypt* flew,
 9 Him, by his dreadful Plagues oppress,
 Distracted *Egypt* knew.

- Pharaoh* and all his Armies dy'd
 Beneath his weighty Hand
 10 He many mighty Kings destroy'd,
 And many a fruitful Land ;
 11 *Sihon* and *Og*, and all who reign'd
 Of *Canaan's* Rea'ms possesst,
 12 Till *Israel's* Race their Kingdoms gain'd,
 And there secur'd their Rest.

Part 2.

- 13 Thy Name, and thy Memorial, Lord,
 From Age to Age endures.
 14 Thy Justice all thy Saints record,
 VVhile that their Peace procures ;
 For God for all their Sufferings griev'd,
 And their afflicted Case,
 VVill them, from cruel Foes reliev'd,
 VVith tend'rest Loves embrace.
 15 Idols for Gods, the Gentiles blind,
 Of Go'd and Silver use,
 VVhose Mouths were ne're for Speech design'd,
 VVhose Eyes the Light refuse.
 16 No sound could over-reach their Ears,
 No Breath their Lives declare ;
 17 Dull as their Gods, their Slaves appear,
 And such their Makers are.

- 19 The Lord, ô ye of *Israel's* Race,
 O *Aaron's* House proclaim !
 20 Ye Levites, ye who seek his Grace,
 O Praise his sacred Name !
 21 With Blessings from his holy Hill
 His Name and Acts record ;
 Whose Glories all his Churches fill,
 Praise ye, ô praise the Lord !

P S A L. cxxxvj.

- 1 **O** Praise th' Eternal Lord,
 2 The God of Gods adore !
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure
 A never-failing Store.
 3 O praise the Lord of Lords,
 4 Who Wonders works alone !
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure
 To endless Ages known.
 5 Praise Him whose curious Hand
 Stretch'd out the lofty Skies :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 When all expiring lies.
 6 He made firm Land above
 The mighty Waters rise :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 When Time and Nature dies.
 7 Praise Him whose Wisdom first
 Set up the glorious Light :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 As that immensely bright.
 8 The Sun to rule the Day,
 9 The Moon and Stars the Night :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure
 In all the Nations light.

- 10 He all their eldest Hopes
 Thro' *Egypt's* Land destroy'd :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 O're all his Works employ'd.
- 11 Thence with an out-stretch'd Arm
 12 He lead his *Israel's* Race :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 When Time resigns his Place.

Part 2.

- 13 Praise Him whose powerful Hand
 Made mighty Seas divide :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 Thro' endless Ages try'd.
- 14 VVho thro' the sandy Deeps
 All *Israel's* Armies lead :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 In all his Actions read.
- 15 But o're proud *Pharaoh's* Host
 Returning VVaves prevail'd :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure
 On all his own Entail'd.
- 16 VVho thro' the Desert wilde,
 His People march'd secure :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 And as his Nature pure.
- 17 He many powerful Kings,
 18 And mighty Princes slew :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 To all his Servants true.
- 19 The surly *Amorite*,
 20 And *Bashan's* Gyant Lord :
 His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
 As his Eternal VVord.

- 21 Praise Him, who all their Land
22 On *Israel's* Race bestow'd :
His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
To all his Creatures show'd.
23 He help'd our mean Estate,
24 And us from Foes redeem'd :
His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
By all his Saints esteem'd.
25 He feeds his Creatures all ;
O praise this heavenly King :
His Mercies sure unchang'd endure,
Let all his Creatures sing !

Another Metre, as the 148th.

- 1 **O** Praise th' Eternal Lord !
2 The God of Gods adore,
3 The Lord of Lords record,
4 And all his Wonders store.
For certainly
His Mercies sure
Unchang'd endure
Eternally.
5 Praise Him whose curious Hand
Stretch'd out the lofty Skies,
6 And made the solid Land
Above the Waters rise.
For certainly, &c.
7 He through Confusions sway,
Drew out the glorious Light,
8 The Sun to rule the Day,
9 The Moon and Stars the Night.
For certainly, &c.

10 He all the First-born slew
Thro' Egypt's mournful Land,
11 And out his Israel drew
12 With his victorious Hand.
For certainly, &c.

13 Praise Him, before whose Rod,
The Seas divided fled,
14 And thro' strange ways untrod,
His Jacob's Army led.
For certainly, &c.

15 Who drowning Pharaoh's Host,
16 His own thro' Desertstrain'd,
17 And Canaan's ancient Coast
18 With Blood of Princes stain'd.
For certainly, &c.

19 The furious Amorite,
20 And Bashan's Monster King
21 He slew, that to their Right
22 He might his Servants bring.
For certainly, &c.

23 Praise Him who helps our Needs,
24 And gives us Victories,
25 Who all his Creatures feeds,
And reigns above the Skies.
For certainly, &c.

P S A L. 137. Proper Tune.

ON Babel's Rivers Banks we fate,
O're-whelm'd with Miseries,
And Tears for Sion's ruin'd State,
O're-flow'd our mournful Eyes.

- 2 Useless our Harps untun'd, unstrung,
 As our disorder'd Minds,
 On Willows unregarded hung,
 Expos'd to wanton Winds.
- 3 But our too cruel Conquerors there
 Disturb'd our silent Woes,
 And bad us change our mournful Cheen,
 Our Thoughts to Songs compose.
 " Let's hear, *they cry'd*, that wondrous Song,
 " Which once your God could charm,
 " Our Ears for *Sion's* Musick long,
 " Our heavy Hearts to warm.
- 4 What shall we sing our holy Songs
 To please our haughty Foes?
 Shall we, what to our God belongs,
 In Heathen Lands expose?
- 5 No, should we *Salem's* Woes pass o're,
 Her Desolations sight,
 O may our skilful Hands no more
 The curious Ear delight!
- 6 O may our Tongues be silent quite,
 If we her Walls forget;
 Or don't, above our chief Delight,
 Poor *Salem's* Sorrows set!
- 7 Think, Lord, on *Esau's* barbarous Race,
 How at our Fall they cry'd,
 Down, down, their mighty Walls deface!
 O're-turn their ancient Pride!
- 8 Nor sha't thou *Babel* e're avoid
 Our God's revenging Hand,
 Since He by whom thy Pride's destroy'd,
 Shall, blest, in safety stand.
- 9 Gods Blessings on his Arms shall rest,
 Who breaks the tender Bones

Of Babes torn from the Mother's Breast,
On unrelenting stones.

Another Metre: As the 51th. Proper Tune.

1 **W**hen on Euphrates Banks we lay,
Poor slaves oppress'd with Cares and Fears,
And thought on Salem's fatal Day,
Our Sighs burst out at last in Tears,
We saw proud Babel firmly wall'd,
Her Buildings fair, serene her state,
The sight poor Salem's Doom recall'd,
Augmenting Sorrows dismal weight.

2 Thither in vain our Harps wee'd brought,
To calm our Thoughts, and ease our Woes,
Such Ease, alas! in vain we sought,
Our Wounds no Musick's Balm could close.
Careless, at last, we hung them by,
On mournful Willows planted round,
Where the sad Strings by sympathy,
Sigh'd, broke, and gave a doleful sound.

3 But they whose cruel Hands had laid
Our Country waste, our selves in Chains,
A spoil of all our Sorrows made,
And call'd for Musick's pleasing strains.
"Come take your lazy Harps, they cry,
"Tune well, tune every sounding string,
"Let's have some godly melody,
"Some chearful Hallelujah-ling!

4 Inhumane! should we prostitute
Our holiest Things to Dogs, or Swine?
Should we God's sacred Name pollute,
Or treat his Foes with songs Divine?

5 Ah Lord! Ah Sion's ancient Fame!
Ah Salem's ruin'd Walls! shall we

Forget Dear *Sion's* darling Name,
Or Widdowed *Salem's* Misery?

No ; rather may our Fingers loose
Their Relish on the tuneful Lyre ;
Our Hands their sweetest Strokes refuse
Their softest Touch, and noblest Fire,
6 Oh ! may Eternal Hoarseness seize
Our Throats ! our Tongues be always dry !
No more our charming Anthems please,
If *Salem's* sad remembrance dye.

Nay, should Joys sudden Extracies
To Heav'n our drooping Tempers raise ;
O may we ne'er approach the Skies,
If *Sion* crowns not all our Praise !
7 Think, Lord, on *Esaú's* Sons whose Spite
Unnaturally urged our Fate :
Down, Down with *Salem* ; Rase it quite ;
Down with that Birthright-stealing State !

Our deathful Cries not one kind Look
Could from obdurate Brethren gain ;
Our Griefs they for Diversion took ;
Laugh'd at our Cries, and mock'd our Pain.
8 Nor sha'll thy Doom, proud *Babel*, stay ;
Thy Sword was cruel too ; thy Rage
Could brutish *Edom's* Curse obey,
And against Tears and Cries engage.

See where God's dreadful Judgments wait,
To strike the dead revenging Blow !
And blest'd be He whose mortal hate
Shall make thee taste of *Salem's* woe !
9 Thrice happy he whose hands shall tear
From Mother's Breasts thy Infant Race ;
Nor for their tender Out-cries spare,
But dash their Brains in every place.

P S A L. CXXXviii.

1. **W**ith all my heart, thy Praises I
Before the Gods will sing,
2. And to thy Temple cheerfully
My grateful Offerings bring :
Before thy Holy Place I'll bow,
Thy Truth, thy Mercies praise ;
For o'er thy Name entirely now
Thy Word it self displays.
- 3 I pray'd ; thou heard'st my Prayer : restor'd
To strength my Soul appear'd.
- 4 All Earthly Kings shall praise the Lord,
When they his Words have heard.
- 5 Joy shall enlarge their Hearts, when they
Shall tread thy sacred Ways :
When they thy Just Commands obey,
They'll all thy Glories praise.
- 6 For though the Lord, enthron'd on High,
The World's vast Empire sways,
On humble Souls He casts his Eye,
And scorns the Prides haughty ways.
- 7 Though I, involv'd in mighty Woes,
As sunk and lost appear,
Thy Hand shall break my angry Foes,
And save my Soul from fear.
- 8 Since, Lord, thy Mercies boundless are,
O don't my Hopes defeat ;
But all thy Works, for me, with care,
Thy Handy-works compleat !

P S A L. cxxxix.

- 1 **L**ord, Thou hast fully search'd me out,
And thoroughly canvass'd me!
- 2 My Rest, my Rise, each shapeless Thought
Is known long since to Thee.
- 3 Thy wond'rous Art, thy curious Hand,
My private Path displays;
By Thee my very Sleeps are scann'd,
And all my various Ways.
- 4 What e'er my serious Thought produce,
Before the Words are fram'd,
Before my Tongue can find its use,
Is in thy Ears proclaim'd.
- 5 When I my Shape, so clean, so fair,
Behind, Before, survey;
I know thy Hand, thy ski'ful Care,
Thus built my humble Clay.
- 6 Would I into thy Secrets pry,
Thy Forming Wisdom know;
7 For me such Skill is far too high,
And I, alas! too low.
Whither, O whither then should I
Go from thy piercing sight?
O whither from thy Spirit's Eye
Direct my secret flight?
- 8 If I climb high above the Sky,
Thy Throne of Glory's there:
If in Hell's gloomy Deeps I lie,
In Hell thy Powers appear.
- 9 If I, on Morning's purple Wings,
Out-strip the fleeting Day,
And toward the Ocean's Western Springs
Find out an unknown way,

- 10 Yet there thy far extended Hand
Would lead me out at last ;
And thy Right Hand my Steps command,
And ever hold me fast.
- 11 Nay, should I say, the gloomy Night
Shall sure my Steps conceal,
Around me soon a glorious Light
Wou'd all my Walks reveal.
- 12 Should Night condense its darkest Steams
One dismal Gloom to frame,
That Gloom, with more than Mid-days Beams,
Would Night it self enflame.

Part 2.

- 13 For in my Mother's Womb, of old,
Thy Hand my Reins posselt ;
And, in a wondrous Covering, roll'd,
Did all my Limbs invest.
- 14 Since in my Shape, and round me, all
Thy dreadful Wonders shine ;
My Thoughts shall all my Works recall,
And in thy Praise combine.
- 15 When in the lower Womb, embrac'd,
My curious Texture grew ;
Thy Wisdom all that Darkness trac'd,
And all my Substance knew.
- 16 The Lord my formless Substance view'd,
And in His Book enroll'd ;
And as each Day with Shape endu'd,
My growing Members told.
- 17 How dear thy Counsels, Lord, to me !
How vast their Numbers are !
The Sands we round the Ocean see,
Can't with their Summs compare :

- 18 On then all Day I closely muse ;
 And in my Nightly Dreams,
 They through my Soul themselves diffuse,
 And are my waking Themes.
- 19 The Lord shall wicked Men destroy :
 Begone, Blood-thirsty Crew,
- 20 Who against God your Tongues employ,
 His Name with Lyes pursue !
- 21 I with a perfect rage at those
 Who hate my Maker, fly ;
- 22 And such, as if my deadly Foes,
 With deadly hate despise.
- 23 O search me ! Try my Heart ! and see
 Which way my Thoughts encline !
- 24 And all ill Thoughts remove, and me
 Conduct in Paths divine !

P S A L. cxl.

- 1 **F**ROM vile, from godless Men, Dear Lord,
 O save ! O rescue me !
- 2 Whole Hearts in wicked Plots accord,
 And quarrel constantly.
- 3 Their Tongues more pointed much than those
 Of angry Serpents are ;
 Their Lips more Venome far disclose,
 Than fretted Asps prepare.
- 4 From Sinners, and the Violent,
 Me, Lord, in peace bestow !
 Whose spite against my ways is bent,
 And would my Steps o'erthrow.
- 5 Their Nets, their Snares, their Ginns they lay,
 With unsuspected Arts ;
 And when they quite surround my Way,
 They please their scornful Hearts,

- 6 Thou art my God, my Lord, alone :
Then to the Lord I said,
The Prayers, the Supplications own,
By me thy Servant made !
- 7 Thou art my strength alone ; from Thee
My safety, Lord, descends :
When furious Battels compass me,
Thy Hand my Head defends.
- 8 Lord, let not wicked Workers thrive,
Nor gain their base Design !
Lest they their Hearts, if thou connive,
To haughty Pride resign.
- 9 But as for all that impious Crew
Who now my Path furround,
Let the malicious Lyes they brew,
Themselves at last confound !
- 10 On them let burning Sulphur rain,
Hot Flames about them fly,
And they, O never rais'd again,
In dismal Darknes lie !
- 11 Ne'er let the dismal Wordy Tool
On Earth continue long ;
Let mischief hurt the Griping Fool,
Who still delights in Wrong.
- 12 I know th' afflicted Poor Man's Claim
The Lord will still maintain :
- 13 The Righteous then shall praise thy Name,
And in thy Sight remain.

- 1 **I** Call'd on Thee ; Lord, haste and hear,
And let my Voice, my Cries
2 As Incense prove ! my Hands appear
As Ev'ning Sacrifice !

- 3 Lord, by thy Grace, my Mouth secure,
My Lips with Wisdom close!
4 And let my Heart from Sin be pure,
And wicked Works oppose.

- Left I associate with those
Who only Sin pursue,
And feast where luscious Plenty flows
Amongst the scornful Crew.
5 Whene'er I sin, with pity, may
The Good my Sins reprove;
Their Wounds are kinder far than they
Who feign deceitful Love.

- Let those, Lord, heal my Head, as Oil,
Which heals and mollifies:
And though my Foes attempt my spoil,
For them my Pray'rs shall rise.
6 May their Great Men in rocky Ways
Be trampled under so,
That they my prudent Words may praise,
And Wisdom's sweetness know!

- 7 As Chips from falling Timber fly,
Or Ploughs tear up the Ground;
So, Lord, our Foes unbury'd lie
Our emptied Graves around.
8 To Thee I lift my faithful Eyes!
O don't my Soul reject!
But from those Snares my Foes devise,
My Innocence protect!

- 9 Let not the Sinner's crafty Snare,
Dear Lord, entangle me!
10 But, while I 'scape, O let his Care
His own Confusion be!

P S A L. clxij.

- 1 **L**ord, from a dismal Place
 I pray'd, I cry'd to Thee,
 2 With earnest Prayers before thy Face,
 I lay'd my Misery.
 3 My Spirits fainted quite,
 But, Lord, thou know'st my Way,
 And how my Foes with active Spite,
 Their Snares about it lay.
- 4 Where e're I cast my Eyes,
 I stand, alas! unknown,
 Where e're my Soul for Refuge flies,
 It's left forlorn alone.
 5 Yet to the Lord, I cry'd,
 And said, " My Hope's in Thee,
 " Thou, Lord, while I on Earth abide,
 " Shalt all my Portion be.
- 6 " Lord, hear my Cries! my Woes;
 " My lost Condition view,
 " Save me from those too mighty Foes,
 " Who now my Life pursue!
 7 " O let my Soul be free,
 " Thy holy Name to praise!
 " The Just with Songs shall compass me,
 " When Thou my Head shalt raise.

Another Metre.

- 1 **I** to the Lord devoutly pray'd,
 To him I cry'd aloud,
 2 And in his sight my Sorrows laid,
 And all my Sufferings show'd.
 3 When my faint Spirits slowly mov'd,
 Thou knew'st my certain way,

How Snares by cruel Arts improv'd,
About my Footsteps lay.

- 4 I look'd for some Assistance round,
But was, alas! unknown,
My wretched Soul no shelter found,
And was esteem'd by none.
- 5 Then I, in Prayer, to God confest,
In Thee my Hope's secure,
Thou art, since I my Life posscest,
My Lot, my Portion sure.
- 6 O let my Cries thy Ears engage,
My groaning weakness fee!
Save me from Persecutor's rage,
Too strong alas! for me.
- 7 Lord, set my Soul from Prison free,
To praise thy sacred Name,,
And when the Righteous compass me,
Thy Bounties I'll proclaim.

P S A L. clxiiij.

- 1 **L**ord, hear my Prayers, accept my Cries,
In Truth and Righteousness!
- 2 And let not Judgments sharp surprize
Thy Servant's Soul oppress!
For when thy searching Eyes begin,
To try our fading Years,
Lord, in thy sight o'whelm'd with Sin,
The purest Saint appears!
- 3 My Soul pursu'd by cruel Foes,
My Life quite overthrown,
I ly in Darkness lost, like those
Who to their Graves are gone.
- 4 For this my Spirit faints in me,
My Heart deserted mourns,

5 And to my labouring Memory,
My happier Age returns.

On all thy Acts I daily muse,
Thy Works run daily o're,
6 And as the parching Earth soft Dews,
So Thee my Hands implore.
7 I faint, ô quickly, quickly hear,
Thy smiles, dear Lord, I crave;
Least I, like dying Men, appear,
Who just approach the Grave.

8 Let me thy Mercies early gain,
For, Lord, I trust in Thee,
To Thee I lift my Soul, make plain
The way of Life to me!
9 Save me from all my Foes, who still
To Thee for shelter fly.
10 Teach me to do thy sacred Will,
My Lord, my God, most High!

O, let thy Spirit lead me to
The Land of Righteousness,
11 My Soul with active Life renew,
And for thy Glory bless!
Just Lord, from Troubles set me free,
And all my Foes destroy,
Thy Mercy, and thy Help, let me,
Thy Servant, Lord, enjoy!

P S A L. clxjv.

1 **B**lest be the Lord, my strength, whose Care
And whose victorious Might,
Instructs my ready Hands for War,
My Fingers for the Fight,
2 My Goodness, Fort, my Raiser, He,
My Saviour, and my Shield.

In Him I trust, thro' Him to Me,
My willing People yield.

- 3 Lord what is Man? what Mans weak Race,
Own'd by the favouring Ey?
4 Meer Vanity! His Age, his Grace,
Like Shadows swiftly fly.
5 Lord bow thy Heavens, come down, divide
The Hills, the Hills shall smoke!
6 Shoot Lightnings, break, destroy their Pride
With one confounding stroke!
7 Lord, from above thy Arms extend,
And save and rescue Me,
From Headstrong Crouds, my Crown defend,
And Forreign Tyranny;
8 From such whose Lips, and Hands in Lyes,
In Deed and Word agree.
9 So I'll new Songs, new Tunes devise,
On Lute and Harp to Thee.

Part 2.

- 10 The Lord his strong Salvation's Guards,
On Royal Heads bestows,
And from his Servant *David* wards,
The plotting Traitors blows.
11 Save Me my God! ô rescue Me
From Forreign Enemies!
Whose Words and Actions all agree,
In Treachery and Lies.
12 So shall our Sons like Plants alive,
In Water'd Gardens show.
And with a kindly vigour thrive,
And dai'y stronger grow:
Our Daughters like fair Marble Coines
Smooth'd by some Curious hand;

On which the building sweetly joyns,
The Roofs securely stand.

13 All kind of Grain shall largely flow,
And run our Garners o're;
Till none by Numbers force can know,
Our never ending store.
Our Flocks their Young by thousands near,
Our very Gates shall lay,
Ten thousands in the rolling Year
About our Pastures play.

14 Our Cattel to their Work be strong,
We no Invasions fear,
No Captives know, no Cries among
Our peaceful Dwellings hear.

15 Happy the Tribes must needs become,
On whom such Favour flows!
But, ô more happy those on whom,
Their God himself bestows!

P S A L. cxlv.

1 **T**Hy Name, my God, my King, I'll raise
Above the lofty Skyes,
2 Each Day thy Ho'y Name I'll praise,
And Psalms of thanks devise.
3 Great is our Lord, his Glory's great,
No Bounds his Greatness knows.
4 And Race to Race, his Acts repeat,
His wondrous Works disclose.

5 I'll all my serious Thoughts address,
To search thy wondrous ways:
6 The World thy Terrors shall confess,
While I thy Greatness praise.
7 Thy Righteous Truth the World adores,
To mind thy Goodness brings,

And all thy Loves unfailing Stores,
In grateful Anthems Sings.

8. Our Lord's Compassionate and kind,
To vengeance only flow;
9 His Goodness all his Creatures find,
O're all his Mercies flow:
10 Thee all thy Works, ô God, shall Praise
And celebrate thy Name;
Thy Saints as gladly all their Days,
Thy glorious Might proclaim.

Part 2.

- 11 Thy Might, thy Kingdom's glorious State,
Thy Servants Talk shall show,
12 Till all thy valiant Acts relate,
Thy awful Glories know,
13 Beyond Times bounds, thy Kingdom stands,
Thy Government endures;
14 Thy Help supports the weak; thy Hand
Their timely Ease procures.
15 To Thee all raise their longing Eyes,
From Thee they beg their Food,
16 Thy Bounteous Hand, their Wants supplies,
And satisfies with Good.
17 How Just, blest God, how gentle all
Thy Ways and Works appear!
18 Kind to those Souls which on Thee call,
To those who seek Thee near!
19 Thou grantst the pious Suppliants Prayers,
Thou see'st thy Servants Tears.
Thy Hand relieves their Various Cares,
And Ends their Doubts and Fears.
20 But all the wicked World shall find,
Thy Judgments dreadful weight.

To thy revenging Wrath resign'd,
And unrelenting Hate.

21. Thy Name blest God, my Songs shall raise
Above the lofty Skyes;
And all to Thee shall pay their Praise,
Till Times last Moment dyes.

P S A L. cxlvj.

1. **P**Raise ye the Lord! with praise my Soul,
Thy Maker's Glories raise!
- 2 While Breath and Life are in me whole,
I'll sing thy lofty Praise.
- 3 On Kings, on Men of mortal Birth,
For safety ne'r rely,
- 4 Whose Breath goes out, who turn to Earth,
And all whose Counsels dy.
- 5 But happy's He whose Hopes, whose Aid,
On God his Lord depends;
- 6 Who Seas, Earth, Heaven, and all things made,
Whose Promise never ends.
- 7 He for the Poor his Judgment shows,
When prest by Violence.
Does Prisoners free, and Food to those
Of Hungry Souls dispence.
- 8 God to the Blind gives Sense and Eyes,
And with his healing Art
Sets up the sinking Soul; supplies
With Love the faithful Heart.
- 9 The Widows, Orphans, Stranger's cause,
The Lord himself maintains,
But o're the Stubborn Sinner draws,
Destructions fatal Chains.
- 10 Thy

- 10 Thy King, thy Lord, & Star reigns;
 His Actions all record,
 His Throne from Age to Age remains,
 Praise ye, & Praise the Lord!

P S A L. cxlvij.

- 1 **P**Raise ye the Lord! its good to Sing,
 Our Mighty Maker's praise,
 Its pleasant, and a comely thing,
 His Glorious Acts to blaze.
- 2 The Lord poor *Salem's* Walls repairs,
 Her wretched Dust removes,
 And home her wandring Outcasts bears,
 Fenced with his tenderest Loves,
- 3 The Lord finds out with pitying Art,
 What Man from Man conceals.
 And gently binds the bleeding Heart,
 Its wounds as gently Heals.
- 4 He names the Stars which fill the Skies,
 And all their Number Counts,
- 5 But his great Might and Actions wise,
 All numbring Art surmounts.
- 6 The Lord exalts the lowly Heart,
 But casts the Sinner down,
- 7 Then Sing to God a grateful part,
 Your Harps with Praises Crown!
- 8 With Clouds He covers all the Skies,
 Which Rains as duely bring,
 And makes the buried Plants to rise.
 The Sun burnt Hills to spring.
- 9 He feeds the Beasts, and at their Cries
 For Birds of Prey provides.
- 10 But strength of Horse, and brawny thighs
 Of mighty Men derides.

- 11 But Loves the Men who fear his Name,
And for his Mercies wait.
12 O *Sion*, *Sion*, ô proclaim,
Thy God's Majestic State!

Part 2.

- 13 He strengthens all thy Gates and Bars,
And blesses all thy Seeds,
14 Thro' Him thy Borders, feed from Wars,
On Wheats pure fatness feed.
15 He sends his Word, his Word on Earth,
With wondrous swiftness flies,
16 And gives the Snow its Flaky Birth,
Which all in Fleeces lies.

His heavy Frosts, like Ashes you
Spread o're the Fields behold.

- 17 His Ice like Morfels lies, and who
Can stand his piercing Cold?
18 He sends his Word again, and freight
His Ice, his Frosts and Snow!
Before his Warmer gusts abate,
And all in Waters flow.

- 19 The Lord to *Jacob's* chosen Race
His Sacred Writings gave;
His Laws, his Judgments, by his Grace,
His *Israel* only have
20 So well no other Nation far'd,
Nor of his sacred Word,
Nor of his Righteous Judgments heard,
Praise ye, ô praise the Lord!

P S A L. cxlviii.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord! ô Praise the Lord!
On High his Glories raise!

- 2 Ye Angel Armys all record,
His Name with Joyful Praise!
- 3 Sun, Moon, and lightsome Stars consent,
To praise his glorious Name;
- 4 And Heavens high Throne, the Firmament,
Of Waters. praise the same!
- 5 Let these advance his Name, which He
Made by his great Command,
- 6 And fix'd 'um by a sure Decree,
Unmov'd, unchang'd to stand.
- 7 Him all ye Earth born Dragons praise,
And each unfathom'd Deep!
- 8 Fire, Hail, Snow, Winds, which Tempests raise,
Yet still his Orders keep!
- 9 Vast Hills, small Hillocks, Cedars high
And every Fruitful Tree!
- 10 Wild Beasts and Tame, and Birds which fly,
And Insects each Degree.
- 11 Kings, Princes, Nations, Judges, those
Who rule the World below,
- 12 Youths, Virgins, such as strength disclose,
And Heads adorn'd with Snow.
- 13 Let all advance their Maker's Name,
Whose Name excells alone,
Whose Name is o're the Worlds vast frame,
On Winds of Glory blown,
- 14 He only makes his People great;
His Saints his Praise record,
His *Israel*, his near Friends repeat,
Praise ye, ô praise the Lord!

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! Above
The Skies his Praises sing!

Let

Let Heaven the Seat of Love,
With Heavenly Praises ring
Of his great Name,
Ye Angel Host
With Reverence boast;
His Praise proclaim;

Bright Sun, whose Golden Rays,
Fill all the World with Light;
Pale Moon, bright Stars which blaze,
Thro' the dark Fields of Night,
Heavens outmost Frame;
Vast Deeps which lie
Above the Sky,
His Praise proclaim!

Let these their Maker Praise,
By whose Command Divine,
The Sky its Wealth displays,
And all those Beautys shine.
Fix'd by his Will,
They all stand fast,
And Orders past,
With Joy fulfil.

Ye Dragons, Earth-born Race,
And all ye Deeps profound.
With every Natural Grace,
Your Masters Praises sound.
In Praise agree,
Fire, Clouds, Hail, Snow,
And Storms which blow,
At His Decree.

Let Soaring Mountains now,
And smaller Hills descend,
Fruit Trees before Him bow,
And stately Cedars bend.

10 Beasts Wi'd and Tame,
Birds airy wings,
And creeping Things,
His Praise proclaim!

11 His Praise all Kings on Earth,
And Subject Nations show.
Great Men of Princely Birth,
And such as Judgment know,
12 Each Youthful Tribe,
Each Virgin Throng,
With Old and Young,
His Praise describe!

13 Let them with one consent,
Exalt their Maker's Name,
And various Ways invent,
To spread his glorious Fame.
His Name shall rise,
With Beams divine,
Thro Earth to Shine,
And reach the Skyes,

14 He makes his *Israel* great,
And Praise is comely, where
Before his Mercy Seat,
His grateful Tribes appear.
O all accord,
Who Worship near,
His Presence there,
To praise the Lord!

P S A L. cxlix.

1 Praise ye the Lord! with Anthems new,
The great *Jehovah* praise!
His Praise in his Assemblys shew,
On all his Holy Days!

- With Joy let *Israel's* Faithful Race,
 Their Maker's Power adore,
 And *Sion's* Heirs with humble Grace,
 Their Monarchs Smiles implore!
- Where Harp and Timbrel tun'd invites,
 Let all his Praises sing!
 To th' Meek, in whom the Lord Delights,
 Beauty and Safety spring.
- Let then each Pious Soul rejoice,
 With lightſom Glories bleſt;
 And Praise their God, whoſe happy choice
 Secur'd their Downy Reſt
- To them let God's high Praises yield,
 A Ground for all their Joys;
 Then They a two edg'd Sword ſhall wield,
 Whoſe very weight deſtroys:
- A Sword whoſe Point juſt Vengeance bears,
 To all the Nations round,
 Whoſe glittering brandiſh'd Edge, with Fears
 Will all their Hearts confound.
- Till They their daunted Kings ſhall bind,
 With Eaſe in Slavish Chains!!
 And till their Nobleſt Youth confin'd,
 Strong Fetrers weight reſtrains.
- To execute that Ancient Doom,
 Which Holy Books record,
 Such Honour all his Saints aſſume,
 Praise ye, ô praise the Lord!

P S A L. cl.

- 1 O Praise the mighty Lord!
 His Holyness proclaim!
 His wondrous Acts record.
 And praise his awful Name,

His dreadful might;
 O celebrate!
 His Power and State,
 In Songs recite;

- 3 Praise Him with Trumpets sound,
 With sweet Tun'd Harp and Lute!
 Sing all the Chorus round,
 To cheerful Pipe and Flute!
- 4 Your Voices raise!
 The King of Kings
 With sounding Strings,
 And Organs praise!
- 5 Wind up the Cymbals high,
 Till with a Shriller sound,
 Wide as the vaulted Sky,
 Your cheerful Notes rebound.
- 6 With Spritely Flame
 Each living thing,
 His Glories sing,
 And Praise his Name!

Another Metre.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord! ô praise the Lord!
 His strength, his Holiness adore,
- 2 His Name, his Might, with praise record,
 His Majesty with praise implore!
- 3 Praise him with Trumpets Martial sound,
 With Lute and Harp his praise advance!
- 4 With Organs, and with Timbrels round,
 And Viols, and a cheerful Dance!
- 5 With high tun'd Cymbals praise his Name,
 His Name to loudest Cymbals Sing.

6 And

6 And all whom Vital Spirits enflame,
O praise the World's Eternal King!

To Father, Holy Ghost and Son,
One blest, one glorious Trinity,
As is, as was ere Time begun,
So endless praise, and Glory be!

The End of the P S A L M S.

R 2

DOXO-

DOXOLOGIES.

For the 1st. Metre of the 1st. Psalm, &c.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Immenſe, Eternal, Three in One,
By Us, and all the Heavenly Hoſt,
Be Glory pay'd, and Homage done!

For the 2d. Metre, and all of 8 and 6 Syllables.

To Father, Spirit, Son, Bleſt Three,
In whom we move and Live,
One undivided Trinity,
Unceasing Glories give!

*For the 2d. Metre, of the 8th. Pſal. and all of 10
Ten Syllables.*

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost, bleſt Trinity,
As is, as was, before the World begun,
Eternal praife, Eternal Glory be!

For the 2d. Metre of the 11th. Pſalm.

To Father Ho'y Ghost and Son,
One God, as was e're Time begun,
As now We ſee,
So ever be,
All Humbleſt Homage done!

For the 2d. Metre of the 15th, Psalm.

To Father, Holy Ghost and Son,
 Blest Three in One!
 Eternal Praise and Glory pay,
 His Word obey,
 As was of Old; as still we see,
 And shall, when Times extinguish'd, be.

*For the 17th Psal, and all Two Sixes, and Eight
 and Six.*

To Father, Spirit, Son,
 One God in Persons three,
 Be Glory paid and Homage done,
 Thro' all Eternity

*For the 20th. and 122d. Psalm, 1st. Metre and
 proper Tune.*

To that great Lord above,
 The God of Peace and Love,
 In Essence One, in Persons Three,
 To Father, Spirit, Son,
 Each God immense alone,
 One Undivided Trinity.
 To him your Anthems raise,
 And Holy Songs of Praise,
 And Glories pay, and Reverence shew,
 So God of old was bless'd
 Of these he's still possesst,
 And these will when Time's done be due.

For the 22d. and 124th. Psal, 2d. Metre.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost, Almighty Three,
 One only God, one Glorious Trinity,

As shall be, is, and was e're Time begun,
Be lasting Glories paid and Homage done.

For the 23d. Psalm, 2d. Metre.

To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
Eternal glorious Three and One,
Be Glory paid.
His Word obey'd:
As was before Times Birth begun,
As is, and still shall be,
Thro' all Eternity.

For the 24th. Psalm, 2d. Metre.

To one great God, one mighty Lord,
One Eternal Trinity,
The Father, the Eternal Word,
And the Spirits Majesty,
Wee'll gladly raise,
Unceasing praise,
And his endless Glories sound.
So Saints of old,
His Name extold.
So we'll keep th' Eternal round.

*For the 29th. Psalm, or 127th. 2d. Metre, or
48th. 2d. Metre.*

To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
One blest, one glorious Trinity,
Who fram'd this Universe alone,
All Honour, Praise, and Glories be,
So 'twas of Old, at Present too,
And shall when Time's run out be due.

For

For the 33d. Psal. 2 Metre.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By us, and all the Heavenly Host,
Be equal Glories paid!
Great Three in One! thus blest of old,
They still their ancient Honours hold,
And must be still obey'd.

For the 43d. Psal. 2d. Metre.

To the Father, Spirit, Son,
One glorious Trinity,
Persons Three, in Essence One,
Eternal Glory be,
Thus e're Time begun its race,
The Godhead was obey'd,
This when Time resigns its place,
Must to our Lord be paid.

For the 3d. Metre, of the same Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One blest Eternal Trinity,
By us and all the Heavenly Host,
Be Praise ascrib'd and Majesty,
So 'twas at first, and still shall be,
When Time expires, and Nature's loss.

For Psal. 45th. Metre 3d. &c.

To that great Lord, who rules above,
The God of Might, of Peace, and Love,
In Essence One, in Persons Three,
To Father, Holy Ghost and Son,
Each God Himself, immense alone,
One undivided Trinity.

To

To Him with Hearts exalted raise,
 Your Holy Hymns and Songs of Praise,
 And Glories pay, and Reverence shew.
 So He before Time's Birth was bless'd,
 Of these He's now by Right possesst,
 And they'l, when Time's no more, be due.

For the 50th. Psal. 2d. Metre.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost, coequal Three;
 Three Holy Persons, but ador'd in One!
 All equal Honours, equal Glories be,
 His Glory shone e're Time's first Springs could
 move it,
 And vast Eternity shall more improve it.

For the 51st. Psal. and 137th. Psal. 2d. Metre.

All Glory to that Mighty Lord,
 Who made the World, and all its Host!
 The Father, the Begotten Word,
 And the proceeding Holy Ghost.
 As was e're Time's first Race begun,
 As was when Time commenc'd his Score.
 As is, and ever shall be done,
 When Nature sinks, and Time's no more.

For the 53d. Psal. 2d. Metre.

To one Almighty Lord,
 One glorious Trinity,
 The Father, Spirit Word,
 Eternal Glories be,
 So happy Angels Sung,
 Before the World begun,
 So ever Lord among,
 Thy Servants shall be done.

For the 58th. Psal. 3d. Metre.

To God alone,

The Mighty Father, Mighty Son,

And Holy Ghost,

Blest Trinity, great Three in One,

Be Homage done.

As was before the World begun,

When th' Angel Host!

O're Rebel Mates the Conquest wonne,

So we at present Sing his glorious Praise,

So All shall Sing when Time it self decays.

For Psalm 60, and 121st. Metre 2d.

To Father, Holy Ghost and Son,

One God, in Persons Three,

All Praise and Glory be!

As was before Time's race begun;

As is now, and shall be paid,

When swift Time its self is laid.

For Psal. 69, 2d. Metre.

To Father and Son,

And Pure Holy Ghost,

One blest Trinity,

All Glory be paid,

As e're Time begun,

By the Heavenly Host,

And by All must be,

When Time's motions are laid.

For Plal. 72, 2d. Metre.

To Father, Holy Ghost and Son,
Blest Trinity, Great Three in One,
Be Glory paid and Homage done,
So 'twas before this All was made,
Nor shall God's Honours ever fade,
But shall when All's consum'd be paid.

For Psalm 76, or 148th. Proper Tune.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
The glorious Trinity,
In Sacred Essence One!
All Praise and Glory be,
As now We see,
As was Time past,
And shall outlast
Eternity.

For Psalm 85, 2d. Metre. Proper Tune.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
One blest one glorious Trinity,
From all the World's Created Host!
Eternal Praise and Glories be,
So 'twas e're Time begun,
And ever shall be done.

For Psalm 93, 2d. Metre.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Three in One!
All praise and Glory be,
As 'twas in Times of old,
And we shall still behold,
And thro' Eternity.

For the 95th. Psal. 2d. Metre.

To the Father, Spirit, Son,
 God Eternal Three in One,
 Be all Praise and Glory paid,
 When the World in Dust is lay'd.

For Psal. 97. 2d. Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three,
 A glorious Trinity,
 In Eternal Essence One.
 y all the bright Angelic Host above,
 y us the Sons of Grace, and Heirs of Love,
 Be Praise and Glory paid,
 As was in days of old,
 As is where God's Command's obey'd,
 And shall as long as Nature Hold, [cold
 nd when the World's consum'd and all its ruins

For the 98. 2d. Metre.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
 Eternal Three in One,
 One glorious Trinity,
 Unceasing Glory be,
 As was e're time begun,
 And ever shall be done.

For the 119th. Psal. Proper Tune

God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 Glory paid, and Homage done,
 By all the Heavenly Host:

By us, and all Mankind, as was,
Before Time's Course begun,
As is, and undecay'd shall pass,
When Time's last Moment's run.

For Psal. 127, Metre 2d.

To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
One glorious God, in persons Three,
One Undivided Trinity,
Be glory paid, and Homage done,
'Twas so e're Time's first race begun,
And shall be when his last is run.

*Si male quid Cecini me Culpa redarguet Ipsum,
Si bene quid, redeat Gloria Sola Deo.*

FINIS.

Ref. 100 100 100





